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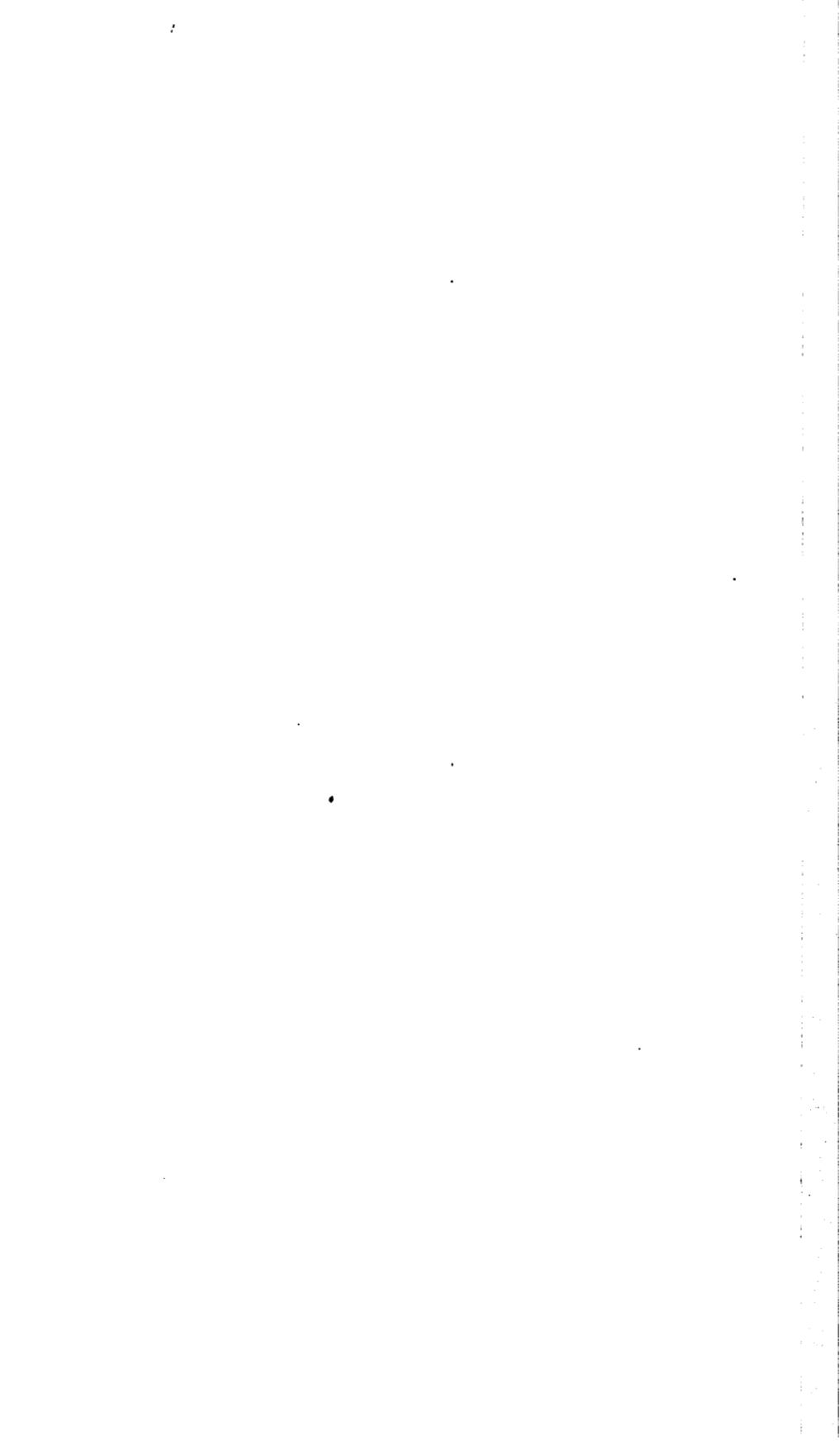
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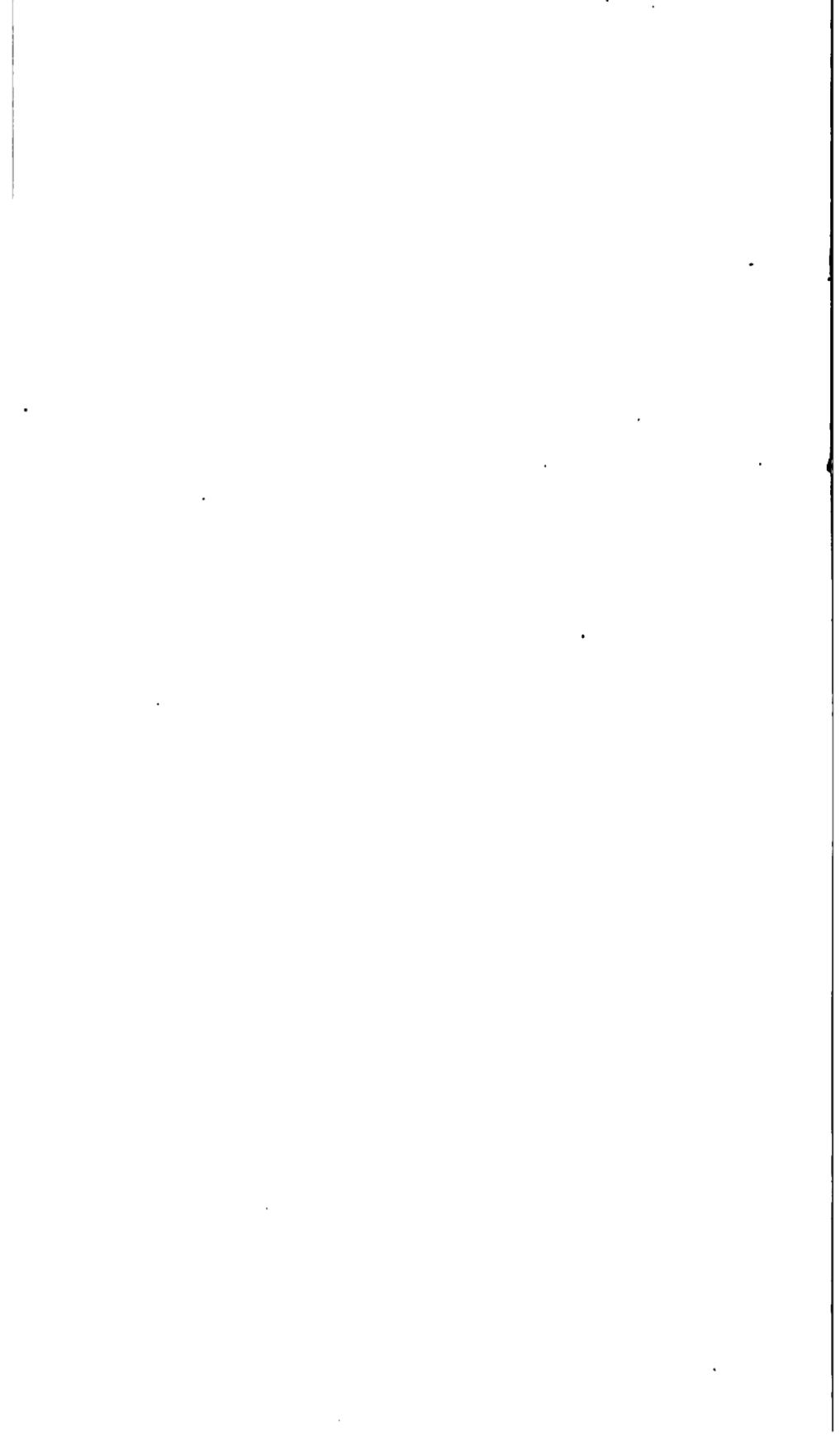
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THE VAUX-DE-VIRE

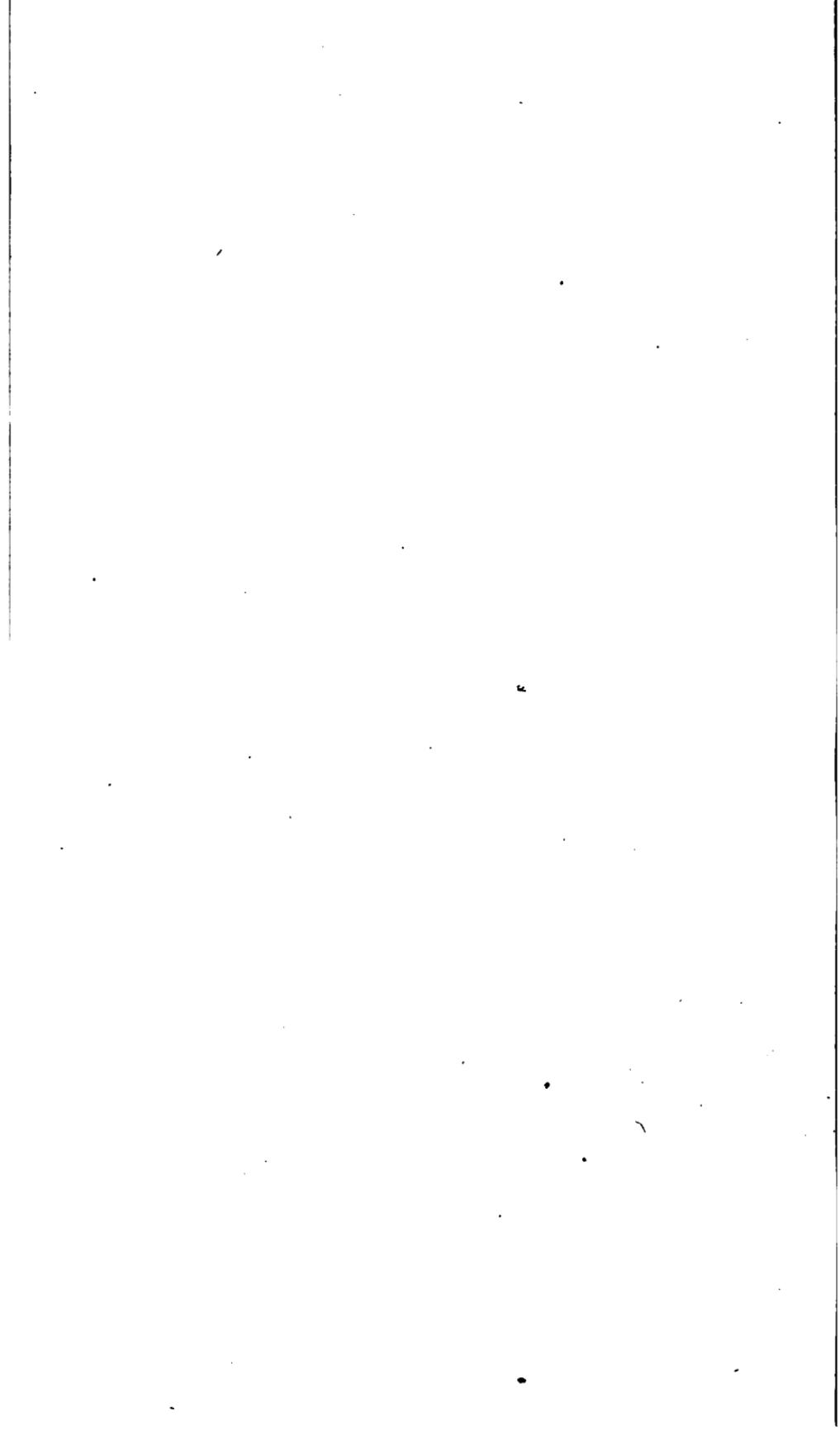
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MAISTRE JEAN LE HOUX.

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# THE VAUX-DE-VIRE

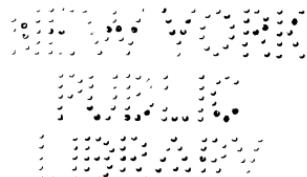
OF

MAISTRE JEAN LE HOUX,  
ADVOCATE, OF VIRE.

EDITED AND TRANSLATED

By JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M.A.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.



LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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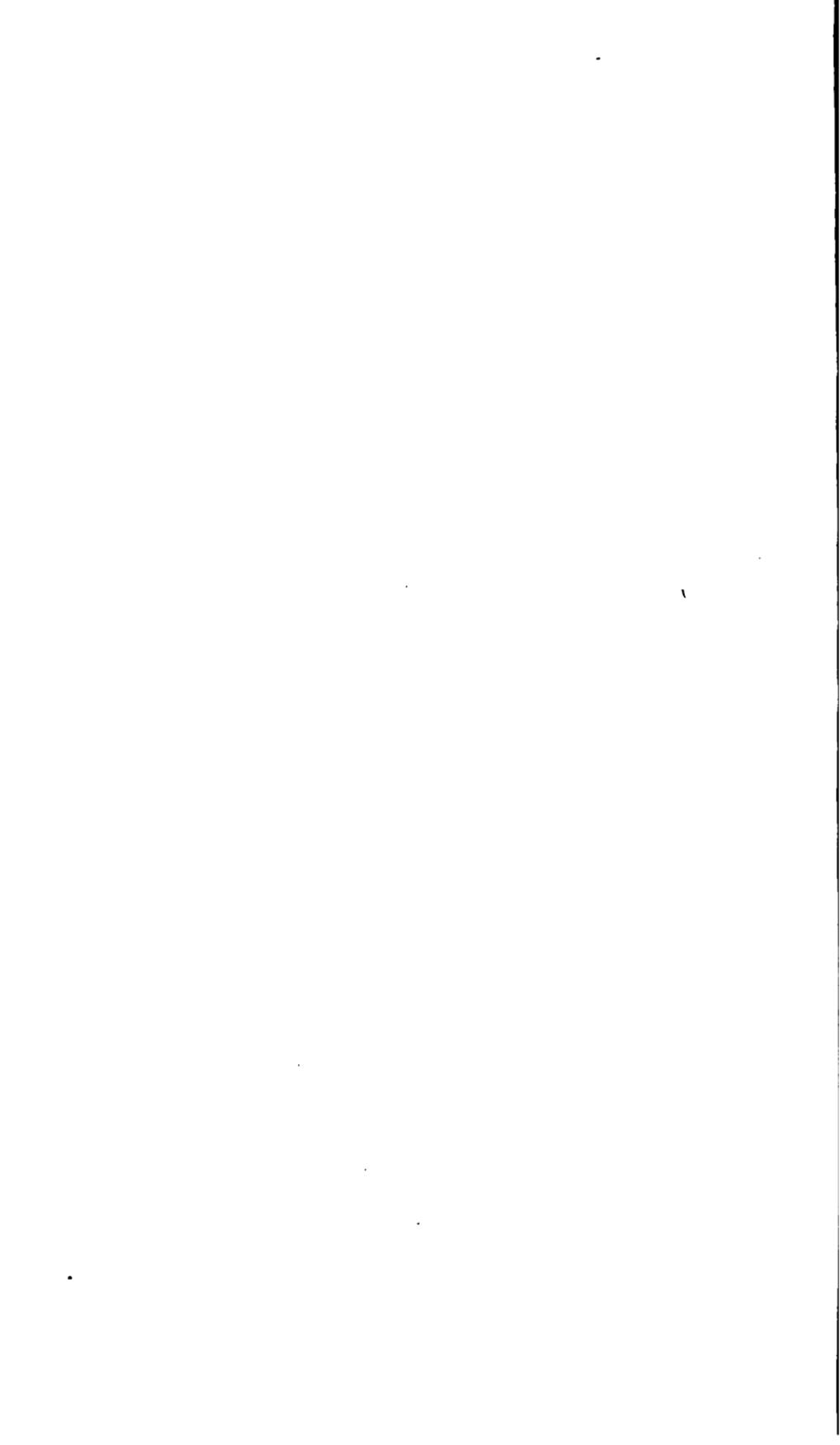


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OLIVER  
WATANABE

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## L'ENVOI.

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“ Σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἔξ ἀκηράτου  
“ Λειμῶνος, ὃ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,  
“ Ἐνθ' οὗτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῦ φέρβειν βοτδ,  
“ Οὗτ' ήλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον  
“ Μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἡρινὸν διέρχεται  
“ Αἰδως δὲ ποταμίασι κηπεύει δρόσοις  
“ Οσοις διδακτὸν μηδὲν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει  
“ Τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἰληχεν ἐσ τὰ πάνθ' ὅμῶς,  
“ Τούτοις δρέπεσθαι.” —

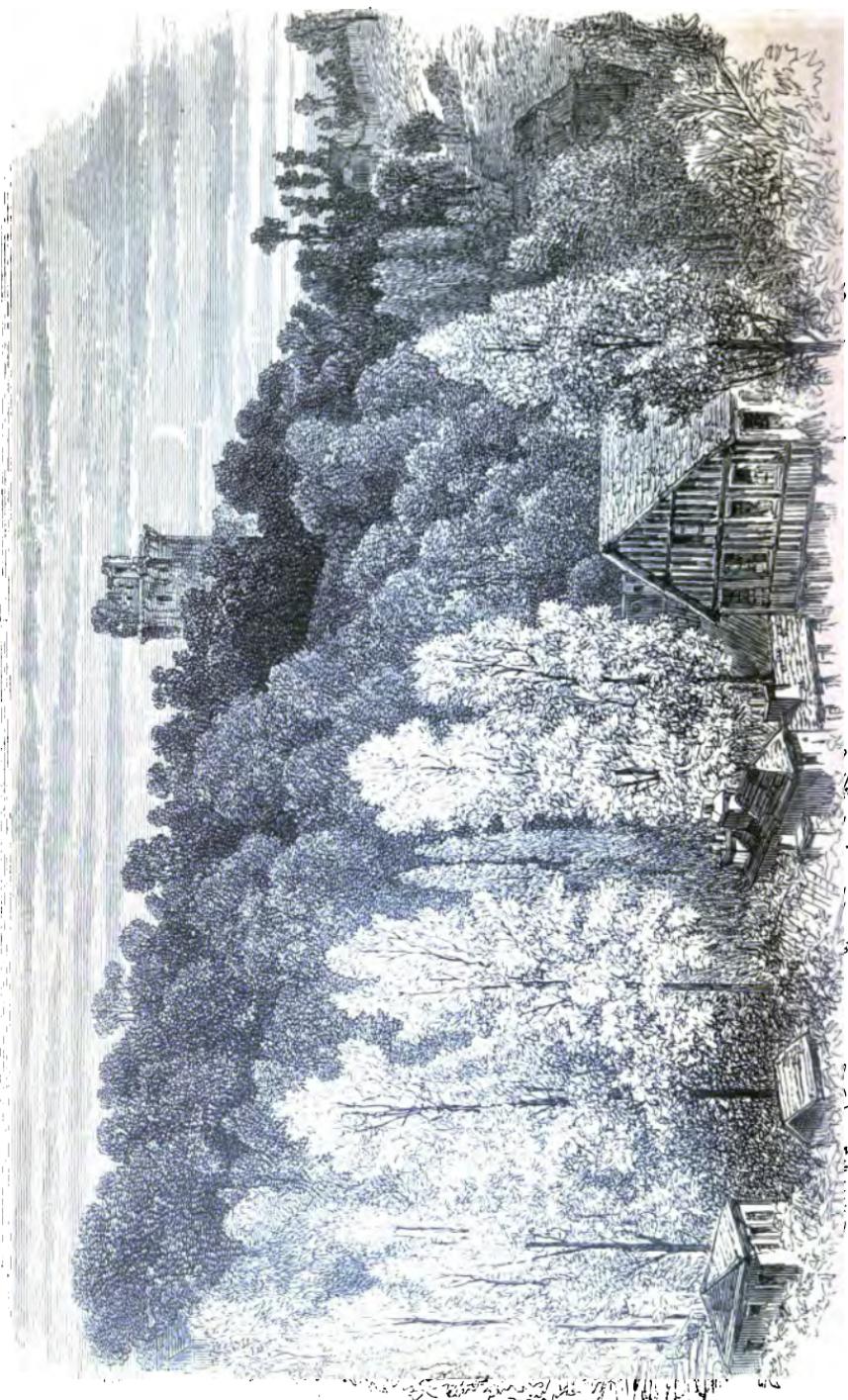
*Eurip. Hippol. l. 73-81.*

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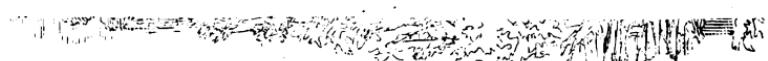
To thee, O Mistress ! from a virgin mead  
This chaplet, woven of its flowers, I bring :  
There no scythe comes, no shepherd dares to feed  
His flock ; but o'er a virgin mead, in Spring,  
The honey-bee roams freely on the wing ;  
While Modesty the bloom is nurturing  
With river-dews, for those to cull, who need  
No teaching, but by nature guard each deed  
With chaste sobriety in everything.

1000  
1000  
1000











## INTRODUCTION.

OF beautiful Normandy, one of the most lovely districts is that known as Le Bocage ; and of that Norman Bocage, the principal, as well as the most picturesque town, is VIRE. The chief town of Lower Normandy, and charmingly situated on the slopes of several hills, and in the valleys which they enclose, it is surrounded by a wide expanse of richly-wooded heights, fruitful orchards, undulating upland pastures, romantic copses, and high and rocky crags ; while the streams of the river Vire and its tributaries wind below, adding fresh verdure to the landscape, and supplying water-power to many mills situated on their banks.

A little above the junction of the Vire with the Virene, the former river sweeps boldly round a lofty and very precipitous granite rock, on which stands the partially-ruined donjon-tower of the ancient Castle of Vire, finely dominating the position of the town and its environs. The scene, one of very peculiar and varied beauty, has long been famous as LES VAUX-DE-VIRE. "The place," says one of the inhabitants of the ancient town, "known from all time under the "name of the Vaux de Vire, is one of the most agreeable "situations in the Bocage, and also one of the most cele- "brated, from the number of manufactories which have "immemorially existed there. It takes its name from two "principal valleys that form it, . . . resting on the Place

“ of the Château of Vire, which lies to the west, and sufficiently near to the town to be considered as one of the faubourgs. It is in those valleys, extending, the one from north to south, and the other from east to west, that the two rivers Vire and Virene flow, till their junction at the Pont des Vaux. Their banks are sometimes hemmed in between two precipitous lines of cliff, which afford no other view than naked rock and heath. Sometimes they open out, disclosing partial woods, and portions of cultivated ground. Everywhere the views are very limited, the horizon being on all sides confined to a space of a quarter of a league, excepting the part which extends to the north below the Pont des Vaux; in which direction an unbounded distance is opened up. The current of the Vire and of the Virene is there pretty rapid, or, rather, the inclination of the ground gives them a slope sufficient to have been found available for the establishment of numerous mills, some for paper-making, and the rest for fulling cloths; for the manufacture of which, the town of Vire has been celebrated from the fifteenth century.”\*

“ Vire,” says Dr. Dibdin, writing more than half a century ago, “ is a sort of Rouen in miniature,—if bustle and population only be considered. . . . The immediate vicinity of the town is remarkable as well for picturesque objects of scenery as for a high state of cultivation; and a stroll upon the heights, in whatever part visited, will not fail to repay you for the certain disappointment to be experienced within the streets of the town. Portions of the scenery, from these heights, are not unlike those in Derbyshire, about Matlock. There is plenty of rock, of

\* M. Asselin, Discours Préliminaire, Vaudevires par Olivier Baffelin : Vire, 1811, p. xvii.

“ shrubs, and of fern ; while another Derwent, less turbid  
“ and muddy, meanders below.”\*

Dr. Dibdin’s visit was a brief and passing one ; but we may safely presume that a longer stay in Vire, and a better acquaintance with its interior, would have greatly modified his hasty remark as to a want of interest in the views of the town itself, and have led him to agree with the opinions generally expressed by more recent travellers of artistic taste. “ The Castle of Vire,” says Miss Costello, “ consists “ of a very grand, though not extensive, ruin of the Donjon, “ which stands on a platform at one extremity of the town, “ commanding an entire view of the whole, and a prospect “ over the wide extent of Vaux beneath, unequalled for “ beauty, richness, and the peculiarity of its features. The “ ruin itself is very picturesque, being one large high tower “ cloven by time almost to its base, with a few loop-holes “ and windows remaining : it is built into the solid rock, of “ which it seems to form a part, and rises proudly from the “ fine broad square, planted with three rows of luxuriant “ trees, and accommodated with seats at intervals, where “ the inhabitants have a charming promenade, and can “ enjoy a series of the most splendid views possible.”†

“ Even a hasty glance at Vire,” says Mrs. Macquoid, in a very agreeable volume, which forms a useful companion to modern travellers in Normandy, “ as soon as we had climbed “ up the hill leading from the railway station, was enough “ to show us that we had reached the most picturesque “ town we had yet seen. . . . The town is singularly quaint, “ placed at the end of a ridge of hills. Across the principal

\* A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany, by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin : London, 1821, vol. i. pp. 423-426.

† A Summer amongst the Bocages and the Vines, by Louisa Stuart Costello : London, 1840, vol. i. p. 123.

“ street is a picturesque arched gateway supporting the  
“ Tour de l’Horloge, a construction of the thirteenth  
“ century ; the top of the tower is very original . . . The  
“ ruins of the old castle stand most picturesquely on a pro-  
“ montory of rock, which, though in the midst of the town,  
“ projects itself, a perpendicular height of bare rock, into  
“ the valley of the Vire. The river divides here, and circles  
“ round the hills, which rise one beyond another till the  
“ last are lost in misty distance. It offered a most exquisite  
“ succession of pictures . . . and left us to imagine far  
“ greater beauty. The special peculiarity of this view is the  
“ steep descent of the rock, about two hundred and thirty  
“ feet, and the way in which the river forms a double  
“ valley among the ever-varying hills. . . . We went down  
“ a steep road on the right, beside a branch of the river,  
“ with rich dark-coloured crags on one side, clothed here  
“ and there with ivy and bushes, while opposite was a green  
“ hill, wooded up to its very summit by tall feathery trees.  
“ . . . Every now and then we came upon pleasant walks  
“ cut up the hill-side, from which one overlooks the winding  
“ river and its never-ending succession of rocky glens and  
“ wooded valleys. . . . After rather a long walk of con-  
“ stant ascent and descent between the rocks and the river,  
“ we came to the poet’s house . . . charmingly placed on  
“ the river itself. A dark rock, Des Cordeliers, projects  
“ over the road beside it ; and, beyond it, the valley opens,  
“ and shows the Vire winding round the shoulder of another  
“ hill, which stretches boldly forward, and offers a double  
“ series of exquisitely tinted hill and valley. . . . Still  
“ farther on, the valley grows more and more beautiful ;  
“ indeed we fancied weeks might be spent in exploring the  
“ loveliness of these Vaux de Vire.” \*

\* Through Normandy, by Katharine S. Macquoid : London, 1874,  
pp. 521-524.

“ Words can but feebly convey,” says Miss Costello, in describing this part of the environs of Vire, “ the impression made on the mind by scenery such as awaits the “ wanderer amongst the deep dells and hills studded with “ grey rocks and short brushwood which enclose them.” \* And Mr. Musgrave, writing of the same delicious scene, justly observes:—“ The ancient Greeks would have identified so fascinating a region with Arcadia;—a land of “ shepherds and of pastoral song, and peopled with Fauns, “ Satyrs, and Nymphs, with Pan enthroned upon some “ moss-clad rock or fallen pine, as their presiding leader “ and deity.” † With even still greater appropriateness, remembering the topics of most of the songs of the Vau-de-Vire, we might recall to the mind’s eye the picture drawn by Horace, in his Ode to Bacchus:—

“ Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus  
 “ Vidi docentem (credite, posteri)  
 “ Nymphasque discentes, et aures  
 “ Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

“ Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas,  
 “ Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes  
 “ Cantare rivos, atque truncis  
 “ Lapsa cavis iterare mella.” ‡

“ Bacchus I saw in mountain glades  
 “ Retired (believe it, after years !)  
 “ Teaching his strains to Dryad maids,  
 “ While goat-hoof’d Satyrs prick’d their ears.

\* P. 127.

† A Ramble through Normandy, or Scenes, Characters, and Incidents in a sketching excursion through Calvados, by George M. Musgrave, M.A.: London, 1855, p. 360.

‡ Hor. Carm. II. xix.

“ Yes, I may sing the Thyriad crew,  
 “ The stream of wine, the sparkling rills  
 “ That run with milk, and honey-dew  
 “ That from the hollow trunk distil.” \*

Of the Tour de la Grosse Horloge, mentioned by Mrs. Macquoid as forming a striking object on the way to the Castle, Mr. Musgrave remarks, that it is “a charming city “ gate, much in the style of, if not superior to, the clock “ gate of Rouen—hemmed in by ‘a stern round tower of “ ‘other days’ on one hand, and by picturesque ancient “ houses on the other ; . . . that old substantial arch, fur-“ mounted now-a-days by a structure ninety feet high, was “ most probably doing good service here at the date of the “ third Crusade ; and veterans who had fought at Agincourt, “ and conquered at Formigny, may have waited the rising “ of its portcullis.” †

To these notices of the town and scenery of Vire, there perhaps deserves to be added, as a sign of the primitive simplicity that still blesses and adorns the place, the curious fact that of many of the inhabitants the faith is still strong in the efficacy of “the Divining-Rod,” when used for the discovery of springs or sources of water under ground. This process, still resorted to in some parts of Cornwall, where it is known by the name of “deousing,” may be fairly considered one of the last vestiges of the magic art which have survived till our own times.

“ Now to rivulets from the mountains  
 “ Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;  
 “ Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—  
 “ Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.” ‡

\* The Odes and Carmen Sæculare of Horace translated into English verse, by John Conington, M.A. : London, 1863. † P. 375.

‡ Poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow : London, 1867, p. 90.





TOUR DE LA CROSSE HORLOGE, VIRE.

May, 1911  
Dear Dr. Elton,  
I am sending you a copy of the  
"American Entomologist" for  
you to read. I hope you will like it.  
Very truly yours,  
John C. Brattain



So seem to have thought, in former days, thofe

“Taverners who mix their wine,  
“And their drink half-watered sell ;—\*

“While as yet the cider’s new,  
“There are folks who have a charm  
“To mix water in the brew,  
“And fo work us monstrous harm.”†

The magical secret must have been valuable to thofe dishonest men ; let us hope that ſuch evil practices are now more rare among the Hesperian groves and golden fruitage of cider-yielding Normandy ! But for the uſe, at Vire, of the divining-rod for the purpose of discovering water, we can vouch ; having, in 1874, ſeen a well funk there on the faith of ſuch rhabdologic prediction ; and,—“Res miranda populo !”—water actually found. The citizen, in whose garden this operation took place, was loud in his praifes of the ſkill of the operator, and of the infallibility of the ſystem.

The Château of Vire was destined to witneſſ many ſcenes of ſanguinary conflict, not only during the occupation of Normandy by the English, 1417-1450, (for the latter part of which period it became the principal ſtrong-place and headquarters of our countrymen in the Bocage), but also in the dreadful civil war, carried on in the ſacred name of religion, which arose in the following century. The castle is ſaid,—though by a poet, yet by one who was alſo a native of Vire,—to have undergone thirty assaults ; and in the ſhort ſpace of ſix years, in the lifetime of Jean le Houx, the town was four times taken and pillaged ;—in May 1562, by Montgommery, by assault ; in September of the fame year, by the Duc d’Etampes, by assault at the Porte de la Grosse Horloge, after four days of incessant fighting ; in March 1563, again

\* Vau-de-Vire xxi. First Series.

† Vau-de-Vire ii. Polinière MS.

by assault of Montgommery ; and, once more, by surprise, in September 1568. It is a lamentable fact, that on all of those occasions the most horrible cruelties were practised by both parties alike ; nor were the murders and rapine confined to the infuriated soldiery. Many painful anecdotes have been recorded, by De Thou and Theodore Beza, of the excesses committed by the townsmen, and even by the women. The peace of 1570 restored a brief period of tranquillity, and prosperity began to revisit the afflicted town ; but in 1584 a frightful pestilence broke out, and nearly all of the inhabitants abandoned their homes : so that it is recorded that there were not twenty persons present on Christmas Eve in that year in the great church.\*

But the interest which attaches to the town, river, and environs of Vire, is not limited to the loveliness of landscape, the quaint antiquity of buildings, or the animation of historical incident. "Vire," we are informed by a most competent authority, "is one of those few small provincial towns "in which, from the fifteenth century, literary pursuits have "never flagged, and poetry, in particular, has ever been "held in high honour."† M. Cazin has, in an unpretending little work, given a list, with biographical details, of more than sixty natives of Vire, more or less distinguished as authors, down to the time of Castel, and of Chênedollé ; whose poetry, more remarkable for tenderness and gentleness than for force and vigour, is commended by Sainte-Beuve as being full of rural inspiration, "and penetrated by a sweet "fragrance of the Norman meadows."‡

The Vaux-de-Vire have for centuries been famed as a cradle of charming song, and have impressed their name not

\* Armand Gafté, *Jean le Houx et le Vau de Vire à la fin du xvi<sup>e</sup> Siècle* : Caen, 1874, pp. 140-146. † *Ibid.* p. 173.

‡ Sainte-Beuve, *Notice de Chênedollé*, prefixed to his Works : Paris, 1864, p. xiv.

only on their own peculiar class of convivial verses, but also, with little variation of title, on the numerous lively and popular compositions so widely known as "Vaudevilles." Such, at least, is the conclusion at which the greater number of the most intelligent and learned French critics appear to have arrived; and the soundness of which we are far from desiring to question. We need hardly remark that the Vaudeville, which originally was a "popular song, set to a simple "air, with words usually relating to some story or event of "the day," and which afterwards came to mean a short drama, in which the dialogues are interspersed with stanzas or short songs, is a species of composition in which French authors have always excelled, and which is peculiarly adapted to display the lighter and more elegant graces of their language.

With the invention of the simple, poetical "Vau-de-Vire" of olden times, there has long been illustriously associated the name of Olivier Basselin, a fuller of Vire, of the fifteenth century:—

—“the poet’s memory here  
“Of the landscape makes a part ;  
“Like the river, swift and clear,  
“Flows his song through many a heart ;  
“Haunting still  
“That ancient mill  
“In the valley of the Vire.” \*

What is known of the history of Olivier Basselin rests in great measure on tradition, and on a few slight notices and allusions gleaned from the early literature of his country. He appears to have been born about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and to have been "a jolly miller," whose fulling-mill and house stood "fast by the river Vire," where,

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\* Poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: London, 1867, p. 411.

in footh, an ancient timber-built dwelling is still pointed out as having been his :—

“au Vandevire

“Ou jadis on souloit les belles chansons dire

“D’Olivier Baffelin.” \*

He was well known as a boon companion, who preferred good-fellowship to frugality, and suffered, accordingly, in the disorder of his own affairs ; often chanting songs, of his own composing, in praise of the good wine, and cider, and fellowship, which he loved ; strenuously resisting, in arms, with a band of comrades of his own, the English occupation of his country, and at last falling a victim to his patriotism, perishing in the memorable battle of Formigny in 1450, where three thousand seven hundred English are said to have been left on the field, the greater part of their baggage captured, and fourteen hundred prisoners made, among whom was the (English) Governor of Vire.

An old French poet, Jehan le Chapelain, mentions the prevalence in Normandy of a custom, that a guest, while partaking of his host’s hospitality, should entertain him, in turn, with a song or tale :—

“Usaige est en Normandie

“Que qui hebergiez est qu’il die

“Fable ou chanson die à son oste.” †

Many curious specimens of those ancient Norman songs, of various dates, have been preserved, on themes of love, war, and wine ; usually chivalrous, often very patriotic, sometimes scarcely reverent, such as is the following rather free-booting strain, probably “drawn from the life,” in many a tavern of the time :—

\* Jean Vauquelin, Sieur de la Fresnaye, *Œuvres Diverses* : Caen, 1872, p. lxxvii.

† M. Affelin, *Discours Préliminaire*, 1811, pp. xv. xvi.

“ Gentilz gallans, compaignons du raisin,  
 “ Beuuon d'autant, au soir et au matin,  
 “ Jusqu'à cent folz,  
 “ Et ho !  
 “ A nostre hostesse ne payeron poinct d'argent,  
 “ Fors ung *Credo* !

“ Si nostre hostesse nous faisoit adiourner,  
 “ Nous luy diron qu'il faut laisser passer  
 “ Quasimodo,  
 “ Et ho !  
 “ A nostre hostesse ne payeron poinct d'argent,  
 “ Fors ung *Credo* !”\*

Gentle gallants, of the grape companions born !  
 Drink we out our bumpers, ev'ry eve and morn,  
 To a hundred sous,  
 And ho !  
 To our hostes we no reckoning will owe,  
 But a *Credo* !

Should she summon us for payment of our feast,  
 Tell her she must suffer to pass by, at least,  
 Quasimodo,  
 And ho !  
 To our hostes we no reckoning will owe,  
 But a *Credo* !

Here are two others, from a like source, of no less simplicity in style, but much more Arcadian in spirit :—

“ Royne des fleurs, la fleur du Val de Vire,  
 “ Quant ie vous voye, mon cuer est en esmoy ;  
 “ S'il vous plait faire vn amy de moy,  
 “ Vous osteriez mon cuer hors de martire.

“ Or, me baifez encore vn coup, m'amyne,  
 “ En attendant que puiffiez reuenir.  
 “ De loin de vous ie ne puis despartir,  
 “ Tant est de vous la mienne amour rauye.

\* A. Gasté, Chansons Normandes du xv<sup>e</sup> Siècle : Caen, 1866, p. xxii.

“ Belle, de vous despend toute ma vye ;  
 “ Quant dollent suys, m'y donnez guarifon,  
 “ Et, si captif, me iectez hors prifon.  
 “ Benoift le iour qu'onques vous ay choifie.” \*

O queen of flowers, flower of the Val de Vire,  
 Beholding thee, what sighs my bosom move !  
 Grant me the grace to be thy faithful love,  
 And save my heart from martyrdom severe.

Now once more only, darling, once kifs me,  
 Until again in happy hour we meet.  
 I cannot far from thee restrain my feet,  
 So wholly is my soul abforbed in thee.

Fair ! all my life depends on thee alone.  
 Cure me when I on couch of fickness lie ;  
 When prifoned, free me from captivity ;  
 Bleft be the day I chofe thee for mine own !

“ L'amour de moy fi est enclose,  
 “ Dedans vng ioly iardin,  
 “ Ou croift la rose et le muguet,  
 “ Et aufti faict la pafferoise.

“ Ie la veis l'autre iour cueillant  
 “ En vng verd prè la viollette,  
 “ Et me sembla fi aduenant  
 “ Et de beaulté fi tres parfaicte.

“ Ie la regarday vne poſe :  
 “ Elle estoit blanche comme vng laict,  
 “ Et douce comme vng aignelet,  
 “ Vermeillette comme vne rose.” †

A garden's bounds my love enclose,  
 Within a little pleafance fair ;  
 The lily of the valley, rose,  
 And hollyhock, all bloffom there.

\* Chansons Normandes : Caen, 1866, p. 236.

† Ibid. p. 40.



HOUSE, AND ORCHARD, OF BASSELIN, ON THE VIRE.



The Pocage, 1660.

The colonel,

The colonel, the colonel, the colonel,

The colonel, the colonel, the colonel,

Colonel, colonel,

Colonel, colonel, colonel, colonel,

Colonel, colonel, colonel, colonel,

Colonel, colonel, colonel, colonel,

Colonel, colonel, colonel, colonel,

"The inhabitants of the Pocage," says the precise and mild M. Seguin, "affectionately at table, the master or masters of the house singing, and each of the girls afterwards singing, as Vau de-Vire or fay, the floor, being one of the hands of a table, often took the oblet in his left hand, and sang it out when he celebrated the excursions of the day."

There appears to be no doubt of the fact, that, in chancing upon a book of songs, or a collection of the old songs of the Vau de-Vire, the colonel, or the fays one of them precise, "I have," according to the no learned author, "seen."

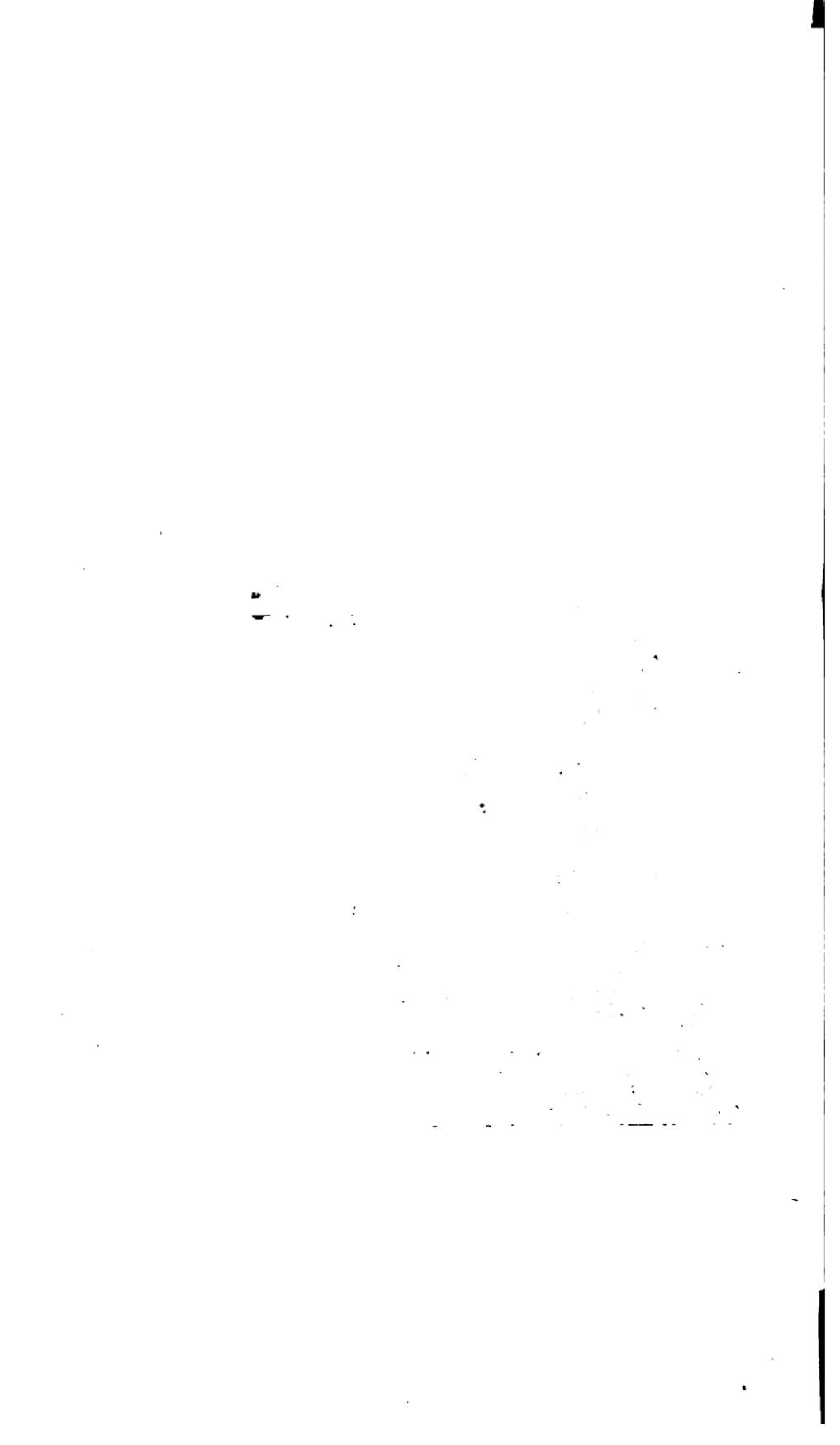
"A Vau de-Vire, a Vau de-Vire,

"A Vau de-Vire, a Vau de-Vire,

"A Vau de-Vire, a Vau de-Vire,

"A Vau de-Vire, a Vau de-Vire."

"Some men," said the colonel, "will tell you that they introduce their fine old songs, and that they are old, but they may well have learned them from the old songs of the Vau de-Vire, and that they are as old as the acknowledged founders of the colony, Adriaen Blaeu, the famous nautical editor, who died in 1660."



The other day I saw her cull  
 The violet in meadow green ;  
 To me she seemed of sweetnes full,  
 Of perfect lovelinefs the queen.

I gazed on her a little space,—  
 Pure white as milk she was to view ;  
 Lamb-like in gentlenes and grace ;  
 Her blush, a vermeil rose-bud's hue !

“ The inhabitants of the Bocage,” says the precise and minute M. Seguin, “ used to sing at table, the master or “ mistres of the house beginning, and each of the guests “ afterwards singing his Vau-de-Vire or song ; the singer, “ resting one of his hands on the table, often took his “ goblet in his right hand, and kept it raised when he cele- “ brated the excellences of the wine.” \*

There appears to be no ground for doubting that, in such simple primitive days, Boffelin composed some of the earliest songs of the Vau-de-Vire ;—improvising them, says one of their poetical historians, because he had not learned to write :—

“ He framed the ancient drinking-lays,  
 “ As Vaux-de-Vire so widely known ;  
 “ And taught a thousand charming ways  
 “ Of singing their melodious tone.”

“ Some men,” said Coleridge, “ are like musical glasses ; “ to produce their finest tones you must keep them wet.” This may well have been the case with the earliest composers of those songs of Vire ; many of whose lays remind us of one, the acknowledged master-piece of Maitre Adam Billaut, the famous poetical cabinet-maker of Nevers, who died in 1662 :—

\* Seguin, *Histoire Archéologique des Bocains* : Vire, 1822, p. 89.

“Auffitôt que la lumière  
 “Vient redorer nos côteaux,  
 “Je commence ma carrière  
 “Par visiter mes tonneaux.  
 “Ravi de voir l’Aurore,  
 “Le verre en main, je lui dis,  
 “Vois-tu donc plus chez le Maure,  
 “Que sur mon nez, de rubis ?”

Those verses, slightly altered, are given, by that “fellow of infinite fun,” the Rev. Francis Mahony, in a note to his *Reliques of Father Prout*; if we venture thus to render them, forgive us, O venerable shade of Water-graft Hill,\* for essaying any such task left unaccomplished by thee!

Soon as, at dawn, our vine-clad hill  
 In golden funshine basks,  
 My labours I commence, by still  
 Revisiting my casks.

I hail Aurora, glass in hand,  
 And ask her, “Seest thou shine  
 “More rubies in the Moorish land  
 “Than on this nose of mine ?”

It is also, with good reason, believed that some of those compositions of Basselin and others, “boon companions of “the Vau de Vire” in the fifteenth century, still remain to us; although their number is small, their style rude, and their

\* “Sweet upland ! where, like hermit old, in peace sojourned  
 “This priest devout ;

“Mark where beneath thy verdant sod lie deep inurned  
 “The bones of Prout !

“Nor deck with monumental shrine or tapering column  
 “His place of rest,

“Whose soul, above earth’s homage, meek yet solemn,  
 “Sits ‘mid the blest.”

“But still my Muse, for she the fact confesses,  
 “Haunts that sweet hill, renowned for water-cresses.”

*Reliques of Father Prout*, pp. 28 and 131, ed. 1860.

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identification difficult, and even, to some extent, uncertain. But, through the vagueness of ancient tradition, the indistinctness of the misfits of time, and also, we regret to have to add, the want of due learning and care on the part of successive editors, it has, curiously enough, happened that the honest and patriotic miller of Vire has really received for his poetical effusions far greater credit than was his due ; for to him has long been attributed the authorship of the large collection of Vaux-de-Vire, which we may now be said to know with certainty were not composed by him or any of his companions, but were the work of another hand, and of a later epoch.

The history of Maistre Olivier Baffelin, and of those later Vaux-de-Vire, is thus briefly given in a work of considerable research and great ability, of which the first edition was published in 1765. The seventh edition, from which we quote, was printed at Caen in 1789 :—

“ Baffelin (Olivier), a fuller of Vire, in Normandy, composed many drinking-songs, models for those which have since been written, and to which, by a corruption, has been given the name of *Vaudevilles*. As that Norman bard sang his verses at the foot of a hill called *Les Vaux*, on the river Vire, they received the name of *Les Vaux-de-Vire*. These songs, composed in the fifteenth century, were not altogether free from the barbarism of style of that period, nor from the rusticity of their author. *Jean Le Houx* corrected them in the following century, and gave them the form in which we now see them.” \*

This misleading statement, the source of long subsequent error, was adopted, with little alteration, from an article in the *Dictionnaire de Moreri*, said by M. Gasté to have been

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\* *Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*, par une Société de Gens-de-Lettres : Caen et Lyon, 1789, v. Baffelin.

written by the Abbé Beziers, Canon of Bayeux, who is supposed to have derived his information from his correspondent, Daniel Polinière of Vire. Polinière, again, may either have repeated some vague though general impression current among his fellow-townsmen, or may, perhaps, have adopted the erroneous statement, to a similar effect, of Lecocq, "Lieutenant-particulier au bailliage de Vire," in his "Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de la ville de Vire," a MS. in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, of which a copy is preserved in the Public Library at Vire.\*

Had Jean Le Houx, whose name now begins to appear in the literary history of the Vaux-de-Vire, done nothing more than preserve, by publication, the works of the earlier poet, his humble but renowned townsmen,—even at the cost of "freeing them from their barbarism of style and their 'rusticity,'"—he would have merited our gratitude. But his fame rests on a broader and firmer basis than this; and we have now to recount how it has been at last established, that, instead of being merely the foster-parent of compositions by Baffelin, he was, beyond all doubt, himself the author of those famous songs.

Maistre Jean Le Houx, Advocate, of Vire, as we learn from the acute and industrious researches of M. Armand Gafté, was the second son of François Le Houx, who in 1562 occupied, with his brother Jean, a house in the Rue aux Fèvres, at Vire; and who appears to have died between 11th March 1584 and 9th January 1586. The exact date of the birth of our "Maistre Jean" is unknown; but may be concluded, from a comparison of some other dates, recorded in the public registers of his native town, with various allusions in his poems, to have been somewhere about 1545 or 1546. Previous to 1592, (the exact year is unknown),

\* A. Gafté, Jean le Houx, p. 24, Note.

he married Mademoiselle Criquet, sister of M. Jean Criquet, Licentiate in law, Assessor at Vire, Sieur de la Guerillonière. In 1606, he married again; the name of his second wife was Jeanne, daughter of Jean Levieil, then deceased. By his first marriage, he appears to have had two daughters; by his second, one son who died in infancy, and three daughters. And in 1616,—about the middle of the year, but the exact day is unknown,—he died; at the good age of those threescore and ten years, which cut the thread of so many a “thin-spun life.”

Jean Le Houx was interred, with all due reverence and solemnity,—“with candle, with book, and with bell,”—in the grand old church of Notre Dame at Vire. A long epitaph in verse was written by his friend Sonnet de Courval, panegyrising him in terms of the warmest admiration; and, although better taste would doubtless have somewhat chastened the extravagance of its imagery and diction, it is worth preserving here, for the affectionate fulness of its praise.

TOMBEAU DE M. JEAN LE HOVX,  
ADVOCAT A VIRE.

STANCES.

“ Passager viateur, qui visite ce Temple,  
“ Arretez un peu tes pas, et de grace contemplez  
“ Ce Tombeau, dans lequel gis le docte le Hovx,  
“ HOVX tousiours verdo�ant en vertus immortelles,  
“ En cent perfections admirablement belles,  
“ Qui le faisoient paroistre un Soleil entre nous.  
  
“ Il fut Peintre excellent, et tres-scavant Poëte,  
“ Tres disert Aduocat : mais son Esprit celeste  
“ Detestoit du Barreau la chicane et le bruit,  
“ Peu fortable a vne ame extrêmement pieuse,  
“ Comme la sienne estoit, se montrant peu soigneuse  
“ D'exercer son Estat qui les plus fins seduit.  
  
“ Si quelquefois constraint, il plaidoit au Barreau,  
“ C' estoit un Ciceron ; un Apelle au pinceau,

" En Latine Poësie un Maron tres-habile,  
 " Et pour les Vers François Ronfard il égaloit ;  
 " De sorte que luy feul tout l'honneur il auoit,  
 " De Ronfard, Ciceron, d'Apelle, et de Virgile.  
 " Paffant, va t'en en paix, et n'espères apprendre  
 " D'autres siennes vertus, que l'on ne peut comprendre.  
 " Sur ce plan raccourcy, remarque feulement  
 " Que le docte le Hovx, Poëte, Orateur, et Peintre,  
 " Est gisant en ce lieu, qui fait ensemble plaindre,  
 " Les Arts, Themis, Parnasse, auprès son monument." \*

## EPITAPH ON M. JEAN LE HOUX,

## ADVOCATE AT VIRE.

Stranger, who visitest this sacred fane,  
 Thy passing footsteps for a while restrain :  
 This tomb contemplate, wherein lies LE HOUX,  
 A HOLLY, ever-green in virtues new.  
 A hundred high perfections he possessed,  
 Which made him shine, a Sun among the rest.

A skilful Painter, Poet most refined,  
 Learned Advocate : but his celestial mind  
 Hated the Bar's chicanery and rout,  
 Unsuit'd to a spirit most devout,  
 Such as was his : he practised with small zest  
 His calling, oft seductive to the best.

He was, when forced to take forensic part,  
 A Cicero : Apelles in his art ;  
 In Latin verse, a new Virgilian bard ;  
 And in French poetry, a true Ronfard.  
 So that to him a four-fold honour came :—  
 Ronfard's, Apelles', Tully's, Maro's fame.

Stranger, depart in peace ; nor seek, in turn,  
 His other virtues infinite to learn.  
 And from this brief, faint outline, only know  
 That erudite LE HOUX lies here below.  
 Arts, Muses, Themis, by this monument,  
 An Artist, Poet, Orator, lament.

\* Satyres de Sonnet de Courval, 1622, p. 342 ; and A. Gafté, Jean Le Houx, pp. 208, 209.

How do those laudatory, but somewhat pompous and laboured lines of De Courval contrast with the simple and homely "Wish" of the poet of the Vau-de-Vire himself:—

"On my tomb let this epitaph appear :—  
"Here lies one who in wine did much delight ;  
"One greatly mourned by taverners of Vire !'" \*

About the year 1570, Jean Le Houx is believed to have prepared for the press the first edition of *Le Liure des Chants Nouueaux de Vau-de-Vire*; of which *Editio Princeps*,—the only one published in its author's lifetime,—not a single copy is known to have survived to the present day. This has been explained by some, on the ground of the popularity and rapid dispersion of the little volume, and its "wear and tear" in the houses, hands, and pockets, (or rather girdles), of the former possessors of copies; but other circumstances, peculiar to the time when Le Houx lived, perhaps contributed more directly to the annihilation of at all events a large part of the impression.

An age, when religious animosity ran furiously high, was peculiarly inauspicious for the first appearance of a collection of songs, which, however great the modesty of their strains, however undoubted the piety of their author, were avowedly of a very festal and cheerful sort; and, as such, were viewed by narrow-minded bigots among the clergy, Romanist and Reformed alike, as fraught with possible peril to the souls of their respective flocks. The songs,—"the poor Vaux-de-Vire,"—were censured, their author was maligned, and refused absolution by the priests; and that ecclesiastical stigma was not removed till after long contention, and a pilgrimage to Rome, performed by the poet, and from which he derived the surname of "Le Romain." No Papal rescript, however, seems to have restored the un-

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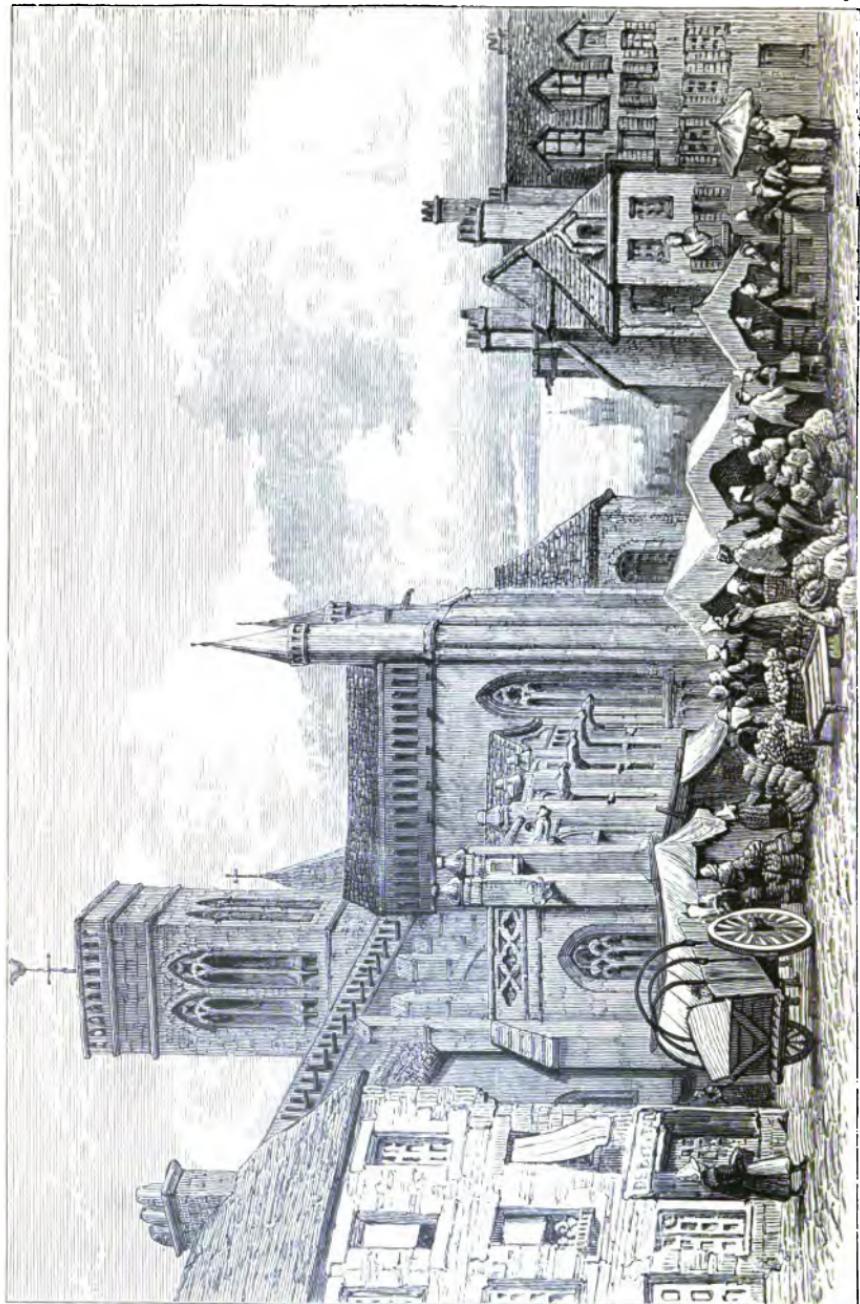
\* Vau-de-Vire xl. First Series.

offending Chants du Vau-de-Vire themselves, with their "*musique celeste*," to ecclesiastical communion: and, for the remainder of his life, their author and his friends contented themselves with circulating those harmful songs only in manuscript, or with singing them,—“in innocent harmony,”—at their festive meetings. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

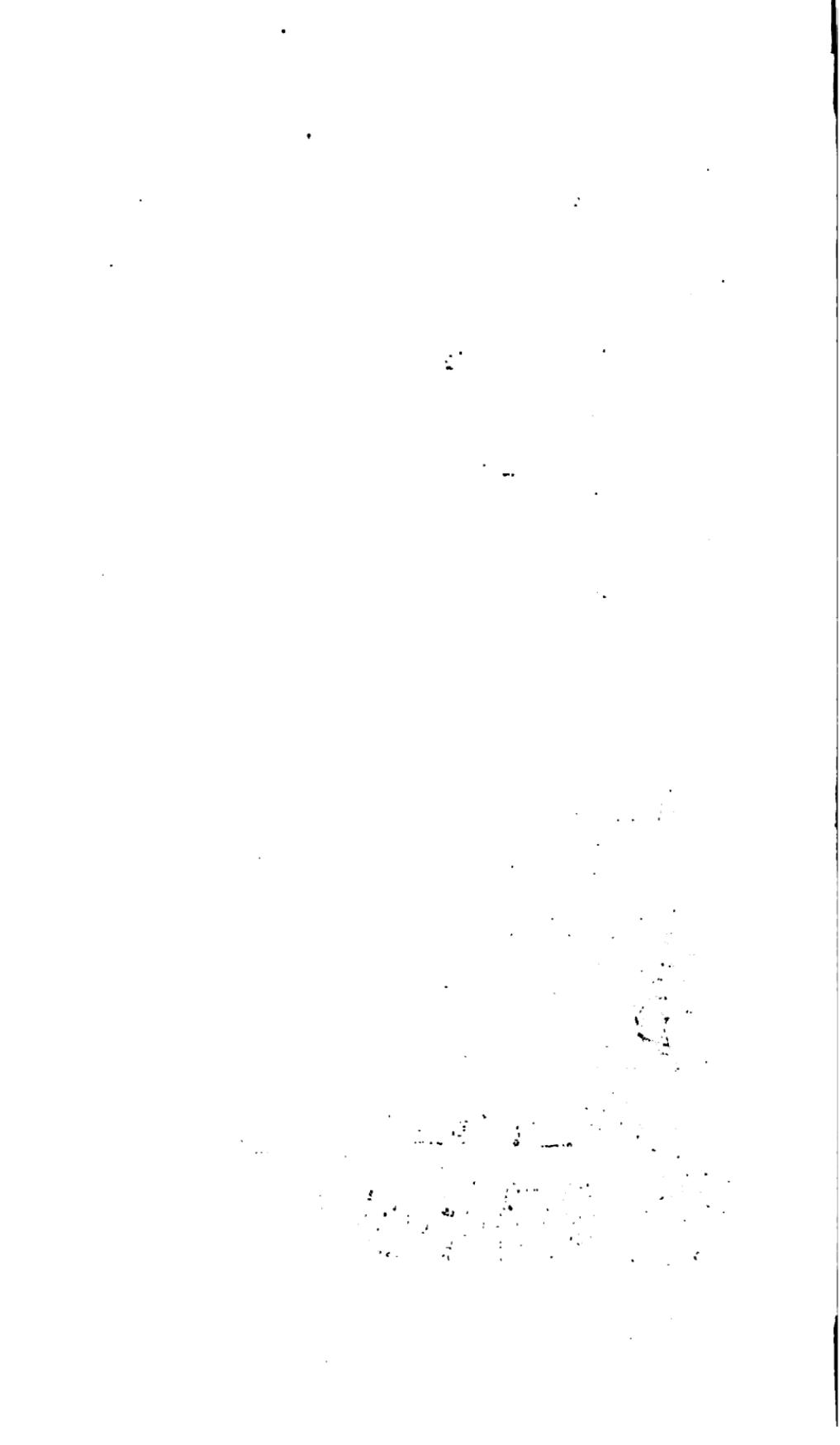
Le Houx, however, although thus to some extent complying with the requirements of his spiritual critics, did not cease, after his return from Rome, to cultivate his Anacreontic Muse; he added considerably to the number of his Vaux-de-Vire, of which he formed, in manuscript, a second “Recueil;” though never venturing, by a fresh publication, again to provoke a conflict with those “crabbed censors” and “sublime wiseacres.” His naturally mild and pious disposition, and the gravity of his advancing years, led him, indeed, after his Roman journey, rather to conciliate and disarm the wrath of the angry priests. Besides altering,—not always for the better,—some of the expressions in his earlier Vaux-de-Vire, to which objection had, however unfoundedly, been made, he gradually turned his pen, from the composition of drinking-songs, to the more devotional purpose of inditing “Noels,” or spiritual canticles on the Nativity of our Lord.

Above all,—and, doubtless, more than all welcome to Mother Church, as a substantial proof of increasing and ripening grace,—in 1613 he gave to the most ancient fraternity of the most Holy Trinity, and of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, served in the parochial church of Notre Dame of Vire, certain annual-rents issuing from two houses in the Rue de Fontaine and the Rue de la Poissonerie, for eight low masses of *Requiem* to be said each year for the souls of eight poor inhabitants of Vire, dying within the year, whose relatives should be unable to pay for masses for them: and, in the same year, he increased a bene-









faction to the fraternity of the Holy Name of Jesu, served in the same church, originally founded by his father and uncle: in return for which, the fraternity engaged to add to the rest of the service an “antienne,” with responses to the Virgin, before her image and the high altar of the choir. Arrangements, in the contemplation of his approaching end, doubtless more edifying to “the fraternity,” than those devised by old George Dunbar, the Scottish “makar” of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, for his brother poet, Maister Andro Kennedy:—

“Nunc condo testamentum meum,  
 “I leiff my faull for evermair,  
 “Per omnipotentem Deum,  
 “In to my Lordis wyne cellair;  
 “Semper ibi ad remanendum  
 “Quhill domisday, without disfever,  
 “Bonum vinum ad bibendum  
 “With fueitt Cuthbert that luffit me never.

“I will na Priestis for me sing,  
 “Dies illa, dies iræ;  
 “Na yit na bellis for me ring,  
 “Sicut semper solet fieri;  
 “Bot a bag pipe to play a spryng,  
 “Et unum ail wospi ante me;  
 “In stayd of baneris for to bring  
 “Quatuor lagenas cervisiae.” \*

But all this unction and faintly odour of the closing scenes of our Jean Le Houx’s life, as contrasted with the spiritual warfare in which many of his earlier years had been passed, rather recall some lines of Matthew Prior’s well-known and very witty ballad of “The Thief and the “Cordelier;” in which, speaking of a certain dread tribunal of the law, very unpopular with those summoned to undergo its doom, the poet says:—

\* The poems of William Dunbar, now first collected, by David Laing: Edinburgh, 1834, vol. i. pp. 137-141.

“A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear ;  
“And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier ?

“If the money you promised be brought to the chest,  
“You have only to die ; let the Church do the rest !  
“Derry down, down, hey derry down.”

The “extremely pious” soul of Jean Le Houx would hardly have been satisfied with the too Epicurean dirge,—otherwise so tender and touching,—of the Astronomer-Poet of Naishapur, of the eleventh and twelfth century :—

“Ah, with the grape my fading life provide,  
“And wash the body whence the life has died,  
“And lay me, shrouded in the living leaf,  
“By some not unfrequented garden-side.

“That e’en my buried ashes such a snare  
“Of vintage shall fling up into the air,  
“As not a true believer passing by  
“But shall be overtaken unaware.

“Indeed the idols I have loved so long  
“Have done my credit in men’s eye much wrong :  
“Have drowned my glory in a shallow cup,  
“And sold my reputation for a song.

“And, much as wine has played the infidel,  
“And robbed me of my robe of honour,—Well,  
“I wonder often what the vintners buy  
“One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

“Yon rising moon that looks for us again,—  
“How oft hereafter will she wax and wane ;  
“How oft, hereafter, rising, look for us  
“Through this same garden,—and for *one* in vain !

“And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass  
“Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,  
“And in your blissful errand reach the spot  
“Where I made One,—turn down an empty glass ! ” \*

\* Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Rendered into English verse. London, 1872, pp. 24, 25, 27.

In 1669, being a century after the supposed date of their first publication, the *Vaux-de-Vire* were reprinted, at Vire, by Jean de Cesne, of whose typography some other specimens are preserved in the Public Library of that town. The little volume itself—a very small and thin one in 16mo, printed on coarse paper further embrowned by time, is without date; its title is—"Le liure des Chants nouueaux " de Vau de Vire, corrigé et augmenté oultre la précédente " impression. A Vire, chez Jean de Cesne, imprimeur et " libraire." Of this very interesting little edition only two copies are known to have survived to our own times; and at present, owing to the mysterious disappearance of one of those two, we can only venture to assert that one solitary copy at present remains. That, fortunately, is in excellent preservation, in safe keeping in the "Reserve" of the National Library at Paris, where it is with great courtesy made available for the inspection of all who may feel an interest in the subject. It is a volume interesting in more than one respect, having belonged to the celebrated Huet, Bishop of Avranches, whose book-plate it bears, with arms stamped in gilding on the sides. On the title-page is inscribed "Domus " Profess. Paris. Societ. Jesu," in which establishment Huet passed many of the last years of his life, and to which he bequeathed his library. Beneath the imprint is pasted a printed notice:—

"Ne extra hanc Bibliothecam efferatur,  
"Ex obe :"

but the "Obedientia" remains incomplete, and the rule of the Jesuits has been transgressed!

The history of the (now missing) duplicate copy of the edition of Jean De Cesne, so far as we have been able to ascertain, is, that in 1810 it was purchased, at the sale of the library of M. By, by M. Flaust, the mayor of Saint-

Sever, near Vire : that afterwards it came into the possession of the late M. Le Normand, a medical gentleman of Caen, eminent, we believe, as a botanist, who died a few years ago ; since which event, the melancholy reply of the learned librarian of the Public Library at Caen to an inquiry which we made as to the fate of the “littel boke,” was,—“On n'a “pu le retrouver.” But as it was once erroneously supposed that the copy belonging to the Library at Paris had disappeared, and that the copy then preserved in Normandy was unique, let us hope that the Norman copy may likewise re-appear among the book-treasures of that country, where it would be so highly venerated, and where its absence is much deplored.

M. Dubois, again, attributes to the harshness of the clerical party the suppression of most of the copies of that second edition of the *Vaux-de-Vire* :—“There is reason to “believe,” says he, “that De Cesne, who was employed as “a printer by the missionaries of the village of Flers, in “order to obtain their favour, sacrificed at their desire his “whole edition of the *Vaux-de-Vire* ; a very small number “of copies, now reduced to only one known to exist, hav-“ing escaped.”\* M. Dubois wrote in 1820, while under a misapprehension to which we have just referred, and which he afterwards corrected, as to the disappearance of the Parisian copy. But, even without resorting to such an extraordinary cause as clerical hatred to account for the fact, the disappearance of whole editions of popular works is far from being unexampled in bibliographical history. Of this a striking instance, mentioned in Beloe's “Anecdotes of Literature,” and referred to by Hallam, occurred in the case of “The Paradise of Dainty Devices,” a

\* *Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Basselin, par M. Louis Du Bois : Caen, 1821, p. 265.*

collection of minor English poems, printed at a time nearly coeval with the first edition of the *Vaux-de-Vire*, the first edition having appeared in 1576. Of that volume it is said, that although no fewer than eight editions were published, not more than six copies remained to our own time.\*

The rarity and importance of M. Flauft's acquisition were fully appreciated by the intelligent and loyal fellow-townsmen of Baffelin and Le Houx; and, with most laudable zeal and alacrity, and a fine spirit of the bibliomania, ten gentlemen of Vire contributed to bear the expence of privately printing,—not publishing for sale,—a new edition of the *Chants Nouveaux du Vau-de-Vire*. The names of those worthy inhabitants of Vire, who, while their country was engaged in a long and arduous war, thus solaced their leisure with the peaceful culture of native literature, are given on the reverse of the title-page of the edition which they thus so liberally supplied, and which, as Charles Nodier has remarked, has long since become a rare book.† All praise to the names, ever-green in Vire, of MM. Affelin, De Corday, De Cheux de Saint-Clair, Defrotours de Chaulieu, Dubourg d'Isigny, Flauft, Huillard d'Aignaux, Lanon de la Renaudière, Le Normand, and Robillard:—

“ In Heaven  
“ Be given,  
“ Good souls, to your spirits repose ! ” ‡

The volume was printed at Avranches, on paper of various sizes and sorts, manufactured at Vire; and the

\* Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, vol. v.; and Hallam, *Literature of the Middle Ages*, 1839, vol. ii. p. 302.

† *Description Raifonnée d'une jolie Collection de Livres (nouveaux mélanges tirés d'une petite Bibliothèque)*, par Charles Nodier: Paris, 1844, p. 211.

‡ *Vau-de-Vire xvii. First Series.*

editorship was confided to M. Affelin, sous-prefet of Vire, who lost no time in fulfilling his mission. In 1811, the new edition appeared; the impression being limited to 148 copies.\*

Besides the copy of Jean De Cefne's edition, M. Affelin had the privilege of being enabled to use a MS. of the Vaux-de-Vire of great interest and importance, which, in the close of last century, came into the possession of M. Polinière, a physician of Vire, and which has since been known as the Polinière MS. This MS. appears to be of the time, though not written by the hand, of Jean Le Houx: it is on paper, in the original limp parchment cover, six inches in height, by four and a half in width, and consists of ninety-four leaves, closely written on both sides, besides two in the middle, which are blank; it contains two "Recueils" of the songs, one consisting of ninety-one, and the other of twenty-five, of which number, four are twice repeated. It is written by two different scribes, whose names occur sometimes in its pages,—viz. Jean Porée and Michel Le Pelletier. Both were intimate friends of Le Houx; the former is supposed to have been the author of the veres "A l'Autheur, sur son Livre," signed I. P. V. (Jean Porée, Virois), prefixed to the First Series of the Vaux-de-Vire. In October 1874, having learned through the

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* " In 4° Papier Vélin superfin	.	.	11
„ Grand carré	.	.	13
In 8° Papier rose	.	.	10
„ Vélin	.	.	64
„ Raifin	.	.	48
„ Epreuve	.	.	2
			<u>148"</u>

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P. L. Jacob, Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Baffelin et de Jean Le Houx: Paris, 1858, p. ii.

kind offices of M. Gasté, that this very curious and valuable MS. was for sale at Caen, we willingly became its possessor.

With such materials, and his own other excellent opportunities of local inquiry and research, it was to have been expected that the volume thus edited by M. Asselin would include both an accurate and reliable reproduction of the text, and also a careful examination of the question of the authorship of the *Vaux-de-Vire*. M. Asselin's abilities are said to have been considerable, and his industry praiseworthy; his zeal was unquestionable, and his good faith beyond a doubt. Yet it must be admitted that the standard of his conception of the duties and responsibilities of an editor was far from being a high one; that he betrayed great inability to sift and examine evidence, as well as to shake off inveterate prepossession and error; and thus it happened that his labours, however well intended, had the effect of prolonging for half a century an entire misconception as to the true authorship of the *Vaux-de-Vire*; M. Asselin boldly giving to the world his volume as "*Les Vau-“devires, Poésies du 15<sup>me</sup> Siècle, par Olivier Baffelin.*"

M. Richard Seguin, the author of three small but comprehensive volumes of the history of the Norman Bocage, takes to himself the credit of having been the first to make these poems known in modern times, after they had long remained forgotten. He printed, at Vire, eleven of them in his "*Histoire de l'Industrie du Bocage*," in 1810; one more, (compounded of two), in his "*Histoire Militaire des Bocains*," in 1816; and sixty-two more in his "*Histoire Archéologique des Bocains*," in 1822; the whole number of seventy-four, or rather seventy-five, forming, he says, the complete and original collection of the poems. Of that number, he attributes the first sixty-eight to Olivier Baffelin, and the remaining seven to Jean Le Houx, whom he calls the contemporary and editor of Baffelin.

As M. Affelin's edition was printed and circulated at Vire in 1811, it would have been well if M. Seguin had not made quite so extensive a claim, and had also given more full explanations as to the source from which he derived the poems, thus dispersed in his volumes in so fragmentary a manner ; their publication extending over a space of twelve years. A less convenient form of possessing or using "the complete and original collection of the works of " that illustrious poet," could hardly have been devised.

M. De La Renaudi  re, M. Charles Nodier, and M. Pluquet, all appear to have entertained the project of preparing an annotated edition of the *Vaux-de-Vire*. But they ultimately made over the task to M. Louis Du Bois ; who, in 1821, published his "*Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Baffelin, Po  te Normand de la fin du XV<sup>e</sup> Si  cle*," together with a "*Choix de Chansons Normandes, tir  es d'un Manuscrit du milieu du XV<sup>e</sup> Si  cle*;" and, lastly, a "*Choix de Vaux-de-Vire de Le Houx*." M. Du Bois assigned sixty-two of the *Vaux-de-Vire* printed by him, to Baffelin, and twelve to Le Houx ; and he bestowed a good deal of labour on some dissertations which, with many useful notes and various readings, he added to the text. But he too implicitly followed the guidance of M. Affelin, his predecessor ; his selection of Norman songs from the rich MS. of Bayeux was hurriedly and imperfectly made ; and numerous errors, together with the disadvantage of a heavy and too scholastic style, detracted from the merits of what would otherwise have been an elegant and attractive volume.

M. Du Bois' edition of 1821 having become exhausted, another was published, in 1833, at St. Lo, in Normandy, under the editorial care of M. Julien Travers ; who says, that he was surrounded by every sort of source from which he could draw materials for his work. Yet he uses, "pour " Baffelin," as he terms it, the text of 1811 ; mentions that

chance procured for him the *Vaux-de-Vire* of *Le Houx*, in June 1832, while he was preparing his edition of *Baffelin*; and, while he assigns to *Baffelin* sixty-two songs, he prints fifty-three others under the name of *Jean Le Houx*. It is singular enough that the learned M. Travers, versed as he is in the history of French, and especially of Norman poetry, should not only have fallen into the same snare as MM. *Affelin*, *Seguin*, and *Du Bois*, but should also have inverted the order of chronology, by placing the *Vaux-de-Vire* of *Le Houx* first, and those which he assigned to *Baffelin* second, in his little volume.

M. Travers' admiration of the old *Vaux-de-Vire* went so far, as to lead him to favour the public with a composition of his own; a "pastiche," "after the manner,"—though not up to the mark,—"of the ancients:" which he introduced, without making known its modern origin, as having escaped the investigations of all the editors, and as being unknown to all the antiquaries of Normandy. So much cannot now be said for that composition: we gladly abstain, however, from here repeating the criticisms which it provoked at the hands of divers learned countrymen of its author. But, as M. Travers says that he had suppressed one of the stanzas, on account of "la naïve grossiereté des expressions," what must be thought of such a plea, when it is known that of the apocryphal song, so censured by M. Travers, he was himself the composer? \*

In 1858, yet another edition of the *Vaux-de-Vire* "d'Olivier *Baffelin* et de *Jean Le Houx*," was published at Paris, under the editorial care of "P. L. Jacob. bibliophile;" another name, we learn, for M. Paul Lacroix. In this

\* See M. Gafté's note on p. xix. of his Introduction to "Chansons Normandes du XV<sup>e</sup> Siècle :" Caen, 1866; and "Olivier *Baffelin* et les Compagnons du *Vau-de-Vire*. Une Erreur Historique et Littéraire, " par M. Julien Travers :" Caen, 1867.

volume, the songs attributed to Baffelin are made to precede those attributed to Le Houx ; and, besides including most of the prefaces and notes of previous editors, it contains a number of "Chansons Normandes, Bacchanales, et Chansons." It even gives the "Vau-de-Vire inédit" of M. Travers ; but with the unhesitating declaration that it is "ridiculously apocryphal." M. Lacroix shows good judgment when he observes that the (true) Vaux-de-Vire are evidently of the middle or end of the sixteenth century ; and that they were first collected and restored by Jean Le Houx, if not, indeed, composed by him. He also speaks, in another place, of Le Houx as having been "the editor, or rather the author, of the Vaux-de-Vire of Baffelin ;" and remarks, in the close of his preface, that "it little matters if Baffelin and Le Houx be but one and the same poet ; singing of cider and wine with all the gaiety of Gaul, in the good vulgar tongue spoken in Normandy towards the end of the sixteenth century."

But we greatly fear that the usual critical acumen of M. Lacroix deserted him, when he advanced the theory that the English, generally accused of having "put an end" to poor Baffelin, in the battle of Formigny, were merely his creditors, who sequestrated his goods, and placed his person in ward ; an ingenious hypothesis, partially supported, as M. Lacroix contends, by an occasional use of the term "Engloys" in that sense, in those times ; but, we suspect, too fanciful to be correct.

To all of the gentlemen who were at the pains to edit, at great expense of labour and time, the Vaux-de-Vire so dear to all Norman hearts, and so interesting to many other cultivated minds, thanks are undoubtedly due ; although, as, with all of them, we believe the labour to have been one of love, so doubtless it was also one of pleasure. But hitherto, in the course of our brief survey, we have had to

regret the confusion which prevailed as to the authorship of those songs, and the variance existing as to the date of their composition, their number, and their text. We have now the more agreeable duty to perform, of welcoming the clear explanations and the certainty of knowledge which have at last been supplied on all of those points.

In 1833, shortly after the appearance of M. Travers' edition, published in that year at Avranches, M. Hebert, then the Librarian of the Public Library at Caen, had the good fortune to obtain for that institution a MS. then unknown to all the editors of whom we have spoken, but the importance of which, relative to the Vaux-de-Vire, the genuineness of their text, and the question of their authorship, it is impossible to over-estimate; for it contains, undoubtedly, in the handwriting of Jean le Houx himself, carefully corrected and prepared by him as for the press:—

(1.) A Title, prose dedication to Bacchus, two sonnets, some Latin Elegiacs, and some French verses addressed to Le Houx by a friend, and initialed I. P. V. (believed to be "Jean Porée, Virois"). The Title is a most definite and clear one:—"Le Recueil des Chansons nouvelles du Vaudreuil, par ordre alphabétique & autres poésies, par M. Jean Le Houx, avocat Virois." "Le Recueil des Chansons nouvelles du Vau de Vire, par ordre alphabétique, plus y sont adjointes à la fin quelques cantiques spirituelz pour le jour ou nuit de Noël, par M. J. L. H. V."

(2.) A collection of eighty-nine Vaux-de-Vire.

(3.) A second collection of twenty-seven Vaux-de-Vire, with the title, "Second recueil des Chansons du Vaudreuil nouvelles, par M<sup>e</sup> J. Le Houx avocat Virois, 1611."

(4.) A collection of thirty-two "Noëls," with the title, "Nouveaux Cantiques de Noël, par M. Jean Le Houx, avocat Virois."

All of the above are in one handwriting; as to which

we shall have more to say presently. Then follow, in a later and entirely different style of handwriting, a number of *Chansons pour boire*, *Sonnets*, *Bouts-Rimés*, *Virelays*, *Epigrammes*, *Rondeaux*, etc., evidently composed and inserted in the volume at long subsequent periods, but which here need no further notice. There is also on the interior of the cover of the volume, written in the same hand as the Latin *Elegiacs* at its beginning, the verse—

“Et sapiens animum nugis aliquando relaxat :”

an apology offered by the author of the “*Chansons du Vaudcuire nouuelles*” for their light and trivial character.\*

It appears as if now at last, from the year 1833, the learned editors and antiquaries of Normandy having such a MS. in the Public Library of one of their principal and most literary cities,—“the centre,” says Madame De Sevigné, “of all our greatest wits,”—could have had little difficulty in settling the question as to the authorship of the *Vaux-de-Vire*, which had so long excited so much interest among them, and yet had so greatly perplexed them. But the history of the change in the belief which had so long been popular, brought about by means of this precious MS., is a curious one, showing how very gradual is the process by which such errors in the history of literature are corrected, even in our own times, when knowledge is supposed to be so rapidly diffused. M. Gafté has given a sort of “*Catena Patrum*,” illustrating the progress of extirpation of the old heresy, and the introduction of the new and true faith, which is so complete as to be capable of but little addition at our hands.

In 1824, M. Crapelet clearly discerned that the language of the *Vaux-de-Vire* was rather that of the end of the sixteenth century than that of the time of Baffelin; but he

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\* A. Gafté, *Jean le Houx*, pp. 31, 32, note.

attributed this to a supposed process of restoration at the hand of Le Houx.

In 1833, M. Travers had, as we have mentioned above, insinuated a doubt whether Le Houx, a poet formed on the model of Baffelin, was not himself the true author of the songs printed under the name of the fuller of Vire; treating his idea, however, only as a hypothesis which he would not cherish in the absence of proof, but adding the forcible remark that never had two poets so strong a family resemblance as Baffelin and Le Houx.

In 1848, M. Boisard observed that the poems of Le Houx and Baffelin were characterised by a conformity of ideas and of structure well fitted to cast doubts on the authenticity of the latter.

In 1849, M. Edelestand de Meril came to a similar conclusion, to which he was led by the very literary character of the *Vaux-de-Vire*, proving, as he thought, that tradition had been deceived by a *pseudonym*, adopted on account of the Bacchic nature of the verses, and a desire of the real author to remain hidden under the concealment of a popular name: Le Houx, the advocate, behind the mask of Baffelin, the miller!

In 1857, M. Paul Boiteau, who was struck by the resemblance between the works attributed to Jean Le Houx and those attributed to Baffelin, was further much impressed by the lively, healthful, clear, and vigorous diction of the *Vaux-de-Vire*, and by their rich, varied, and harmonious rhythm; and remarked that on considering that perfection of form, and regularity of detail, he could not help feeling astonishment, and sometimes entertaining a doubt.

In a work published in 1852, and splendidly illustrated, the text of which was prepared by MM. Mancel, (then librarian of the public library of Caen), Charma, Travers,

Professors at Caen, and de Beaurepaire,\* we find these gentlemen, while praising the talent and sparkling gaiety of those songs, declaring that they believed Olivier Baffelin not to have been their author, and that they did not hesitate to recognise as the true father of those joyous songs, Jean le Houx, the King's advocate in the “Baillage de Vire,” in the close of the sixteenth century.

M. Eugene de Beaurepaire soon made this inquiry the subject of closer examination ; and in a separate publication, in 1858, adduced internal evidence on which he questioned the justice of attributing the *Vaux-de-Vire* to Baffelin ; he pointed out distinctly that nothing in the publication of Jean de Cesne warranted the arbitrary assumption that to Jean le Houx was due the credit of having published them, but to Baffelin that of having written them. But further, on examining the MS. of Caen, M. de Beaurepaire came to these very decided conclusions :—First, That all of the three parts of which that MS. consists (so far as its contents relate to this question) are attributed therein to Jean le Houx, both collectively and individually. Second, That the number of erasures, corrections, and alterations, indicate the MS. to be autograph of Le Houx. Third, That the short preliminary pieces (noticed above) are quite unmeaning, unless Le Houx be admitted to be the sole and exclusive author of the *Chants Nouveaux*, previously so generally attributed to Baffelin. M. De Beaurepaire adds, that in Jean De Cesne's edition there are certain *Vaux-de-Vire* which could not by possibility be justly attributed to Baffelin, and others in which the author alludes to his profession of advocate, to his baptismal name of Jean, and to his domestic circumstances ; and he finally states his conviction, that public opinion had been completely led astray on

\* *La Normandie Illustrée* (Calvados) : Nantes, 1852. 3 tom. in folio.

that subject :—that now the error is no longer possible :—that it is time to restore to Le Houx the nearly exclusive paternity of the “*Chants Nouveaux*,” and to reinstate him in his rank in that original species of *Vau-de-Vire*, which presents one of the most captivating aspects of Norman literature.\*

And in the same year it was, that M. Paul Lacroix, although unacquainted with the MS. of Caen, which would doubtless have still more decisively influenced his mind, not only perceived the style of these *Vaux-de-Vire* to betoken a date more than a century later than that of Baffelin, but inferred that they were all the work of one poet,—namely, of Le Houx.

But it was reserved for another author of our own time, of no less ability and learning than any of the previous editors or critics of the *Vaux-de-Vire*, and possessing greater logical acumen, and habits of closer accuracy in research than some of them appear to have done, to investigate this subject with final and conclusive care. Seldom has any literary controversy benefited by the labours of so competent an inquirer, and never, perhaps, has one been more completely and triumphantly settled.

M. Armand Gasté, a native of Normandy, and a son of Vire,—

“ Bon Virois,  
“ Et compagnon Galois,”—

a devoted admirer of the *Vaux-de-Vire*, and zealous for the fame of both of his illustrious townsmen, Baffelin and Le Houx, had for several years devoted some of his studious leisure to a careful investigation of the whole subject, and especially to a close and thorough examination of the in-

\* *Étude sur Baffelin, Jean Le Houx, et le Vaudevire Normand*: Caen, 1858. Extracted from vol. xxiii. of the “*Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Normandie*.”

valuable MS. of Caen. The pains which he took in transcribing with his own hand that MS. in all its most minute details of "lettres Gothiques," in collating it with the other less precious but still important MS. of Polinière, as well as with the printed volume of De Cesne preserved at Paris, and the conclusions at which he arrived, have been fully described by M. Gasté in his excellent thesis for his doctorate, read before the Sorbonne in 1874, "Jean Le Houx " et le Vau de Vire à la fin du XVI<sup>e</sup> Siècle;" nor, perhaps, could any judge have been named, for whose decision a greater deference would be felt, than the learned Docteur-é-Lettres, Professor of Rhetoric in the Lycée of Caen.

In 1862, M. Gasté published, for the first time, from the MS. of Caen, the "Noëls," or Christmas Carols, of Le Houx.\* This was followed, in 1866, by his *Essay on Olivier Baffelin and the Companions of the Vau-de-Vire*;† and by a learned introduction and notes to the "Chansons "Normandes du XV<sup>e</sup> Siècle," published for the first time from the MSS. of Bayeux and Vire; as well as, in 1873, by an erudite and graceful Latin disquisition on the convivial songs of the ancient Greeks.‡ M. Gasté's work of 1874 on Jean Le Houx and the Vau-de-Vire of his time, besides reviewing all the literature of the subject, contains a most valuable addition in lithographic facsimiles, very carefully made, of the handwriting of the MS. of Caen, and of the handwriting of Jean Le Houx. Of the former, the first is of the two first stanzas of the famous Vau-de-Vire,— "Beau nez, dont les rubis ont couté mainte pippe," and the second is from one of the "Noëls." That of the handwriting of Jean Le Houx is from a deed both written and signed by him, dated 3d May 1614, and recorded in a

\* Caen, 1862.

† Caen, 1866.

‡ *De Scoliis, sive de Convivalibus Carminibus apud Græcos* : Caen, 1873.

register preserved in the office of M<sup>e</sup> de Saint Germain, notary at Vire; in which the writer describes himself by name and degree as Licentiate in Laws, and also by profession as Advocate at Vire. M. Gasté has also compared the writing of the MS. of Caen with other documents preserved at Vire, both in the office of M<sup>e</sup> de Saint Germain, and in the possession of the representatives of the late M. Le Pelletier, formerly an advocate of that town.

There can be no doubt, on a comparison of the facsimiles, and of the other documents referred to, that the handwriting in all of them is *identical*; and even the additional peculiarity of the variation from a flanting to an upright hand, which is found in the Caen MS., is found also in one of the most remarkable deeds known to have been written and executed by Jean Le Houx; that, namely, by which he founded eight low masses for the poor: in which both the flanting and the upright portions of the writing perfectly agree with the corresponding portions of the MS. of Caen.

Further, M. Gasté has also clearly shown, not only that the Vaux-de-Vire and the Noëls of the MS. of Caen are altogether in the handwriting of Jean Le Houx, but also that they are his own compositions, described, and treated, and referred to by him as such, and by him inscribed with his own name, and with his initials.

In the prose dedication of his book to Bacchus, in his Sonnet to his book, in his address to the critics, as well as in his Latin Elegiacs, he always writes in the first person, as being the author of the poems, responsible for them, and the only one who could truly describe the feelings under which they were composed.

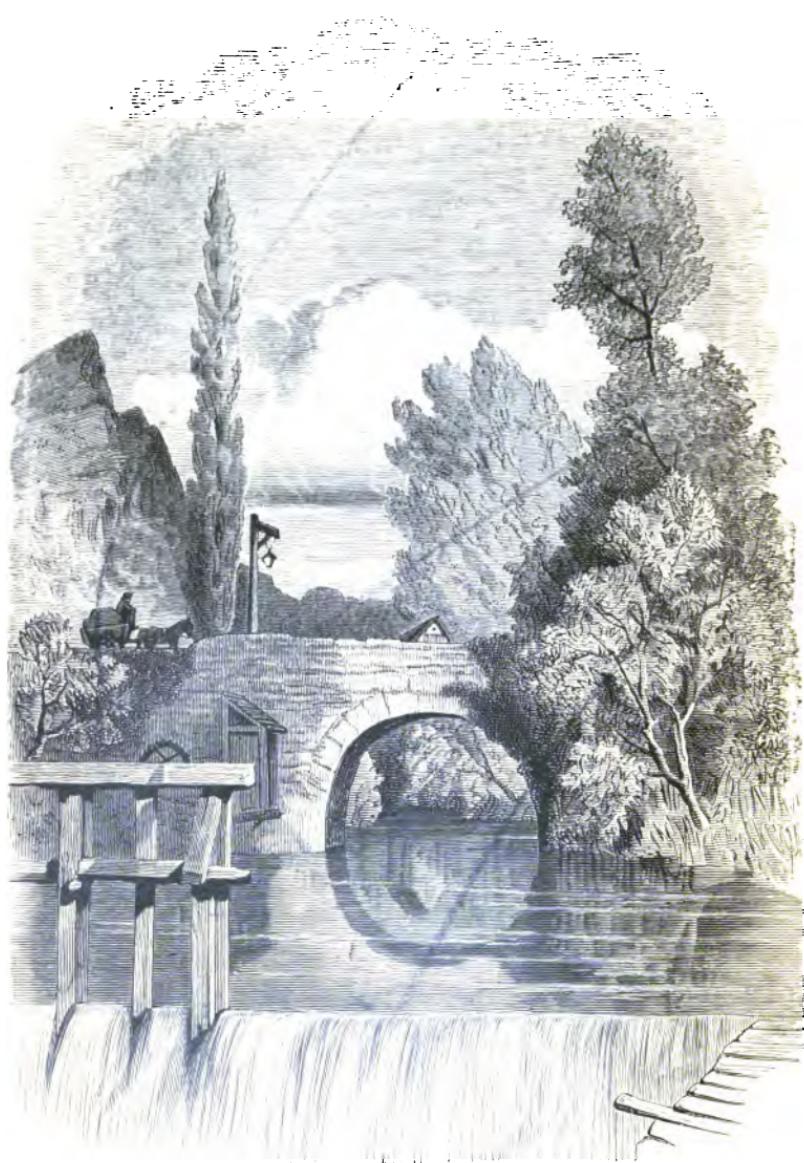
In the verses, also, from a friendly pen, which are prefixed to the MS., signed I. P. V., and supposed to be by Jean Porée, Virois, a contemporary and personal friend of Le

Houx, and one of the writers of the Polinière MS., already more particularly noticed, the name of Le Houx is expressly mentioned as being the author.

The same MS., besides, contains numerous alterations, erasures, corrections, and various readings, such as we might expect to find made by the hand of the author, and by that of no one else. Some of these may appear to us now to be doubtful improvements on the original idea, or expression, for which they were substituted; but their general nature, — independent of the handwriting, — remarkably coincides with what we know of Le Houx's personal history, his increasing age, and the circumstances of the times in which he lived. Sometimes an original line is modified, even at the cost of spirit and vigour, to suit the notions of the priests and priestly party; perhaps also to gratify that increasing sentiment of devotion, which, never absent from the mind of the poet, manifested itself more and more, in various ways, as he advanced in years. In these respects, some of the changes which Le Houx made on his verses remind us of like alterations, made, — with similar results, — by our own poet Wordsworth.

It might not have been necessary for us to offer any remarks on the character of Le Houx, on which his poems throw so much light, had it not been for misapprehensions which, on very insufficient grounds, have sometimes been entertained. The late Dr. Dibdin, of whose hurried visit to Vire we have already spoken, although evidently much struck by the liveliness and vigour, as well as grace, of the songs of the Vau-de-Vire, appears to have formed a very erroneous impression as to the temperament and habits of their author, when he says: — “This Baffelin,” (for Dibdin lived, and probably died, in the old belief which he had learned from the edition of 1811, of which, in 1818, he succeeded in obtaining a copy from M. De La Renaudière





BRIDGE OVER THE VIRE: HOUSE OF BASSELIN.

## IN . . .

For the story of his  
"I have in the French Press  
read, and in his own words,  
"more, perhaps, than a  
few years ago in a full  
"account of a propensity to  
"travel in the vicinity of M. de  
"Lamartine's rocky recess

"in France. In  
"flasks of  
"sifted earth, sorted with  
"the coloured sand  
"there strains a  
"water, which, author, it  
"is said, whether out  
"of his love to his country  
"or of the want of the  
"water of the U. States, he  
"carried all the way

"with him, and, in  
"the course of his  
"travels, he has

"thus, in a very  
"dry country, obtained

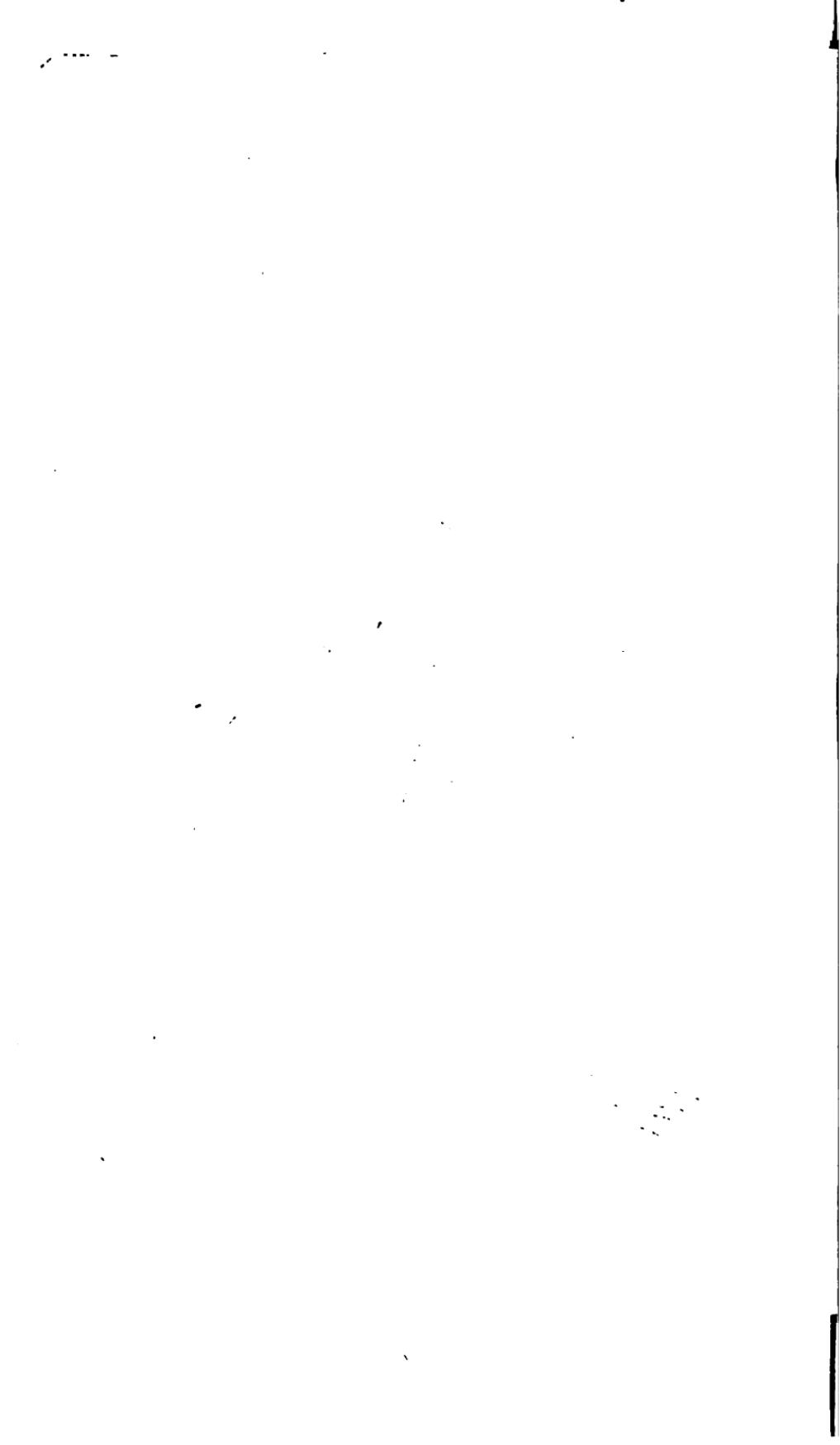
"water, and, with it,  
"watered his plants  
"and his flowers.

"He has, however,  
"not, as far as I know,

"ever, in any of his  
"books, mentioned his

"method of obtaining  
"water, and, as far as I

"know, he has not done so.



for the library of his patron, Earl Spencer), “appears to have been the French Drunken Barnaby of his day;”\*—although, in his own odd way, the author of the “Biblio-“mania” perhaps comes a little nearer the truth, in some respects, when in a subsequent passage he adds:—“He had “a strange propensity to rustinating, and preferred the “immediate vicinity of Vire—its quiet little valleys, running “streams, and rocky recesses—to a more open and more “distant residence. In such places, therefore, he carried “with him his flasks of cider and his flagons of wine. “Thither he resorted with his boon and merry companions, “and there he poured forth his ardent and unpremeditated “strains. These strains all favoured of the jovial propensities of their author, it being very rarely that tenderness of “sentiment, whether connected with friendship or love, is “admitted into his compositions. He was the thorough-“bred Anacreon of the close of the fifteenth century.”†

But Jean Le Houx, the true “Anacreon” here spoken of, appears, from all the internal evidence of his own writings, to have been, on the contrary, of a penive, sentimental, and even melancholy temperament; seeking the society of pleasant companions to cheer the depression of his own spirits, and, when alone, writing occasionally his gay songs, to be sung, in the fashion of his country and times, at their next festal meeting: but “sober-minded,” and of sober ways, himself, hating and utterly discountenancing in others all dissipation and excess, as well as all moroseness and miserliness of disposition, whether displayed in the hoarding of money or in the denial of good cheer and liberal hospitality. To love, he candidly declares, he was not much addicted; having escaped from those eyes,—“fair “basilisks,”—which had well-nigh slain him, he vows that

\* Dibdin, *Tour*, vol. i. p. 338.

† *Ibid.* p. 434, note.

in vain henceforth will their snares be set for him ;—he, rather ungallantly, declares that to him to drink is sweeter than a kiss ;—even that fair Magdalene whom he once beheld “in garden all trellised with shade,” slumbering on her couch of dewy turf shaded by foliage and enamelled with flowers, he resigned and quitted rather than forsake his love of “the tavern and bush for its sign,” and of that good wine on which he doated, as essential to the preservation of his health !

“ Beanteous ivy ! How my heart  
     “ Leaps with joy, when branch of thine  
     “ I behold, from ev’ry part,  
         “ Gracefully its garlands twine !  
  
     “ In the ivy-bush I trace  
         “ Plant of most consummate grace,  
     “ Showing me where I may fill  
         “ Goblets in a fitting place.” \*

He was learned in his profession as an Advocate, as we know from the verses of his friend Sonnet De Courval ; and, as we are told by himself, he “very highly esteemed “ that estate.” Yet he dreaded and disliked the din and stir of “wrangling courts and stubborn law ;” he found it easier

“ to affail and drain  
     “ A wine-pot than a legal case ;”—

he had, betimes, “resigned law’s drudgery ;”—he detested law-suits, the very name of which “filled him with fear ;”—and he thanked good liquor for having allured him from those legal studies of Institutes and Pandects, of which, in the eyes of his friend if not of himself, the rubricated paragraphs shone like rosy wine. His playful, but warmly-expressed animosity to the routine of his calling, reminds us of the sentiment of the famous Spanish poet, Don Luis de

Gongora y Argote, a contemporary of Jean Le Houx, and, like him, at one time a student of laws, although afterwards called to a still more serious vocation :—

“ Let me shun, if I am wise,  
“ Courts of Session or Assize :  
“ Worse to me than thorns or brambles  
“ Are the thorny Law's preambles.” \*

But there was one day,—if but one,—in all the year, which thoroughly awoke the sympathetic enthusiasm of Maistre Le Houx in the welfare and hilarity of his profession and of his learned brethren of the bar. This was a high day, and grand anniversary, the “ *Gaudeamus* ” of Norman lawyers, the Feast of St. Yves, the 19th of May :—of the

—“ sweet and lovely month of May,  
“ The fairest that in all the year  
“ Comes round ; ”—  
“ The Feast, when counsellors resign  
“ Their law, and practice abrogate,  
“ To quaff authentic glaſs of wine,  
“ And lave their throats, which pleadings fine  
“ Had rendered hoarſe with shrill debate.” †

The memory of Saint Yves, the patron saint of mediæval lawyers, was in Normandy held in veneration for the possession of qualities which, though far from being incompatible, are vulgarly believed to be not always found in combination. According to the old monkish hymn,

“ <i>Sanctus Yvo</i>	Holy Ivo,
“ <i>Erat Brito,</i>	Breton Chief,
“ <i>Advocatus</i>	Was a lawyer
“ <i>Sed non latro,</i>	Yet no thief ;—
“ <i>Res miranda</i>	Marvel straining
“ <i>Populo.”</i> ‡	Men's belief !

\* Gongora, with Translations, by Edward Churton. London, 1862, vol. ii. p. 101. † *Vau-de-Vire* lxvii. First Series.

‡ A. Gasté, Jean Le Houx, p. 125, Note.

The day appointed for the commemoration of so rare and praiseworthy a character was celebrated in the various cities and towns of the province, by their respective legal fraternities, with a grand banquet, preceded by a mass and other ecclesiastical ceremonies ; the expense of the whole being borne by a dignitary annually elected by themselves from their own number, and named “ *Le Majeur*.”

“ *A festival that comes in May*  
 “ *Makes the heart gay :*  
 “ *And then, here is good wine for cheer :*  
 “ *Quench, then, your thirst,*  
 “ *Saluting first*  
 “ *Our Major here.*” \*

In the larger cities, such as Caen, where the number of guests was great, and the expenses of the legal feast were consequently heavy, the Abbé De La Rue informs us that the rich Abbeys of the neighbourhood were sometimes invited to supply a quota of the game, poultry, etc., required, —“ *le tout à son bon plaisir* ;” —the Abbots, however, being at the same time threatened, in case of refusal, “ *de l’indignation de la Cour* ;” a system of practice which seems scarcely consistent with the virtuous example and rule of St. Yves ! In this statement the learned Abbé has been followed by M. Gasté ; both of those eminent authorities citing, with perfect seriousness, an “ *Arrêt de la Cour Souveraine, à Caen*,” professing to be of the date of 15th May 1475, and demanding of the Abbey of Fontenay rather a long bill of fare,—264 head of game and poultry, —as the portion of “ *viande exquise* ” to be supplied by it, on the somewhat short notice of four days indicated by the date of that document.

It is but just, however, to the Bar and High Court of Caen, to say, that in our researches on this matter we have

\* *Vau-de-Vire* liv. First Series.

found a note by M. G. Mancel, published in the *Mémoires* of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, in which that gentleman altogether denies the authenticity of the pretended "Arrêt," and assigns to it the date of the end of the seventeenth century. He says that it is on ordinary paper, without the formalities required in writs issued by the Court; that it is signed "Mansutil," which he translates as "Mechamment subtil, ou plutôt mechamment caché;" and that M. De La Rue has taken as serious what really was no more than a pleafantry imitated from Rabelais.\*

"*Non nostri tantas componere lites.*" But in Vire, where the *convives* were of moderate number,—in the days of Le Houx, it is said, usually about forty,—("sed non latrones"),—there seems no reason to imagine that "Le Majeur" ever failed truly and handsomely to acquit himself, in hospitality as well as in erudition and honesty, of the duty so laid upon him by his learned brethren, and thus to realise in all respects the grand ideal of the character of the Breton Saint!

Besides the numerous technical terms of law which occur throughout the *Vaux-de-Vire*, distinctly enough indicating their legal extraction, it may safely be inferred that no one unassociated with the legal profession would express all the rapture with which the return of the Festival of St. Yves is so often hailed in their lines; or would address as brethren the Judges, Advocates, or Bailiffs,—all "*la cohue*,"—who in any capacity took part in that peculiar and characteristic symposium.

Other indications of personal history all concur in pointing in the same direction; as where, in one *Vau-de-Vire*, the writer says,—

"If the drink be a meagre one,  
"I'll only have the name of John;"—

\* *Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Normandie*, Serie 2,  
vol. ii. p. 434.

that being the name of Le Houx, but not of Baffelin : and the date given in another,—

“Sixteen hundred and twelve was the time  
“When a good cider lad made this rhyme.”—

could as little apply to the epoch of Baffelin, as it clearly agrees with that of Le Houx.

Additional reasons, not less conclusive, would, were it needed, still further corroborate the proof of the authorship of these Vaux-de-Vire belonging not to the humble fuller, but to the far more highly educated and accomplished Advocate of Vire :—such as various classical allusions met with in their lines ; the composition of Latin verses and of the scholastic song,—“Louons l’Eternel, *Bibimus satis* ;” imitations of Persius, of the Greek Anthology, of Euripides, Anacreon, Cratinus, Horace, Martial, Plautus, Pliny, and Ovid. There occur, too, numerous indications of acquaintance with portions of French literature of date subsequent to the age of Baffelin, but synchronising perfectly with that of Le Houx ; peculiar forms of versification and rhythm, adopted from French poets of the same time,—(no fewer than twenty-three from Ronsard alone);—and familiar knowledge shown of the works of Rabelais, Bonaventure des Periers, Malherbe, Guédron, and Remy Belleau. It adds to our other obligations to M. Gafté, that he has carefully pointed out all of the particular passages so referred to which he has been able to discover ; and to his works we have great pleasure in referring those of our readers who may desire to prosecute the subject further.

A wider range of similar instances might be supplied, were we to seek for them in literature originating beyond the Pyrenees, or on this side of the Channel : “the chestnuts “and the pears,” “roasting on the hearth-stone,” while the neighbours sociably chat by the fire, over their wine, might find a prototype in Gongora’s lines,—

“In chafing-dish good store I'll throw  
 “Of beech or chestnut-fruits, nor fail  
 “To win some neighbour's merry tale ;”—\*

well imitated, in modern times, by our own Macaulay ;—

“When the oldest cask is opened,  
 “And the largest lamp is lit,  
 “When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
 “And the kid turns on the spit ;  
 “When young and old in circle  
 “Around the firebrands close ;”†

So the “garden all trellised with shade” may well recall that charming love-ballad of Sir Walter Raleigh,—

“As at noon Dulcinea rested  
 “In a sweet and shady bower,”—

honoured to all time by the benediction of Izaak Walton :—“They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good : I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age.”‡

The allusions in Vau-de-Vire LXXXIII. had been supposed by many,—among others, by M. Vaultier and M. Sainte-Beuve,—to have referred to the Siege of Vire by the English in 1417 ; but would apply quite as well to that in 1563 ; while the “estrangers” spoken of in Vau-de-Vire XIX. (First Series), might well be the soldiers of Montgomery. So in Vau-de-Vire LXXXVII. the conclusion of a peace is celebrated, with the defeat of “those false leaguers ;” which in all probability applies to the surrender of Paris in 1594. And in Vau-de-Vire XLI. the battles of Dreux and of St. Denys are expressly named ; events of 1562 and 1567, more than a century later than the fatal day when poor

\* Gongora, by Edward Churton, vol. ii. p. 168.

† Lays of Ancient Rome : London, 1855, p. 61.

‡ The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. By Izaak Walton. London, J. Major, 1823, p. 76.

Olivier Basselin is supposed to have been “mis à fin” on the field of Formigny, falling, however, in the moment of victory.

Although the foregoing pages contain some indications of the high estimation in which these *Vaux-de-Vire* of Jean Le Houx have been held by his own countrymen, this, perhaps, is scarcely the place for any elaborate discussion of their literary merits. In a collection of considerably more than one hundred songs, of which, amid all their diversity of treatment and expression, the dominant theme is the praise of cider, of wine, and of good-fellowship, it may be expected that there will occasionally occur some monotony of sentiment, perhaps some feebleness of execution. But it will also be found that other topics than those of mere conviviality are not always excluded from the lyre of Le Houx; and we should be well pleased if we could venture to hope that in making these *Vaux-de-Vire* known to the English reader, we had succeeded in transfusing any portion of that quaint, lively, and varied grace, by which, in their native language, they seem to us to be pervaded;—

“Though by the way, Sir,” says Don Quixote de la Mancha, “I think this kind of version from one language to “another . . . is like viewing a piece of Flemish tapestry “on the wrong side, where, though the figures are distinguishable, yet there are so many ends and threads, that “the beauty and exactness of the work is obscured, and not “so advantageously discerned as on the right side of the “hangings.” \*

In France, the *Vaux-de-Vire* have excited the interest and received the praise of many able critics, from their own times down to those of Sainte Beuve,† one of the ablest of

\* *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Part ii. chap. lxii., Jarvis’ Translation.

† *Tableau Historique et Critique de la Poésie Française au XVI<sup>e</sup> Siècle* : Paris, 1869, p. 8, and Note.

all : in England and America, though as yet but imperfectly known, they have received high commendation from the few who have made their acquaintance. "As a collection " of popular drinking-songs," says the accomplished author of "Studies in Early French Poetry,"\* "this of the worthy " Master Le Houx seems to me unequalled. There are " many good songs in English and Scotch, but no one set, " belonging to one century, so rich and spirited as these."

In the text and arrangement of these songs of the *Vau-de-Vire*, to the end of the Second Series, the MS. of Caen, as edited by M. Gasté, has been implicitly followed, with the single exception of the burdens of the songs being repeated after each stanza, where in the original that is in some cases only indicated. The remaining six *Vaux-de-Vire*, from the Polinière MS., although wanting in the MS. of Caen, have every other sign of authenticity.

Previous editors of the *Vaux-de-Vire* had accumulated many commentaries, of more or less importance, "tam bien " que mal," on the text which they severally thought fit to adopt ; of which many have been preserved by M. Gasté, with valuable additions of his own. In this way, indeed, the writings of Le Houx may be said to have received nearly as much annotation as those of some of the ancient classical authors of good repute. But many of those commentaries, whether explanatory or controversial, originated in supposed obscurities and uncertainties of the text, now happily removed ; while of others the peculiar interest is limited to French readers.

The allusions which to an English eye may seem to require any explanation, are really few in number, and may be here noticed in a very brief and compendious manner ;

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\* London, 1868, p. 82.

while any one desirous of prosecuting the study of the language and history of the Vaux-de-Vire, will find in the quotations and references of M. Gasté a useful fund of information.

The play on words contained in such allusions as those to the Abbey of Bec, to Pont-Ecouant, and to Angouleſme, sufficiently explains itself. Of other places mentioned by name, Brouage was a town of the salt marshes near Rochelle, whence Vire received its chief supplies of salt; Guibray, a place near Falaise, celebrated for the humours of its great annual fair; and La Bouille, the port, on the Seine, at which it was then customary for passengers for Rouen to land. The Malvoifie, Malvaifie, or Mervoifie, so often spoken of, was the name of a sweet sort of wine, resembling that of Cyprus,—or Malmsey; Hypocras, a mixture of wine, sugar or honey, and cinnamon or other spice; and Mufcadel, a peculiar species of cider, made from apples grown near Pont-Audemer, of an exquisite musky flavour; a cider “which,” says M. Du Bois, “puts to the blush the best sorts of wine.” The Doux-Dagorie, and the Dameret, were choice and beautiful kinds of apples, both noted for producing excellent cider: the one being of an amber colour, and delicate flavour, but its cider best fitted for speedy consumption; the other yielding cider of a fine reddish hue, and strong, but heady.

Of the *refrains* of some of the songs, it seems to be generally concluded by French writers that although some of them may be relics of ancient Pagan Bacchanalian cries, they are in great measure “insignifiants.” But one of them, “Tire-la-Rigault,” or “Tire-larigot,” the *Dictionnaire de l’Académie* explains by saying,—“Boire à tire-larigot,” “Boire “excessivement;” and of its possible origin a curious legend has been preserved. The story runs, that Odo Rigault, the famous Archbishop of Rouen, presented the Cathedral of

Rouen, in the middle of the thirteenth century, with a very great and ponderous bell:—"and because in former times " the ringers used to take a good drink before ringing it, it " passed into a common proverb to say of a hearty drinker, " that he drinks 'à tire-la-Rigault.' " M. Gasté, however, seems rather inclined to adopt the derivation from " *larigot*," a sort of shepherd's rustic pipe, mentioned in the poems of Saint Amand and Ronsard; and which, as described in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, appears to have been the reed instrument familiarly known as " *Pan's pipes*."

The water of "bright Clitoria's stream," as the classical reader will recollect, was said by Ovid and Pliny to be preferred, by those who drank of it, to wine.

Of a phrase in *Vau-de-Vire V.* of the First Series,—

"Here 's wine that 's of the best,  
"That makes the ear prick up,"—

the following curious explanation is given:—" *Vin d'une oreille*, se dit d'un vin excellent, parce que celui qui en boit, penche une oreille, en signe d'approbation; et vin de deux oreilles se dit d'un mauvais vin, parce que le buveur secoue la tête en signe de mécontentement." (Dictionnaire de l'Acad. Franc. v. *Vin*.)

Excepting as characteristic of a local usage referred to in the same *Vau-de-Vire*, and which perhaps has been preserved from the time of *Le Houx*, it may seem scarcely worth while to mention so minute an incident as that at *Vire*, over a barber's shop near the great church, we saw—not one barber's basin only, but,—

"Some barber's basins,—placed :  
"O'er the doorway."

The singular practice recorded in the lines,—

"Apple-trees are grown beside  
"Churchyards where the dead abide,"

may be still observed in very many parts of Normandy; it first attracted our notice in some churchyards which we passed on the road to Jumiéges from Caudebec,

“On the pleasant banks of Seine.” \*

Of the friend of Le Houx, whose hapless fate is commemorated in *Vau-de-Vire VI.* of the Second Series,—

“Alas, dear friend, I well believe thy death

“Was sad, when thou wert in the water drowned,”—

the name is unknown. When the fortress of Tombelaine, an island near Mont St. Michel, capitulated on the 8th of November 1592, Seguin informs us that “*Le Vicomte de Vire*, Louis de Grestain, et le Seigneur de Grippon se noyerent le même jour en venant à terre;” † but whether that event may have been here alluded to, is matter of pure conjecture.

Farin du Gas, (or Dugast, as it has often been printed), was doubtless one of the most conspicuous of those

“Bons Virois,

“Et compagnons Galois,”

to whose

—“lips of rosy dye,

“With great jowls in purple dight,

“Singing these new *Vaux-de-Vire*,”

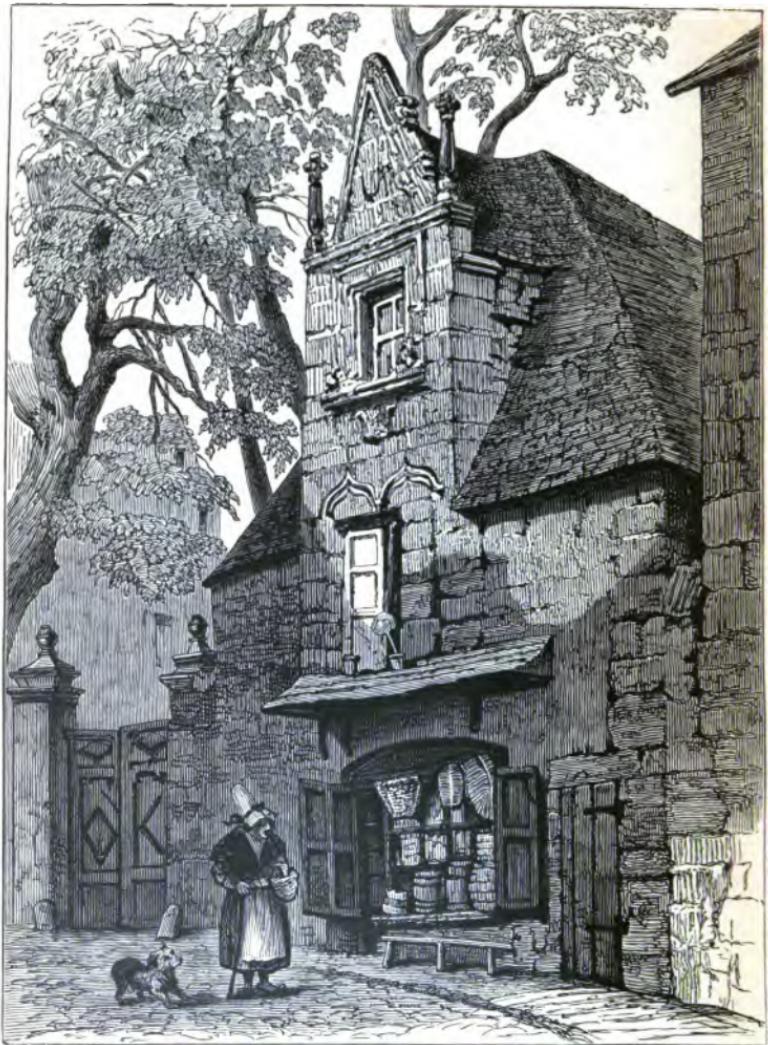
Le Houx was wont to listen with such delectation. But of the rest of his history we know no more than can be gleaned from this *Vau-de-Vire*, (III. of the Series from the Polinière MS.)

The allusions in *Vau-de-Vire XIII.* of the Second Series, being to the game of tennis, may seem obscure to those not versed in the language and rules of that game. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be mentioned that “fifteen “and a bisque” are a sort of double odds,—fifteen of odds

\* Remains of Arthur Henry Hallam. Privately printed, 1853, p. 46.

† Histoire Militaire des Bocains: Vire, 1816, p. 393.





OLD HOUSE AT VIRE OF THE TIME OF JEAN LE HOUX.

wards the more I like it, an  
one of the play's

Now, I don't know if H. is  
or of the play at all, as I have  
known him of a long time, while  
enthusiastic in the kind of the play,  
taught us that throughout Normandy  
the favourite evergreen plant was  
neither the ivy nor the yew, but  
the holly, "la lierre," of v-

writing. —

"In the ivy"

"First of all"

"Singing"

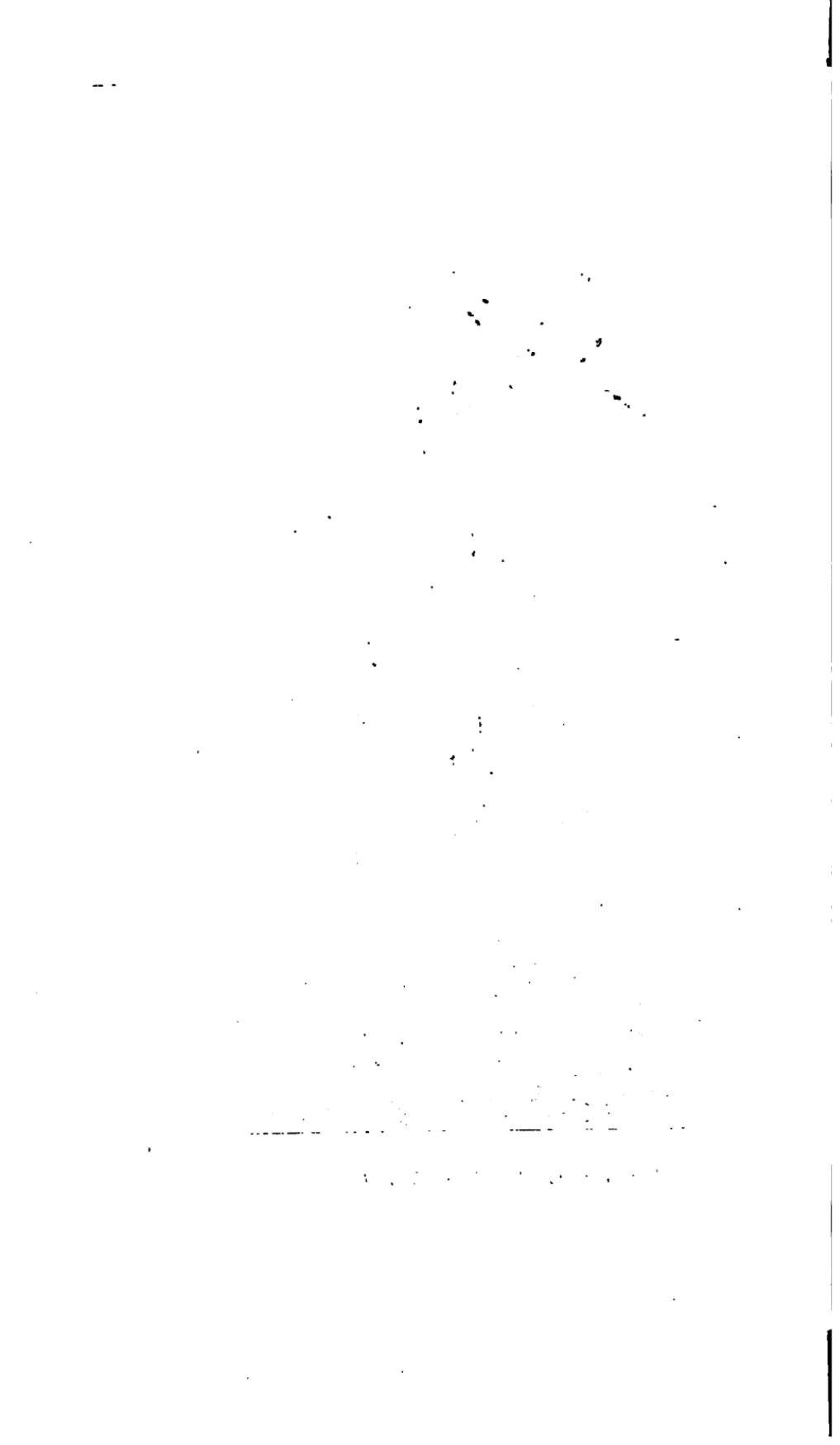
"Goblets in a row"

It intended to signify the ivy,  
more common though also the holly,  
botanical fashions of "the tree" may  
have changed in the course of time. At this  
time, we cannot tell. But the ivy, at least, is  
surely, in many a rural village, root in the ground, in an  
ancient town, large and long, in the forest, a parasite  
of the apple-tree, or the beech, or the  
coral and amber of the oak, or the  
entre, now mould fifty miles from the sea, in  
order, the produce of the tree, or the root, or the  
tends its airy habitation; —

"A holly ver' long, ver' long,

"You can't see

"Another drink in Normandy."



towards the score, and also an additional chance,—given to one of the players.

Notwithstanding Le Houx's frequent notice of the ivy, or of the ivy and yew-tree, as "the bush," the old and well-known sign of a tavern, which never failed to excite such enthusiasm in the mind of the bard, personal observation has taught us that throughout Normandy, at the present time, the favourite evergreen plant commonly used for that purpose is neither the ivy nor the yew, but the mistletoe. Whether by his "belle lierre," of which Maistre Le Houx could write :—

" In the ivy bush I trace  
" Plant of most confummate grace ;  
" Showing me where I may fill  
" Goblets in a fitting place,"—

he intended to signify the elegant mistletoe rather than the more common though also very graceful ivy, or whether the botanical fashions of "the tavern and bush for its sign" may have changed in the centuries which have elapsed since his time, we cannot tell. But certainly by many a roadside, in many a rural village, and in the streets of many an ancient town, large and beautiful garlands of that delicate parasite of the apple-tree, sometimes with a cluster, or a crofs, of coral and amber-coloured apples tastefully arranged in the centre, now most fitly indicate the refreshing presence of cider, the produce of the tree on which the mistletoe chiefly finds its airy habitation ;—

" And if my verdict you'll believe,  
" You won't receive  
" Another drink in Normandy ! "

J. P. M.



**RÉCUEILS  
DES CHANSONS NOUVELLES  
DU VAU DE VIRE**

**PAR M. JEAN LE HOUX.**



RECUEILS  
DES CHANSONS NOUVELLES  
DU VAU DE VIRE

PAR M. JEAN LE HOUX.



### *A BACCHUS.*

*JE vous dedie cecy, bon Denis, chaffe-soing, pere de lieffe ; aussi bien aues vous esté la source cheualine qui m'a faict produire ces joyeusetez, apres avoir esté abreueé de votre souefue & viuifante liqueur. La bonne a produit les meilleurs vers, & la mauuaise les pires. Toutesfois, s'ilz ne sont assez bien timés & rythmés, je ne m'en soucie gueres, esperant que les bons compagnons, qui les praticqueront sur le vin, ne daigneront perdre vn seul coup a boire, pour s'abuser a les correcter. Je crains neantmoins la dent famelique & la langue alterée de ces auares rechignez, qui, ayans les celiers pleins, se laisferoient plusloft emporter au rheume & a la toux, que se rechauffer l'estomach d'un verre de leur bon vin, qu'ilz ne boyuent s'il n'est aigre & poussé. Leur chappeau gras, leur visage blefme, leur mine triste & leur oeil enfoncé, qui semble tousiours aguigner l'heritage de leurs voisins, font iuger que chez eux on ne pourroit faire mourir la soif, sans preiudice du ventre & de la santé. Qu'ilz murmurent donc, le bec en l'eau, tout leur saoul, tandis que vos bons supposz, faute de plus serieux discours, s'esouiront honnestement ensemble, le dos au feu & le ventre a la table, taschans a ne laisser le vin au pot.*



## TO BACCHUS.

THIS work I dedicate to you, kind Dionysos, kill-care, father of mirth ; to you, the true Hippocrene which inspired me with these gay songs, after my thirst had been quenched by your sweet and vivifying liquor. The good wine has produced the better verses, and the bad, the worse ones. At all events, if they be not finely finished in polish and rhythm, I care but little ; hoping that the jolly companions who will practise them over their wine, will not think of losing a single round of the bottle, to waste their time in correcting them. I dread, nevertheless, the ravening fang and parched tongue of those grudging misers, who, having their cellars full, would rather let cold and cough carry them off, than warm their stomach by a glass of their own good wine ; which they will never drink till it is four and spoilt. Their greasy hat, their pallid face, their woful mien, and sunken eye, which seems ever to be hankering after their neighbours' heritage, tell us that in their houses one could never kill thirst, without doing a mischief to one's own stomach and health. Let them, then, go on grumbling, with their muzzles in water, all alone ; whilst your good lieges, for want of more serious discourse, enjoy themselves honestly in company, with their back to the fire and their breast at the table, striving to drain well the wine-pot.

*L'AUTHEUR A SON LIVRE.*

*SONNET.*

*Si croyez mon conseil, en public vous n'irés ;  
De ces vieux usuriers qui ne beuans qu'eau pure,  
Et, espargnans leurs biens, haslent leur sepulture,  
Petis vers biberons, vous serez censurés.*

*Allez donc, malgré moy, puisque le désirés,  
Mais hantés ceux qui sont de joyeuse nature,  
Et qui n'estans pouffez d'auarice ou d'usure,  
Cherchent le meilleur vin quand ilz sont allerés.*

*Fuyez ces beueurs d'eau & ces visages fades,  
Le régime, la diette & ces tables mauvaises,  
Ou l'auare ne boit, sinon en rechignant.*

*Fuyez les biberons, si mauuaise est leur vie ;  
Et, quoy qu'on ne peut bien vous chanter qu'en beuant,  
Faïclez pourtant tousiours garder la modestie.*

## THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

## SONNET.

I think, O little book of drinking song,  
You would do well in private to remain.  
Those hoary misers, who pure water drain,  
And starve themselves, will censure you as wrong.

Yet, if you won't be counselled, go along.  
But seek companions of a joyous vein ;  
Such as, uninfluenced by niggard gain,  
When they are thirsty, seek wine best and strong.

Avoid the water-drinkers, the pale face,  
Sick-diet, and inhospitable place  
Where misers drink not, save begrudgingly :

Avoid wine-drinkers, if their life be naught.  
And though, that with full charm your strains be fraught,  
Some drink you take, take it with modesty.

*SONNET.*

*Vous, tetricques censeurs, sublimes grauités,  
Que rien que le seul gain ne pourroit faire rire,  
Pour vous ie n'ay pas fait ces gentils Vau de Vire,  
Je vous banny, mocqueurs, de ces ioyeusetés.*

*Vous blasmez ces chansons & vous les reiettes,  
Et cuidez, abussez, pour du bon vin escrire,  
Que ie fois grand beueur ! Contre vostre mesdire,  
Je produis mes amis, par moy les plus hantés.*

*Foible en complexion, je hay l'iurongnerie ;  
Mais, pensant resister a ma melancholie,  
Je cerche ceux qui sont de jovial' humeur.*

*Pour n'estre seul muet en telles gaillardises  
Qu'ils chantent sans excess, j'ay, sans estre beueur,  
Fait pour moy ces chansons, lectrice, que tu mesprises.*

## SONNET.

Ye crabbed censors, wifeacres sublime,  
Who never smile but when of gain ye hear,  
Not for you made I these sweet Vaux-de-Vire :  
Scoffers, I banish you from such gay time.

Ye blame these songs, and spurn their harmless rhyme,  
And slander me as drunkard, because dear  
I hold good wine. Avaunt your spiteful sneer !  
Friends who best know me, clear me of such crime.

Feeble in health, I hate debauchery ;  
But, craving to resist melancholy,  
I seek companions prone to jocund ways.

Not to be mute 'mid joyous minstrelsy  
Soberly sung, I, sober, made these lays,  
Which thou, O Reader, dost so lightly prize.

*Bacchica bella mihi nunc sunt bellanda bibendo :*

*Arma mihi veniant optima quæque mera.*

*Debellabo sitim magnis cum viribus hostem :*

*Oris sicca aditus occupat illa mei.*

*Pro lituo, cantu iuuat hoc accendere Martem,*

*· Versibus his bibulis tam bona vina cano !*

*Ne, quæso, inuideas, aeris cumulator & auri,*

*Qui toleras sitiens guttura sicca diu :*

*Si puram potare libet de fontibus vndam,*

*Parce, vel in misero pectore conde nives.*

*Nos patere incolumes potu seruemus honesto.*

*Pocula si bona sunt, nonne modesta minus ?*

*Nunc tua deppomas, sodes, languentia vina.*

*Sunt qui, si bona sunt, pluris & empta bibent.*

*Non, quot sunt cantus, author tot pocula sumpsi ;*

*Ore etiam feci hos vel sitiente modos.*

*Cogeris ad quoquis nec sumere pocula cantus,*

*Ne dic : ista sonant ebria verba gulam.*

Be Bacchic battles my wine-bibbing boast :  
My arms, all wines that are esteemed the most.  
With mighty force I will demolish thirst,  
Who now my mouth attacks, with drought accurst.  
For trumpet-call, I rouse this war with song ;  
And good wines' praise in drinking-strains prolong !  
Nor envy thou, hoarder of brafs and gold,  
Whose throat a chronic thirst doth ever hold :  
By thy loved draught, from purest fount that flows,  
Spare me ; or in thy cold heart heap up snows.  
Pray let us drink in peace and honesty :  
Good wine 's not worst when taken soberly.  
Now draw, my friend, your oldest-bottled wine ;  
It will be drunk, though dear, if it be fine.

Not as the songs, so did I goblets take ;  
Nay, e'en athirst would I these numbers wake.  
Nor for each song need you a goblet drain,  
Nor say : "These lines smack of too vinous vein."

*A L'AUTHEUR SUR SON LIVRE.*

*Cest en table, on jamais ailleurs,  
On mesme vn sage deburoit rire.  
Boire & manger en sont meilleurs ;  
Le corps bon aliment en tire.  
Qui plus naifement escrire  
Eust peu, pour vn sujet beuant ?  
LE HOVX dvn style plus seauant  
Traicteroit chose plus altiere,  
Cecy ne doit donner matiere  
D'excex a l'iurongne insensé ;  
Car on peut bien chanter sans boire  
Et sans que Dieu soit offendé.*

*I. P. V.*

## TO THE AUTHOR, ON HIS BOOK.

If ever wise men are to laugh,  
At table, be sure, is the place.  
Mirth helps them to eat and to quaff,  
And quickens nutrition apace.  
None could with a sprightlier grace  
Discourse on the topic of wine ;  
Although, upon matters divine,  
*Le Houx* finer language could use.  
Yet let not his verses excuse  
The sot, in his bibulous ways ;  
For men, without drinking, may choose  
To sing, to God's name giving praise.



CHANSONS

DU

V A U   D E   V I R E

---

SONGS

OF

T H E   V A U   D E   V I R E

B



## CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE

### PREMIER RECVEIL

#### I.

*A l'amour ne suis addonné,  
Et j'ayme encore moins les armes,  
Mais le vin, des que ie fus né,  
C'est pourquoy j'en fais tous mes carmes.  
Le subiect en est il pas beau ?  
Je ne veux estre rimeur d'eau.  
Qui n'aaultre science  
Que Cupidon & son flambeau  
Cela sent bien son macquereau ;  
Il en est trop en France.*

*Puis, en table, avec ses amis,  
Il ne faut parler que de boire.  
Le grand Alexandre iadis  
Et plusieurs rois en firent gloire.  
L'exces ie n'aprouue pourtant :  
Mais qui s'altere en trop chantant  
Peut bien trois fois ou quatre  
Sans vergongne boire d'autant.  
Si quelqu'un n'y est consentant,  
Je m'en vay le combatre.*

*Il ne m'est plus resté de quoy  
Me defendre en ceste bataille.  
Versez de rechef ; armes moy,  
De peur que quelqu'un ne m'affaille.*



## SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE

### FIRST SERIES

#### I.

LOVE is no favourite of mine ;  
Still less I care for feats of war :  
But much I doat, from birth, on wine ;  
Hence all my songs upon it are.  
Is not the subject very fair ?  
I don't for water-rhyming care.  
Who treats no other stuff  
Than Cupid's torch and flame,  
Plays an ill-favoured game ;  
In France are such, enough.

Drink, too, is the sole theme we ply,  
Sitting at table, friends beside.  
Great Alexander anciently,  
And other Kings, it glorified.  
Excess, however, I don't praise :  
Who thirsts when chanting many lays,  
Has, honestly, a right  
Three cups or four to drain :  
With him who would restrain  
That number, I will fight.

But for such combat all defence  
For safeguard I at present lack.  
Pour wine afresh ; my arms of fence,  
To ward my person from attack.

*Si le Roy fa faueur donnoit  
 A celuy qui le mieux boiroit,  
 Et qu'il me peult congoistre,  
 Comte ou Marquis il me feroit.  
 Pour veoir comment il m'aduiendroit,  
 Je le voudrois bien estre.*

## II.

*Ayant le dos au feu & le ventre a la table,  
 Estant parmy les potz pleins de vin delectable,  
 Ainsi comme vn poulet  
 Je ne me laisseray mourir de la pepie,  
 Quand j'en deburois auoir la face cramoisie  
 Et le nez violet.*

*Quand mon nez deuindra de couleur rouge ou perse,  
 Porteray les couleurs que cherist ma maistresse.  
 Le vin rend le tainct beau !  
 Vault il pas mieux auoir la couleur rouge & viue,  
 Riche de beaux rubis, que si palle & chetue  
 Ainsi qu'un beuueur d'eau ?*

*On m'a deffendu l'eau, au moins en beuuerie,  
 De peur que ie ne tombe en vne hydropisie ;  
 Je me perds si j'en boy.  
 En l'eau n'y a faueur. Prendray ie pour breuuage  
 Ce qui n'a pointe de goust ? Mon voisin qui est sage  
 Ne le faict, que ie croy.*

*Qui ayme bien le vin est de bonne nature.  
 Les mortz ne boyuent plus dedans la sepulture.  
 Hé ! qui scrait s'il viura  
 Peult estre encor demain ? Chaffons melancholie.  
 Je vay boire d'autant a ceste compagnie :  
 Suyue qui m'aymera ! . . .*

Were but the King's most favoured one  
 He who for drinking best was known,  
     And the King but knew me,  
 Count, Marquis, me he'd name ;  
 To taste such novel fame,  
     I fain that one would be !

## II.

Behind me the fire, and the table before,  
 Surrounded by pots with good wine brimming o'er,  
     I do not propose  
 To die, like a chicken, of pip, when my face  
 A rubicund colour ought rather to grace,  
     And purple my nose.

When it shall in rose and carnation appear,  
 The colours I'll wear to my mistres are dear ;  
     Wine paints them so fair !  
 'Tis better to bloom with a fine lively red,  
 Enriched with bright rubies, than pallid, half-dead,  
     Cold water to share !

I dare not use water for drink, I confess,  
 Lest I fall into dropfical wat'rines ;  
     I'm doomed in that case.  
 In water's no favour. Am I then to use  
 So tasteless a liquid ? Wife neighbours refuse  
     Such peril to face.

Good lovers of wine have a nature that's found.  
 In the grave, for the dead, no drinking is found.  
     Who knows if life ends,  
 Perchance, ere to-morrow ? Drive sorrow away !  
 I'll drink, and for all this good company pray :  
     Come, follow me, friends !

## III.

*Adam, c'est chose tres notoire,  
Ne nous eust mis en tel danger,  
Si, au lieu du fatal manger,  
Il se fust plusloft mis a boire.*

*C'est la cause pourquoy j'euisse  
D'estre sur le manger gourmand :  
Il est vray que ie suis friand  
De vin, quand c'est vin qui merite.*

*Et pourtant, lorsque je m'aprophe  
Du lieu ou repaistre ie veux,  
Je vay regardant curieux  
Plusloft au buffet qu'a la broche.*

*L'œil regarde ou le cuer aspire :  
J'ay cecy par trop ailladt.  
Verre plein, s'il n'est tost vuidt,  
Ce n'est pas vn verre de Vire.*

## IV.

*Au voisin, de fiebure mourant,  
On faisoit boire eau de la bie.*

*“ Helas ! vous me tuez, disoit il en plorant,  
Me deffendre le vin, c'est m'arracher la vie.*

*“ Helas ! je desirois tousfours  
Mourir avec toy, bon breuage !  
Quand j'ay plus que jamais besoin de ton secours,  
Vn medecin lourdant me deffend ton usage.*

*“ Cher amy, ne me quicte pas  
Sur le dernier pointe de ma vie !  
Sans toy, j'estimerois rigoureux mon trespas ;  
Je ne puis auoir bien hors de ta compagnie.*

## III.

Adam, it is shrewdly known,  
Had not caused our fallen state,  
If, in lieu of what he ate,  
He had taken drink alone.

Therefore 'tis that gluttony  
I most heedfully avoid :  
But confess I have enjoyed  
Wine, when of high quality.

And, as often as I sit  
By the hostel where I dine,  
My regards do more incline  
To the beaufet than the spit.

In eye-glance heart-hopes appear :  
Too long this my eyes has strained.  
Full wine-glaſs, not swiftly drained,  
Would be no wine-glaſs of Vire.

## IV.

To my good friend, half in his grave  
With fever, they well-water gave.  
"Alas!" he faid, and wept,—"you'll be my death :  
"Forbid me wine, and you will stop my breath.

"With thee, good wine, as thou dost know,  
"I fain would meet the mortal blow.  
"When more than ever I have need of thee,  
"A loutish doctor cuts thee off from me.

"Dear friend, forsake me not, when I  
"Am at the very point to die !  
"Without thee, death indeed were terrible ;  
"Without thy presence, I can ne'er be well.

*“ Si je meurs, a mes bons amis  
 Ma grande bouteille je laisse :  
 Mais que pleine elle soit comme elle estoit iadis :  
 Jugeron comme moy que c'est grande richesse.”*

*Ainsi mon voisin soupirroit ;  
 Moy, j'eus pitié de sa misere.  
 Je lui donnay du vin que l'on luy deffendoit :  
 La siebure le quieta si tost qu'il eut a boire.*

*Sur cela fondant ma raison,  
 Pour garir vne soif maline,  
 Et l'ennuy que me fait ma femme a la maison,  
 J'ay recours au bon vin comme a ma medecine.*

*Faute de mieux, de bon pomme  
 Bien souuent je prens vne dose.  
 Tant bon est cestuy cy qu'il m'a presque charmé.  
 Encor un pot venant, & puis qu'on se repose !*

## V.

*Au barbier qui la barbe osta,  
 Qui ma barbe osta,  
 Et a la mode qui trotte  
 Qui me la couppa,  
 D'argent il ne m'en cousta,  
 Mais je luy payay chopine,  
 Quand il fceut mon origine,  
 Que j'estois Virois  
 Et compagnon Gallois.*

*Si je scauois qu'en la sorte  
 On me deusfi payer,  
 Je pendrois devant ma porte  
 Baffins a barbier,  
 Et comme un bon ouurier  
 Je dirois a tout le monde :  
 “ Je vous pry' que ie vous tonde ;*

“ My largest bottle to dear friends  
 “ I leave, when my existence ends :  
 “ But full of wine, as erst it was : they'll see,  
 “ As I do, 'tis a wealthy legacy.”

My neighbour thus bewailed his state ;  
 I sympathised with his sad fate :  
 I gave him wine,—that same forbidden draught :—  
 The fever left him soon as he had quaffed !

From which I gained this science first,  
 That to assuage malignant thirst,  
 And all the worry of my wife at home,  
 I to good wine, as to my med'cine, come.

When better physic can't be had,  
 Good cider-treatment is not bad :  
 This is so good, it makes me feel half-blest :—  
 One other pot, and then we'll go to rest !

## V.

The barber, beards who shaves away,  
 My beard did shave ;  
 In smartest fashion of the day  
 He trimmed it brave :  
 To him no money-fee I gave,  
 But paid a chopin of good wine,  
 Soon as he learned my origin,  
 And that a son of Vire  
 I was, and jovial compeer.

Were I assured that in like taste  
 They would me pay,  
 Some barber's basins should be placed  
 O'er my door-way ;  
 And to each passer-by I'd say,  
 Like a good barber-workman grave,  
 “ Kind sir, let me thy fair beard shave ;

*Je suis bon Galois  
Et compagnon Virois."*

*Quant j'aurois fait la besongne,  
Je serois content  
De leur dire sans vergongne :  
" Ne veux pointé d'argent ;  
Mais pour la soif qui me prent  
De bon vin payez choppine ;  
C'est bon loyer pour la peine  
De tout bon Galois  
Et compagnon Virois."*

*Tout pietre plein d'auarice  
Que ie congois trois,  
A sillons, sans artifice,  
Tondre le voudrois ;  
Et le plus que ie pourrois  
D'argent prendrois pour ma peine,  
Pour mener boire choppine  
Quelque bon Virois  
Et compagnon Gallois.*

## VI.

*Beau nez, dont les rubis ont cousté mainte pippe  
De vin blanc & clairet,  
Et duquel la couleur richement participe  
Du rouge & violet ;*

*Gros nez, qui te regarde a trauers vn grand verre  
Te iuge encor plus beau.  
Tu ne ressembles pointé au nez de quelque herre  
Qui ne boit que de l'eau.*

*Vn coq d'Inde sa gorge a toy semblable porte.  
Combien de riches gens  
N'ont pas si riche nez ? Pour te peindre en la sorte  
Il faut beaucoup de temps.*

“ For jovial compeer  
 “ I am, and true-born son of Vire.”

And when my client’s chin was done,  
 How pleased I’d be  
 To say to him :—“ I take alone  
 “ No money-fee :  
 “ Rather my thirst would ask of thee,  
 “ To drink, a chopin of good wine ;  
 “ An ample guerdon, I opine,  
 “ For jovial compeer,  
 “ Who is a true-born son of Vire.”

If wretch replete with avarice  
 I should behold,  
 His beard should ridge-and-furrow-wise  
 Be rudely polled :  
 And from him I would take in gold  
 As much as I could make him pay,  
 To ask to drink a chopin gay  
 Some true-born son of Vire,  
 Who is a jovial compeer.

## VI.

Fair nose ! whose rubies many pipes have cost  
 Of white and rosy wine,  
 Whose colours are so gorgeously embossed  
 In red and purple fine ;

Great nose ! who views thee, gazing through great glas,  
 Thee still more lovely thinks.  
 Thou dost the nose of creature far surpas  
 Who only water drinks.

No Turkey-cock’s proud throat thy tints outvies.  
 How many wealthy folk  
 Have not so rich a nose ! To paint such dyes,  
 Much time must be bespoke.

*Le verrt est le pinceau duquel on t'enlumine ;*

*Le vin est la couleur*

*Dont on t'a peinté ainsi, plus rouge qu'une guigne,*

*En beuant du meilleur.*

*On dit qu'il nuisit aux yeux. Mais seront ilz les maistres ?*

*Le vin est garison*

*De mes maux. J'ayme mieux perdre les deux fenestres*

*Que toute la maison.*

### VII.

*Boire autant de fois du bon*

*Qu'a de lettres nostre nom,*

*Cela garit nostre vie*

*De soing & melancholie.*

*J'en veux auoir le cuer net.*

*Verset donc dans ce goddet.*

*Sur ce boire d'excellence*

*J'en veux faire experience.*

*Mon nom est trop court vrayment,*

*Veu ce breuuage excelent ;*

*J'y voudrois bien encor mettre*

*A tout le moins une lettre.*

*Si le breuuage n'est bon,*

*Jan simplement j'auray nom ;*

*Mais s'il est plaisant & digne,*

*Mon nom sera Marc Anthoine.*

### VIII.

*Bon vieil drole Anacreon,*

*On fait encore mæmoire*

*De toy, qui, bon compagnon,*

*Faisoit des chansons a boire.*

*Pour l'amour de luy, compere,*

*De ce bon piot tastons !*

*Mais ce nous est vitupere*

*De boire, si ne chantons.*

The wine-glass is the brush, thy form to shew ;  
The colour is the wine,  
Which paints thee with a more than cherry glow,  
Drinking from choicest vine.

They say it hurts the eyes.—Are they to choose ?  
But wine doth always cure  
My woes. I'd rather both the windows lose,  
Than the whole house, I'm sure.

## VII.

To drink as oft of liquor found  
As letters in our name are found,  
Is sure to banish from our life  
All melancholy care, and strife.

I fain would purge such things away.  
So fill this flagon full, I pray.  
On beverage so excellent  
I'll try the said experiment.

My name's too short, I find, in truth,  
For this is right good drink in sooth ;  
So that I think at least 'twere fit  
To add one letter unto it.

If the drink be a meagre one,  
I'll only have the name of *John* ;  
But if it fine and fitting be,  
My name shall be *Mark Antony*.

## VIII.

Quaint old Anacreon,  
To thee the fame belongs  
Of boon companion,  
Who wrote his drinking-songs.  
For love of him, my friend,  
Let us this good wine drain,  
And, further grace to lend,  
Tune up a drinking-strain !

*Doncq' en mæmoire de luy,  
Chacun dise un Vau de Vire.  
Ainsi se passe l'ennuy.  
Le mien premier ie vay dire :  
Mon cuer ne peut pas bien rire,  
Si ce n'est lors que ie boy.  
O ! que c'est un dur martire,  
Bon vin, que viure sans toy !*

*Quand il est force raisins  
Et que bonne est la vandange,  
On visite ses voisins,  
On ne fait point de l'estrangle ;  
Le ducil en lieffe on change ;  
Tous sont ioyeux & contans,  
Et de la soif on se vange,  
Chantans : Viue le bon temps !*

*Ne faites point plus le fin  
Que toute la compagnie.  
Je vay boire a vous, voisin,  
Et a vostre bonne amie.  
Prenez garde, ie vous prie,  
Maintenant comme ie boy ;  
Car vostre chanson finie,  
Faudra faire comme moy.*

## IX.

*Bon vin, fay moy raison d'une soif violente  
Dont je suis au goſier ardantement epris,  
D'auoir recours a toy, lors qu'elle me tourmente,  
J'en tiens de mes ayeux lesquelz me l'ont appris.*

*Je te cheris tousiours comme ma propre vie ;  
Sans toy, bonne liqueur, que feroit ce de moy ?  
Auffi sachant que l'eau est ta grande ennemie,  
Je ne la puis aymer, tout pour l'amour de toy.*

Then, to his memory,  
Each sing a Vau-de-Vire.  
So tedium will fly :  
Mine first I'll carol here :—  
My heart can never smile  
When for my drink I pine ;  
O 'tis a torture vile  
To live without good wine !

When vine with clusters bends,  
And vintage-yield is good,  
One visits then one's friends,  
Escaping solitude ;  
Sad spirits then rejoice ;  
All glad and gay we see ;  
We punish thirst, our voice  
Singing : "O time of glee !"

My friends, than all the rest  
Don't less frank-hearted prove.  
Your health ! and hers, whom best  
Withir your heart you love.  
And notice my good friend,  
How I now drink to you :  
When your song's at an end,  
Your bumper will ensue.

## IX.

Good wine, avenge me on a raging thirst  
By which my throat is violently caught.  
To have recourse to thee, when tortured first,  
Was by my fires the lesson to me taught.

I ever cherish thee as my own life ;  
Without thee, liquor dear, what fate would me  
Befall ? I, conscious of thy deadly strife  
With water, hate it, all for love of thee.

*L'eau monstre, a son effet, qu'a boire elle n'est bonne ;  
Elle rend l'homme etique & palle & morfondu ;  
Mais toy, tu rends gaillarde & saine la personne,  
L'argent qu'on met pour toy n'est point argent perdu.*

*Puisque je t'aime tant, il faut que je te baise ;  
Il faut, vin amoureux, que me baisses aussi.  
Je ne m'en iray point, tant je suis a mon aise,  
Tandis que ie scauray que tu seras icy.*

## X.

*Ces gens la me font rire  
Qui font les grans docteurs ;  
Neantmoins, a vray dire,  
Ne font que piaffeurs,  
Qui de costé souuent iettent l'axillade,  
Brauans sur un paué, pour voir s'on les regarde.*

*Quand on fait bonne chere  
Parmy les gobelets,  
Qui on ditz chansons a boire,  
Ils demeurent mutz.  
A mon advis, ce n'est grande sageesse  
Etre sans dire mot parmy tant de jeansse.*

*Puisqu'en table ils se trouvent  
Sans propos & discours,  
Je pense qu'ils ne peuvent  
Bien discourir d'amours.  
Ils ne scauoyent chanter un Vau de Vire.  
Faut qu'ils viennent a nous, afin de les instruire.*

*Aual cesté venelle  
Ce bon boire versons.  
Toute la kyrielle  
De drolles & garçons,  
Je boy a vous, car beaucoup ie vous prise :  
Et puis ie vous diray nouuelles de Denise.*

Water, if drunk, entails results not good ;  
 For it makes mortals hectic, pallid, pained ;  
 Thou giv'st my body health and hardihood,  
 The money spent on thee is money gained.

Since I so love thee, I must have a kifs ;  
 O loving wine, thou too must now kifs me.  
 I will not go, since I find ample blifs,  
 In only knowing that here thou wilt be.

## X.

Those coxcombs make me smile  
 Who feign deep learning's tone,  
 And yet are all the while  
 Mere strutting fops alone,  
 Who often cast a furtive glance aside,  
 And curvet in the streets, to see if they are eyed.

Where men make goodly cheer,  
 And brimming goblets drain,  
 Singing a Vau-de-Vire,  
 Those others dumb remain.  
 I hold it is not very wise, in footh,  
 Never to speak one word among so many youth.

Doubtless, since thus they fail,  
 At table, aught to say,  
 They could not tell a tale  
 Of love, in loving way :  
 Nor cheerful Vau-de-Vire sing in their turn :  
 They'll have to come to us, and see if they can learn.

Through this small lane let's try  
 To pour this good drink down.  
 To all you, company  
 Of drolls, and lads in town,  
 I drink, because you all I so regard ;  
 And then, I'll tell you news of Denise that I've heard.

*Denise ayant bien loing fait maint voyage  
 Et les guerres hanté,  
 Dicit neantmoins auoir son pucelage  
 Encore rapporté.  
 Bon cuer, garçons ! elle n'est pas perdue,  
 Elle est revenue Denise,  
 Elle est revenue !*

## XI.

*Ce vin vaut bien le chariage :  
 Il va en l'abaye du Bec.  
 On en trempera l'hysope  
 Que l'on ne peut endurer sec.  
 En carefme ceste boisson  
 Seruira de saulce au poisson.*

*Prendre impost sur si bon breuuage,  
 C'est prendre impost sur la santé.  
 Mechant fut si cruel usage  
 Quiconque a jadis inventé !  
 Sans luy avecques peu d'argent  
 Nous boirions plus librement.*

*Mais, bon vin, je prens patience :  
 Je veux, en dépit de l'impost,  
 Te faire entrer dans ma despence ;  
 Car sans toy je mourrois bien tost,  
 Tu es remede souuerain  
 A plusieurs maux du corps humain.*

*J'ay souuent, faute de potage,  
 Veu la chair qui au pot brulloit :  
 Si elle n'est souuent a nage,  
 La fressure aux costes tiendroit.  
 Vn auare est fort mal basly ;  
 Il meurt le poulmon tout rosly.*

Denife, far countries having fought,  
 And followed the campaign,  
 Says, the her maidenhood has brought  
 Uninjured, back again.  
 Rejoice then, youths ! Not lost, again  
 She is come back Denife,  
 Come back again !

## XI.

This wine well will carriage pay :  
 In it goes to Bec's Abbaye.  
 That oſophagus 'twill cure  
 Which can never drought endure.  
 Such good drink will ſerve in Lent  
 As fish-fauſe and condiment.

Impoſt put on wine ſo good  
 Were to tax health's hardihood :  
 Villanous were fuch abufe,  
 And whoeuer taught its uſe !  
 But for him, though we were poor,  
 We might drink of ampler ſtore.

But, good wine, I patient wait :  
 I will, (thoſh the tax I hate),  
 Still to pay thy charges try ;  
 For without thee I ſhould die.  
 Thou art ſovran remedy  
 For much human miſery.

Often, when I ſoup had not,  
 I've watched meat burn in the pot :  
 If not kept a-boiling quick,  
 To the ſides the tripe would ſtick.  
 Miſers are fo ill purveyed,  
 That they die with lungs decayed.

*Les aduocats n'en meurent guere,  
Qui boyuent avec les diens,  
Ayans une bonne matiere,  
Ils s'en lauent fort bien les dens.  
O ! que cest estat m'aggreroit,  
Car, si on n'y gaigne, on y boit.*

## XII.

*Chantre de table & beueur  
M'est iniure ordinaire ;  
Mais chacun a son humeur ;  
Je n'y scaurois que faire.  
Liqueur, chere amie,  
Pour la calomnie  
Ne crains poinet ! Je suis tondu, si jamais je t'oublie !*

*Serois ie bien s'idiot,  
Soubz l'ombre d'une iniure,  
En laissant le vin au pot,  
D'estre traistre a nature ?  
O gentil breuage !  
Ce serroit dommage  
Qu'en fin on te fust seruir de vinaigre au potage.*

*Touſtours dans le vin vermeil  
Et aultre liqueur bonne,  
On void vn petit soleil  
Qui fretille & rayonne.  
Cela est vn signe  
Que le vin est digne.  
C'est pour en boire qu'on prend tant de peine a la vigne.*

*Quand j'ay la soif au gosier,  
Pour cor je prens ma tasse ;  
Le vin me fert de limier  
Pour luy faire la chasse.  
Et s'en est fuye !  
Paffons nostre vie  
En ce doux contentement, mon voisin, je vous prie !*

Drinking with his clients, fate  
 So kills not the Advocate.  
 With a goodly cause to plead,  
 He can wash his teeth indeed.  
 How that calling would me please !  
 If they lose, they drink at ease !

## XII.

A table-minstrel and a fot,—  
 Men often call me so ;  
 But each to his own taste, I wot :  
 I don't care much, I know.  
 Dear beverage,  
 Though flander rage,  
 I never will forget our friendship, I'll engage !

Could I a dotard be so dull,  
 From dread of such disgrace,  
 As leave the flagon standing full,  
 Traitor to nature's race ?  
 O gentle name,  
 It were a shame  
 For cruet-vinegar such noble wine to claim.

Ever within the rosy wine,  
 Or other liquor rare,  
 There seems a tiny fun to shine,  
 Which gleams and glitters there.  
 That is a sign  
 Of goodly wine,  
 To drink of which leads men to cherish so the vine.

When in my throat a thirst is found,  
 My bugle-horn's my cup ;  
 The wine goes with me, as a hound,  
 The hunt to follow up.  
 “Gone, gone away !”—  
 Neighbour, I pray,  
 May we so pass our life in glad content and play !

## XIII.

*C'est icy que ie veux chercher  
La pierre philosophale ;  
C'est icy que ie veux souffler :  
Mon fourneau, ce sera ma fale.*

*Mon soleil, c'est le vin sans eau,  
Le bon sidre, c'est mon mercure.  
Je les mettray dans mon fourneau  
Tous purs comme ilz sont de nature.*

*Y deusse ie employer mon bien,  
Je ne veux pointē d'autre alchymie ;  
Encore n'y perdray ie rien,  
Car boire contente ma vie.*

*O quinte essence de pommier !  
Si tousiours j'en beuuois de telle,  
Seroit ce subiect pour juger  
Qu'il me faut mettre en curatelle ? . . .*

## XIV.

*Certes hoc vinum est bonus !  
Du mauuais latin ne nous chaille ;  
Si bien congru n'estoit ce jus,  
Le tout ne vaudroit rien qui vaille.  
Escolier, j'appris que bon vin  
Aide bien au mauuais latin.*

*Ceste sentence praticquant,  
De latin je n'en appris guere,  
Y pensant estre afeez scauant,  
Puisque bon vin j'aymois a boire.  
Lorsque mauuais vin on a beu,  
Latin n'est bon, fust il congru.*

*Fy du latin ! parlons françois ;  
Je m'y reconnois daduantage.*

## XIII.

'Tis here that I the quest desire  
Of philosophic stone ;  
My throat shall be my furnace-fire ;  
Here be my bellows blown.

My fun shall be unwatered wine ;  
Good cider, mercury ;  
I'll put them in this fire of mine  
In native purity. .

Should I on them expend my wealth,  
No alchemy but this  
Would I desire for gold or health ;  
For drinking is my blifs.

Quinteffence of the apple-tree !  
Were I to drink thee dry,  
Would that sufficient reason be  
To doubt my sanity ?

## XIV.

*Certes, hoc vinum est bonus.*

Never mind a little sin  
In my Latin : but to us  
Bad wine is not worth a pin.  
In my school-boy days I found  
Good wine makes bad Latin found.

Practising that maxim well,  
Latin learned I scarce a jot :  
So that I could only tell  
That I loved the good wine-pot.  
If men drink bad wine, be sure  
They no Latin can endure.

Fie on Latin ! French let's mind ;  
That I studied with more craft.

*Je veux boire vne bonne fois,  
Car voicy vn maistre breuuage.  
Certes, si j'en beuuois souuent,  
Je deuindrois fort eloquent.*

*Pendant que ce vin j'aualois,  
Qui me chatouilloit sur la langue,  
Il me sembloit que je faisois  
En court quelque belle harangue.  
J'auois bien du contentement. . .  
Mais il s'est passe vistement !*

## XV.

## LE VIEILLARD.

*Conseillez moy pour ma fante,  
Car vous scauez la medecine ;  
Et vous serez bien contenté.*

## LE MEDECIN.

*Pour vous j'emploiay ma doctrine,  
Vous conseillant fidellement,  
Et ne veux point de vostre argent.*

## LE VIEILLARD.

*Que faut il pour ma toux garir  
Et le rheume qui me tourmente  
Et cuide me faire mourir ?*

## LE MEDECIN.

*Recipe du jus de la plante  
Qui se soustient par echalas  
Deux ou trois fois a ton repas.*

## LE VIEILLARD.

*J'ay l'estomach debilité,  
Si bien qu'a grand'peine il diggere  
M'engendant vne crudité.*

Let me drink long ; for I find  
    This wine good as can be quaffed.  
Were I oft to taste its flow,  
I most eloquent should grow.

While I drank the wine,—(that fort  
    My tongue tickled, I confess),—  
I dreamt that I made, in court,  
    Some grandiloquent address.  
O how pleased I felt, and gay !—  
Ah, it swiftly passed away !

## XV.

## OLD MAN.

I ask your counsel for my health ;  
    In your great wisdom I confide ;  
'Twill add, too, somewhat to your wealth.

## PHYSICIAN.

For you my best skill shall be tried,  
For you prescribing faithfully ;  
And I decline your proffer'd fee.

## OLD MAN.

What must I take to cure my cough,  
    And this continual catarrh  
Which threatens soon to cut me off ?

## PHYSICIAN.

*Recipe* :—Juice of plants that are  
Well trained around vine-pole to climb ;  
Take twice or thrice at each meal-time.

## OLD MAN.

I suffer great debility  
    Of stomach : hardly can digest,  
Engendering a crudity.

## LE MEDECIN.

*Recipie pour ton ordinaire  
Et te donne a trauers les dens  
Du rouge cyrop d'Orleans.*

## LE VIEILLARD.

*La goutte aux ioinctures des os  
Me tient alors que le temps change,  
Si bien que j'en perds le repos.*

## LE MEDECIN.

*De decoction de vandange  
Recipie trois voltes & plus :  
Ne songe tant en tes escus.*

## LE VIEILLARD.

*Tous vos Recipes sont de vin.  
Le vin, est ce chose si bonne ?  
Sans luy ne seriez medecin !*

## LE MEDECIN.

*A tous ceux la le vin j'ordonne,  
Qui en humeur me sont egaux,  
Car le vin garit tous mes maux.*

## XVI.

*Compaignon marinier,  
Grande & pleine est la mer ;  
Le flot bat au riuage.  
Il faut prendre ce bort,  
Car le vent est trop fort.  
Ne perdons pointe courage !*

*Las ! je crains bien que l'eau  
N'ait dedans ce bateau  
Entré durant l'orage.  
Sus ! compagnon, tirons  
La pompe & la ruidons !  
Ne perdons pointe courage !*

## PHYSICIAN.

*Recipe* :—Daily, as is best,  
Administer, in dental way,  
Red syrup of the Orleanais.

## OLD MAN.

In change of weather gout doth keep  
The joints of all my bones in pain,  
So that at night I cannot sleep.

## PHYSICIAN.

*Recipe* :—Three times o'er, again,  
And more, decoction of the vine ;  
Don't heed so much those crowns of thine.

## OLD MAN.

Your *Recipes* are always wine.  
Is wine so very good a thing?  
Without it; fails your medicine !

## PHYSICIAN.

I'm always safe in ordering  
Those of my humour such a dose ;  
For wine alone cures all my woes.

## XVI.

My ship-mate, now d'ye see  
How high and full the sea :  
The wave rolls on the shore.  
On 't other tack let's fail,  
Too strongly blows the gale :  
Don't let us give hope o'er !

Alas ! the water may  
Through leaks have forced its way  
Amid the tempest's roar :  
Let's man, my ship-mates stout,  
The pumps, and pump it out !  
Don't let us give hope o'er !

*N'ayans plus rien, sinon  
Le trincquet, qui soit bon,  
Sa voile & son cordage,  
Il nous le faut hauffer  
Pour mauvais temps passer,  
Ne perdons point<sup>er</sup> courage !*

*Le vaisseau trop chargé  
Est beaucoup soulagé.  
La charge & l'équipage  
Est presque dans le port :  
C'est un grand reconfort.  
Ne perdons point<sup>er</sup> courage !*

*Compagnon marinier,  
N'allons plus sur la mer,  
Car je crains le naufrage.  
Mais si le bateau plein  
Fait<sup>er</sup> trafic de ce vin,  
Ne perdons point<sup>er</sup> courage !*

*Ce qui nous est resté  
Est ore en feureté.  
Si refaisons voyage,  
Faut le vaisseau tourner  
Pour le recalfeutrer.  
Ne perdons point<sup>er</sup> courage !*

## XVII.

*C'est asses, troupe honorable,  
De ces gentilz chanz Virois ;  
Il faut se leuer de table.  
Le resté a vne aultre fois ;  
Car peut estre  
Que le maistre,  
Qui nous assemblé ceans,  
N'ose dire  
Le martyre*

Since now we've no device  
But the main-brace to splice,  
With sail and ropes it bore,  
Let's clear and hoist away,  
To steady the ship's way :  
Don't let us give hope o'er !

The vessel, laden full,  
Begins to right her hull ;  
The harbour's to the fore :  
The cargo and the crew  
We now with comfort view.  
Don't let us give hope o'er !

My ship-mate, now d'ye see,  
No more let's go to sea,  
For shipwreck I abhor.  
But if our vessel fine  
Make profit of this wine,  
Don't let us give hope o'er !

All that our traffic gains  
In safety now remains :  
Let's go to sea once more.  
Heel the ship on her beam,  
Let caulkers close each seam,  
Don't let us give hope o'er !

### XVII.

'Tis now time, most worshipful friends,  
That these gentle Vaux-de-Vire ceased :  
At present our banqueting ends.  
The rest will await future feast ;  
For you see  
Perhaps he  
Who kindly invited us here,  
Our good host  
May be croft,

*Et mal que luy font les dens.  
Souvent incommodité  
Prouent d'avoir trop chanté.*

*Mais il est trop volontaire  
Pour avoir le cuer marry  
D'avoir veu la bonne chere  
Que nous auons fait chez luy.*

*Monsieur l'hoste,  
Voyez, i'oste,  
Mon bonnet honnestement.  
On me prie  
Que ie die*

*Qu'on vous rend grace humblement,  
Mais, si le vin reste au pot,  
Qu'il est encor de l'escot.*

*Faistez en lauer la bouche  
A quelques vns d'entre nous,  
Avant qu'un varlet y touche,  
Puisque tout depend de vous.*

*Je ne cure,  
Je vous jure,  
Jamais ma bouche aultrement.*

*Nostre hostesse,  
Je vous laisse  
Mille mercis en payment.  
Cecy seroit esuenté :  
J'en boy a vostre santé !*

*J'ay ouy dire a ma grand'mere,  
(Toujours des vieux on apprend)  
Que de la goutte derniere  
La bonne chere depend.*

*Bonne femme,  
Que ton ame  
Puise estre au ciel en repos !  
J'ay enuie,  
Si j'ay vie,*

And martyred by toothache severe ;  
Extreme vocal efforts oft cause  
Some stiffness and pain of the jaws.

But he is too gallant, no fear,  
To be in his spirit distrest  
Because of the excellent cheer  
Each of us has made as his guest.  
Master host  
I now toast,  
With bonnet politely up-raised,  
And all pray  
Me to say  
How very sincerely you're praised ;  
But if wine remain in the pot,  
We still have to reckon the shot.

Let some of the party be quick,  
And wash their mouth well with the cup,  
Ere ever a varlet can lick  
The precious residuum up.  
I can swear  
That I care  
No other tooth-tincture to swill.  
Hostess mine,  
I confign  
In thanks the amount of the bill.  
This wine would be spoilt in the air :  
I drink to your health what is there !

My grandmother preached to her friends,—  
(One picks wrinkles up from the old),—  
That good cheer entirely depends  
On the last drop the bottle doth hold.  
In Heaven  
Be given  
Good soul, to your spirit repose !  
If I live,  
I will strive

*D'ensuyure bien tes propos.  
Quand sur le bon vin ie suis,  
J'en laisse moins que ie puis.*

## XVIII.

*De nous se rid le Francois ;  
Mais, vrayment, quoy qu'il en die,  
Le fildre de Normandie  
Vault bien son vin quelques fois.  
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !  
Il fait grand bien a la gorge !*

*Ta bonté, o fidre beau,  
De te boire me conuie ;  
Mais pour le moins, ie te prie,  
Ne me trouble le cerueau.  
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !  
Il fait grand bien a la gorge !*

*Je ne perds point la raison  
Pourtant a force de boire,  
Et ne vay point en cholere  
Tempester a la maison.  
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !  
Il fait grand bien a la gorge !*

*Voisin, ne songe en procès ;  
Pren le bien qui se présente.  
Mais que l'homme se contente,  
Il en a tousiours assez.  
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !  
Il fait grand bien a la gorge !*

*Est pas cestuy la logé ?  
En est il demeuré goutte ?  
De la soif que ie redoubte  
Je me suis tres bien vangé.  
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !  
Il fait grand bien a la gorge !*

To follow the course you propose.  
 For when I fall in with good wine,  
 To leave it I shrewdly decline !

## XVIII.

At us the Frenchman often laughs ;  
 But yet sometimes, for all his cry,  
 The cider of our Normandy  
 Is more than worth the wine he quaffs.  
 Down it goes ; try, try !  
 The throat it comforts mightily !

Your excellence, O cider brave !  
 Leads me a draught of you to choose ;  
 I only beg you won't confuse  
 The wits my sober brain may have.  
 Down it goes ; try, try !  
 The throat it comforts mightily !

Neither do I lose all my wit,  
 When I indulge in drink I love,  
 Nor yet tempestuously move  
 About the house, disturbing it.  
 Down it goes ; try, try !  
 The throat it comforts mightily !

Don't dream of any lawsuit, friend :  
 Just take the good that comes to thee ;  
 Let man with that contented be ;  
 Then Heav'n enough doth always send.  
 Down it goes ; try, try !  
 The throat it comforts mightily !

Well down has all that cider past ?  
 Does there remain one single drop ?  
 My thirst I have contrived to stop ;  
 I'm well avenged on it at last.  
 Down it goes ; try, try !  
 The throat it comforts mightily !

## XIX.

*Disons a Dieu aux gentils Vau de Vire :  
Le temps n'est plus qu'on les doibue chanter,  
Puisqu'on nous fait tant de maux supporter.  
Nos deuanciers n'auoient tant de martyre.*

*La paix estoit & nous auons la guerre ;  
Et se chaffoit la soif a bon marche ;  
Mais du depuis que s'est creu le peché ;  
On void souuent infertile la terre.*

*Chacun faisoit a Vire marchandise,  
Et les marchands estoient en grand honneur ;  
Ores chacun s'estime grand seigneur,  
Aymant l'orgueil, pareffe & friandise.*

*Des bons bourgeois les anciennes races  
Sont en mépris & presqu'a pourreté :  
Les estrangers leurs biens leur ont offert,  
Et leurs maisons par procer & falaces.*

*Nous ne tenons plus rien de nos grands peres,  
Sinon la soif & boire tout d'autant.  
Mais nous n'osons quand il nous couste tant. . .  
Beuuons cecy qui ne nous couste gueres.*

## XX.

*De ce Virois conseruons la mæmoire,  
A tout le moins a la table, en beuant ;  
Lequel ne beut jamais en rechignant,  
Et qui nous fait si ioyeusement boire.*

*Vne bonne boisson  
Prise avec marriçon  
Par vn Saturnien  
Ne luy fait point de bien ;  
Mais le vin, honoré d'un gentil Vau de Vire,  
N'apporte que santé, en ne beuant du pire.*

## XIX.

Bid we adieu to the sweet Vaux-de-Vire,  
The time no longer can their music bear ;  
We have, alas ! so many woes to share :  
Our fires had no such martyrdom severe.

Now there is war, where formerly was peace :  
At a small cost men well could quench their thirst ;  
But now, since wickedness is at its worst,  
The earth's fertility oft seems to cease.

At Vire the people all in commerce throve,  
Its merchants were accounted of great fame ;  
But all now covet lordly rank and name,  
And proud, luxurious indolence they love.

The ancient burghs families so brave,  
Are now despised, almost in beggary :  
Strangers have robbed them of their property  
And houses, got by tricks of ~~legal~~ knave.

We nothing from our grandfathers possess,  
Except our thirst, and wassail-bouts all round :  
But ah ! we dare not,—'tis too costly found ;—  
Let us drink this, which costs us far, far less.

## XX.

Let us preserve remembrance of that son of Vire,  
At least while here we drink, this board around,  
Who drinking grudgingly was never found,  
And who taught us to drink with such rejoicing cheer

A goblet full,  
By dotard dull  
Drunk with a curse,  
Makes him still worse ;

But wine, if but a pretty Vau-de-Vire come first,  
Brings health to all, who drink not of the worst.

*Plus est honnesté un Vau de Vire, en table,  
 Qui va louant hautement le bon vin,  
 Qu'en mal parlant dire de son voisin  
 Quelque propos qui n'est point veritable,  
 Ou faire des discours  
 D'impudiques amours,  
 Ou quelque aultre deuis  
 Que tiennent les amis,  
 Quand ilz sont assemblez pour follasser & rire.  
 Il vaut bien mieux chanter, en ne beuant du pire.*

*On peut bien boire & n'estre point yurongne :  
 On peut aussi chanter sans estre fol.  
 On prise tant le chant du roffignol !  
 Mais ces chansons, qui font rougir la troigne  
 Par le vin sauoureux,  
 Valent mille fois mieux.  
 Beuons, chacun sa fois,  
 Pour l'amour du Virois  
 Qui a fait ces chansons. On n'en deust pas mesdire :  
 Ce fut vn bon garçon, qui ne beuoit du pire.*

## XXI.

*Dire tousiours vne chanson  
 De Vau de Vire & beuuerie  
 M'apporteroit quelque subçon  
 Qu'on fascheroit la compaignie.  
 Disons en d'autres, ie vous prie ;  
 Car j'entendz qu'vn tas de badaux  
 S'en vont disant : " Ce n'est qu'yurongnerie  
 Que les Vau de Vire nouveaux."*

*Donc, pour tel scandale eviter,  
 Quel subiect prendrons nous pour rire ?  
 Escoutes, ie vous veux conter  
 Quelque chose que j'ay ouy dire :  
 " Que chacun ores ne respire  
 Que fraude & que meschanceté ;*

At table nobler is a Vau-de-Vire, in sooth,  
 Which loudly sings the praises of good wine,  
 Than of one's neighbour, with unkind design,  
 To tell some scandal which offends against the truth ;  
 Or themes to move  
 Of wanton love,  
 Or such as that  
 Unmeaning chat,

Which friends use, met in merry mood to quench their thirst.  
 'Tis better far to sing, and drink not of the worst.

A man may surely drink, and yet be clear in head ;  
 A man may sing, and yet continue wise ;  
 The vocal nightingale how much we prize !  
 But those sweet songs that tinge the throat with blushing red  
 By precious wine,  
 Are more divine.  
 Let each toast here,  
 That son of Vire

Who made these songs. He truly ought not to be curst ;  
 He was a comrade good, who drank not of the worst.

## XXI.

Always to compose a song  
 Of the Vau-de-Vire and drink,  
 Might convict me of too long  
 Wearying the guests, I think.  
 Other themes, then, let us try ;  
 For some wittless ones, I hear,  
 Keep saying that,—“ 'Tis mere debauchery  
 “ To indite new Vaux-de-Vire.”

Now, such scandal to abate,  
 What gay subject shall be stirred ?—  
 Listen, and I will relate  
 A new story that I heard :  
 'Twas :—“ That mortals now produce  
 “ Nought but fraud and villany ;

*Que pour le gaing on veult s'entre seduire."*  
*Peult estre dict on verite.*

*On parle aussi des aduocatz :*  
*" Que ce n'est plus que tricherie."*  
*Mais cela ne me touche pas ;*  
*Je n'ayme plus la plaiderie.*  
*Tauerniers, qui meslent la lie*  
*Et qui font boire moiictié d'eau,*  
*Sont par fus tous d'une meschante vie ;*  
*Ils fuffent bien dans le tombeau.*

*Mais, sans y penser, nous venons*  
*Touſſours tomber fur le breuuage ;*  
*Auſſi tenir nous ne pouuons,*  
*En table, plus propre langage.*  
*Vault mieux fuyuant le vieil vſage*  
*Vn Vau de Vire caioler,*  
*Que mal parler. Qui fera trop du sage*  
*Pour ne l'ouïr, il s'en peut aller.*

## XXII.

*En vn jardin d'ombrages tout couvert,*  
*Au chault du jour, j'ay trouut Magdaleine,*  
*Qui prez le pied d'un sycomore vert,*  
*Dormoit au bord d'une claire fonteine.*  
*Son liet estoit de thym & mariolaine.*  
*Son tetin frais n'egoit pas bien cache.*  
*D'amour touché,*  
*Et tout gaillard, pour avoir beu chopine,*  
*Incontinent je m'en suis approché :*  
*Sus, fus ! qu'on se refueille !*  
*Voicy vin excelent*  
*Qui faiet leuer l'oreille ;*  
*Il faiet mal qui nen prent.*

*Je n'eus pouuoir, si belle la voyant,*  
*De m'abſtenir de baisoter fa bouche ;*  
*Si bien qu'en fin la belle s'efueillant*

“ And that for gain they wilfully seduce.”  
Well, perchance 'tis verity.

So of Advocates they talk :—  
“ They think but of trickery.”  
That affecteth not my walk ;  
I've resigned law's drudgery.  
Taverners who mix their wine;  
And their drink half-watered sell,  
Do, one and all of them, live lives malign ;  
Were they buried, it were well !  
  
But, quite thoughtleſſly, we come  
Round again on drink to rest :  
Thus, at table, in our home,  
Using converse that is best.  
I prefer, in good old wife,  
Vau-de-Vire to carol gay,  
Than friends to slander. He who would despise  
Such light mirth, may go away !

## XXII.

In garden all trellised with shade,  
At hot noon, I found Magdalene  
Beneath a green sycamore laid,  
Asleep, her young bosom half feen :  
A bright fountain freshened the scene,  
Where thyme with sweet-marjoram strove.  
  
Touched with love,  
And gay, having drunk a chopine,  
Enraptured I stole through the grove.  
Awake ! Fill high the cup !  
Here's wine that's of the best !  
That makes the ear prick up,  
And shames the sober guest !  
  
Such beauty I could not refrain,  
Entranced by her loveliness rare,  
From kissing again and again.

*Me regarda avec un oeil ferrouche,  
En me disant : " Biberon, ne me touche ;  
" Tu n'es pas digne avec moy d'esprouver  
" Le jeu d'aimer.  
" Belle fillette a son aise ne couche  
" Avec celuy qui ne fait qu'yurongner."  
Sus, fus ! qu'on se refueille !  
Voicy vin excelent  
Qui fait leuer l'oreille ;  
Il fait mal qui n'en prent.*

*Je luy respouds : " Ce n'est pas deshonneur  
" D'aymer le vin, vne chose si bonne.  
" Vostre bel oeil entretient en chaleur  
" Et le bon vin en santé ma personne.  
" Pour vous aymer faut il que j'abandonne  
" Le soing qu'on doibt avoir de sa santé ?  
" Fy de beauté  
" Qui son amant de deplaisir guerdonne,  
" Au lieu du bien qu'il auoit merité."  
Sus, fus ! qu'on se refueille !  
Voicy vin excelent  
Qui fait leuer l'oreille ;  
Il fait mal qui n'en prent.*

*" J'ayme bien mieux l'umbre d'un cabaret,  
" Et du bouchon de tauerne vineuse  
" Que cil qui est en ce beau jardinet."  
La belle alors me respoud depiteuse :  
" Tu ne m'es bon : cherche vne aultre amoureuse !"  
Puisque par toy i'ay perdu mes amours  
Touſtours, touſtours,  
Contre l'amour & la soif rigoureuse,  
Je sois, bon vin, armé de ton secours !  
Sus, fus ! qu'on se refueille !  
Voicy vin excelent,  
Qui fait leuer l'oreille ;  
Il fait mal qui n'en prent.*

Awaking, she cried, with fierce air :  
 " Fie ! Touch me not, drunkard ! Forbear !  
 " Unfit thou art with me to prove  
 " Joys of love :  
 " Mere sottish wine-bibber can ne'er  
 " The heart of a fair maiden move."  
 Awake ! Fill high the cup !  
 Here's wine that's of the best !  
 That makes the ear prick up,  
 And shames the sober guest !

I answr : " It is no disgrace  
 " To like wine, a liquor so fine :  
 " I'm warmed by your exquisite face,  
 " My health is sustained by good wine.  
 " To love you, am I to decline  
 " Due measures my health to improve ?  
 " And must love,  
 " For pleasure which should have been mine,  
 " In discontent cause me to rove ?"  
 Awake ! Fill high the cup !  
 Here's wine that's of the best !  
 That makes the ear prick up,  
 And shames the sober guest !

" I'd rather by far have the shade  
 " Of tavern, and bush for its sign,  
 " Than that in this trim garden made."  
 Then, frowning, that sweetheart of mine  
 Said : " Go :—I will never be thine." .  
 Then, since thou a traitor didst prove  
 To my love,  
 Abide with me, O thou good wine,  
 Both love and dire thirst to remove.  
 Awake ! Fill high the cup !  
 Here's wine that's of the best !  
 That makes the ear prick up,  
 And shames the sober guest !

## XXIII.

*Est ce pas commettre un grand vice  
Qu'abreuuer les gens d'auarice ?  
C'est quand au pot ou au tonneau  
Dans le boire on mesle de l'eau.*

*L'eau est de mauuaise nature ;  
L'eau met les pieux a pourriture.  
Qui fait un catharre ? C'est l'eau.  
J'en suis tant malade au cerveau !*

*Gaster bon vin d'eau de fonteine  
Fait perdre au vigneron sa peine.  
Ayes ferons arroues d'eau,  
Quand ferons portes au tombeau.*

*En festins, en nopus & festes,  
Qui, voulant traicter gens honnestes,  
Leur feroit boire du sidre eau  
Seroit trop auare ou trop veau.*

*Voicy qui a tres bonne mine :  
J'en vay boire a vous, ma voisine !  
Certes il n'y aura point d'eau,  
S'il est aussi bon qu'il est beau.*

*Tel boire il ne croist sur ma terre ! . . .  
Voila le cul ! . . . Je dis du verre.  
Du vostre il vous faut acquiter,  
Et un Vaudeuivre chanter.*

## XXIV.

*Faulte d'humeur noz chous sont mors,  
En noz jardins par secheresse ;  
Faute d'abreuuer bien mon cors,  
Si j'allois mourir, que seroit ce ?*

*Sangoy ! je ne m'y firay pas.  
Mourir sec, a faute de boire,*

## XXIII.

Do they not practise monstrous vice  
Who quench folks' thirst with avarice?  
They do so, who in tun or pot  
Mix water with the drink we've got.

Water is of an evil stamp ;  
Foot-rot originates in damp.  
What gives a cold ? Water, again.  
It enervates my very brain !

With water, good, found wine to spoil,  
Wastes the vine-dresser's time and toil.  
Enough of water we shall have  
When we are carried to the grave.

He who, at festivals, to treat  
His friends, or weddings, where they meet,  
Made them drink cider half-and-half,  
Were a great miser, or great calf.

Here's some that hath a favour true :  
I'll drink it, my fair friend, to you !  
Certes, there is no water there,  
If it be good as it is fair.

None such there groweth on my land !  
I turn the glas up in my hand !  
You too must take your bumper here,  
And carol forth a Vau-de-Vire.

## XXIV.

For lack of rain, our garden-stuff  
Has died, because 'tis over-dry ;  
And, should I fail to take enough  
Of drink within me, so might I !

I could not warrant the event  
Of thirst, for want of drink, to die,

*C'est un tres malheureux trespass,  
Et de tres funeste mæmoire.*

*A boire, a boire vistement !  
Je veux tenir ma gorge humide,  
De peur de mourir pourement,  
Comme nos chous, sec & aride.*

*Toutes fois moy & mon jardin  
Nous differons en une chose :  
Je me veux abbreuuer de vin,  
Et d'eau nostre courtil s'arrosee.*

## XXV.

*Grand soulas m'est d'ouir aux tables  
Chanter ces rouges museaux,  
Aueques leurs grosses falles,  
Ces Vaudeuire nouveaux.  
Leurs goſters font les tuyaux  
Qui ne font pas animez  
De vent comme les regales ;  
Mais de ces vins bien aymés.*

*Celuy qui fait du critique  
Et du Raminagrobis,  
Mesprisant ceste musicue,  
En table, avec ses amis,  
Pour ses serieux deuis,  
Je ne le tiens point plus fin  
Que celuy la qui praticue  
Ces chansons sur le bon vin.*

*Je ferois fort bien du sage  
Comme luy, si ie voulois ;  
Mais on diroit qu'au mesnage  
Ou en mal je songerois.  
Rechigner ie ne pourrois  
Avec ceux qui font ioyeux,  
Je ne manque de courrage :  
Voyons qui boira le mieux !*

Is dreadful disembodiment,  
And of most tragic memory.

For mercy's sake, bring me a draught !  
Let me my throat keep wet enough ;  
That I may not, with cup unquaffed,  
Die poorly, like dry garden-stuff.

Yet in one thing we don't consent,  
I and my garden, to agree :—  
Water's my garden's element,  
And wine I want to moisten me !

## XXV.

At the table I delight  
Lips of rosy dye to hear,  
With great jowls in purple dight,  
Singing these new Vaux-de-Vire.  
Still their throats like organs flow,  
Which no wind-blasts ventilate  
Such as diapasons blow,  
But these wines most delicate.

He who criticism tries,  
And such Pharisaic ends,  
But contemns our minstrelfies,  
When at table, with his friends,—  
Him, though on deep things he pore,  
I account not more renowned  
Than that other, who his lore  
In good wine and songs has found.

I, like him, could act the sage,  
Were I to such temper brought ;  
But they'd murmur, I engage,  
That I nursed some selfish thought.  
Never could I hesitate  
With boon comrades to be free :  
My good spirits ne'er abate :  
Who will drink the best, let's see !

*Je ne m'enquiers de l'affaire  
 Du Turc ny de ses voisins,  
 Des poles ny de la sphere,  
 Mais seulement des raisins.  
 Les sorciers sont si malins !  
 On dit qu'ils les font perir :  
 Ces meschans, qui le bon boire  
 Perdent, on deust bien punir !*

## XXVI.

*Hardy comme vn Cesar, je suis en ceste guerre,  
 Ou l'on combat, armé d'un pot & d'un grand verre.  
 Pluſtoſt vn coup de vin me perce & m'entre au cors,  
 Qu'un boulet, qui cruel rend les gens si toſt mors.*

*Les diquetis que j'ayme eſt celuy des bouteilles.  
 Les pippes, les baraux, pleins de liqueurs vermeilles,  
 Ce font mes gros canons, qui batent, sans faillir,  
 La soif, qui eſt le fort que ie veux affaillir.*

*Je trouue, quant a moy, que les gens font bien bestes  
 Qui ne se font pluſtoſt au vin rompre les tefles,  
 Qu'aux coups de coutelas, en cerchant du renom :  
 Que leur chault, eſtans mortz, ſi on en parle ou non ?*

*De trop boire frappée, vne tefle en rechappe ;  
 Sent bien vn peu de mal, lorsque le vent la happe ;  
 Mais, quand on a dormy, le mal s'en va ſoudain.  
 A ces grāds coups de Mars, tout remede y eſt vain.*

*Il vaut bien mieux cacher ſon nez dans vn grand verre,  
 Il eſt mieux aſſeuré qu'en vn caſque de guerre.  
 Pour cornette ou guiddon, fuyure pluſtoſt on doit  
 Les branches d'hyerre, & d'yf, qui monſtrent ou l'on boit.*

*Il vaut mieux, pres beau feu, boire la muſcadelle,  
 Qu'aller fur un rampart faire la ſentinelle.  
 J'ayme mieux n'eſtre poinct en tauerne en deffaut,  
 Que fuyure vn capitaine a ſa breche, a l'affaut.*

I care nought the news to hear  
Of the Turk or his designs :  
Of the Poles, or of the Sphere,  
Only of the clustered vines.  
Sorcerers such tricks will try !  
They are faid to blast the grape :  
Villains who make vines run dry,  
Never should their doom escape !

## XXVI.

I am brave as a Cæsar, in wars where they fight  
With a glaſs in the left hand, and jug in the right.  
Let me rather be riddled by drinking my fill,  
Than by those cruel balls that fo ſuddenly kill.

'Tis the clashing of bottles to which I incline ;  
And the pipes and the rundlets, all full of red wine,  
Are my cannon of ſiege, which are aimed without fault  
At the thirſt, the true fortrefſ I mean to aſſault.

For my own part, thofe people are fools, I opine,  
Who don't rather prefer a good headache from wine,  
Than compete for renown by a cutlaſſ and blow ;  
If they're killed, what care they if men praife them or no?

Should the head after revelry ache in cold wind,  
A prescription is always moſt eaſy to find ;  
For your headache will flee after ſound ſleep at night :  
But Mars' fatal diſasters nought ever ſets right.

'Tis far better in tumbler to shelter one's nose,  
Where 'tis faſer than in a war-helmet from blows.  
Better leader than trumpet or banner is ſign  
Of the ivy, and yew-buſh, that ſhow where there's wine.

It is better by fireſide to drink muſcadel,  
Than to go on a rampart to mount ſentinel.  
I would rather the tavern attend without fail,  
Than I'd follow my captain the breach to aſſail.

*Neanmoins, tout excess je n'ayme & ne procure,  
Beueur quant au renom, mais non pas de nature.  
Bon vin, qui nous fais rire & hanter nos amis,  
Je te tiendray tousiours ce que ie t'ay promis.*

## XXVII.

*He ! qu'auons nous affaire  
Du Turc, ny du Sophy ?*

*Don, don.*

*Pourueu que j'aye a boire.  
Des grandeurs je dy : Fy !*

*Don, don.*

*Trinque, seigneur ; le vin est bon !  
Hoc acuit ingenium.*

*Qui songe en vin ou vigne,  
Est un presage heureux,*

*Don, don.*

*Le vin, a qui rechigne  
Rend le cuer tout joyeux,*

*Don, don.*

*Trinque, seigneur ; le vin est bon !  
Hoc acuit ingenium.*

*Meschant est qui te brouille :  
(Je parle aux tauerniers)*

*Don, don.*

*Le breuuage a grenouille.  
Ne doibt estre aux celiers,*

*Don, don.*

*Trinque, seigneur ; le vin est bon !  
Hoc acuit ingenium.*

*Que ce vin on ne couppe ;  
Ançois qu'on boiue net,*

*Don, don.*

*Je pry toute la troupe  
De vuider le goddet,*

*Don, don.*

All excesses, however, I hate and disclaim,  
 Not a toper by nature, but only in name :  
 Jolly wine, bringing laughter and friendly carouse,  
 I have promised, and ever will pay you my vows.

## XXVII.

Ho ! wherefore need we vex our brain  
 About the Turk or Sophy ?

Dong, dong.

If ample wine to me remain,  
 I covet no grand trophy.

Dong, dong.

Hob-nob, sir, good wine has come !

*Hoc acuit ingenium.*

To dream of wine, or of the vine,  
 Is a most happy preface :

Dong, dong.

To mopping soul, a vintage fine  
 Conveys a cheerful message.

Dong, dong.

Hob-nob, sir, good wine has come !

*Hoc acuit ingenium.*

Accursed be he who mixeth thee ;  
 (I speak to hosts of tavern) :

Dong, dong.

Frogs' beverage to all is free,  
 But fuits not cellar-cavern.

Dong, dong.

Hob-nob, sir, good wine has come !

*Hoc acuit ingenium.*

This wine should all unwatered be,  
 And pure go down the throttle :

Dong, dong.

I beg that all the company  
 Will finish out the bottle.

Dong, dong.

*Trinque, seigneur, le vin est bon !  
Hoc acuit ingenium.*

## XXVIII.

*Je suis beaucoup irrité  
Contre toy vin desloyal ;  
Tu m'as faict beaucoup de mal ;  
Tu m'as mis a poureté,  
Et nous as faict disputer bien souuent, ma femme & moy . . .  
C'est a vous a qui ie boy !*

*Vin tu me sembles si bon,  
Que tu m'as faict vendre mon clos,  
Pour payer tous mes escots  
Et engager ma maison.*

*Tout le monde ne scéait pas encor ce que ie doy.  
C'est a vous, a qui ie boy !*

*Nous verrons lequel sera  
De toy ou moy le plus fort.  
Je feray tout mon effort ;  
Si ie puis, tout coulera.*

*Entre dans mon gosier : ie me veux vanger de toy.  
C'est a vous, a qui ie boy !*

## XXIX.

*J'ay grand' peur d'une maladie :  
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !  
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?  
Deia ma face en est blefmie.*

*Les harencs iost perdent la vie  
Quand ilz sont hors l'eau de la mer ;  
De mesme ie ne puis durer,  
Lorsque la boisson m'est faillie.  
J'ay grand' peur d'une maladie :  
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !  
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?  
Deia ma face en est blefmie.*

Hob-nob, sir, good wine has come !  
*Hoc acuit ingenium.*

## XXVIII.

I bear an angry thought  
 Against thee, traitor wine ;  
 In poverty I pine,  
 By thee upon me brought :  
 Thou very oft hast made my wife fall out with me.  
 I drink, O wine ! to thee.

Wine, who appeared so just,  
 And made me sell my field  
 Payment of scores to yield,  
 And put my house in trust ;  
 Not ev'ry one, as yet, knows all the claims on me.  
 I drink, O wine ! to thee.

Soon we shall better tell  
 Which of us is more strong.  
 I'll wrestle well and long ;  
 I hope all will go well.  
 Enter within my throat, I'll be revenged on thee.  
 I drink, O wine ! to thee.

## XXIX.

I greatly dread one malady :—  
 Since I had drink, an hour has past !  
 Alas ! so long how could I last ?  
 My looks are changing rapidly.

The herring's breath is quickly spent  
 When he is taken from the sea ;  
 Such too is the result to me  
 If starved of vinous nutriment.  
 I greatly dread one malady :—  
 Since I had drink, an hour has past !  
 Alas ! so long how could I last ?  
 My looks are changing rapidly.

*Mais comme vn haranc n'ay ensuie  
D'auoir touſſours le bec en l'eau ;  
Mais me faut tenir le museau  
En quelque bonne maluoisie.  
J'ay grand' peur d'vne maladie :  
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !  
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?  
Deia ma face en est bleſmie.*

*Perdrons nous, pour femme & meſgnie,  
De boire a tirelarigot ?  
Faut il laiſſer tout plein le pot ?  
Voicy ſi bonne compagnie.  
J'ay grand' peur d'vne maladie,  
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !  
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?  
Voicy ſi bonne compagnie.*

## XXX.

*Il faut boire, comme on diſt, qui ſa mere ne tette.  
Puiſque ſommes tous feurts, beuuons donc de ce bon piot.  
En rainceant noz goſiers, aualons noz miettes.  
Eſt vuide le pot,  
Tirelarigot !*

*Il n'eft pas encore temps de fonner la retraictē.  
Quand on ſ'en va fur ſa foif, ce n'eft jamais vn bon eſcot,  
En rainceant noz goſiers, aualons nos miettes.  
Eſt vuide le pot,  
Tirelarigot !*

*J'ay touſſours cinq ſols ou foif ; mais l'argent que j'appette  
Ne me vient pas ſi ſouuent que la foif que ie hay ſi fort.  
En rainceant noz goſiers, aualons nos miettes.  
Eſt vuide le pot,  
Tirelarigot !*

Yet as with herring, not with me ;  
 His mouth in water always thrives ;  
 Whereas my muzzle ever strives  
 To plunge in some good Malvoisie.  
 I greatly dread one malady :—  
 Since I had drink, an hour has past !  
 Alas ! so long how could I last ?  
 My looks are changing rapidly.

Must we, for wife and family,  
 Cease to carouse and ring Rigault ?  
 Are we from full wine-pot to go ?  
 Here is such pleasant company !  
 I greatly dread one malady :—  
 Since I had drink, an hour has past !  
 Alas ! so long how could I last ?  
 Here is such pleasant company.

## XXX.

He must drink, it is said, whom his mother won't fuckle.  
 So let us, who are weaned, to this good liquor buckle.  
 As our crumbs pass, drain we the glass ;  
 Let the wine go,  
 Ring the Rigault !

For it is not the time yet to beat our retreating,  
 And it were an ill reck'ning to thirst after meeting.  
 As our crumbs pass, drain we the glass ;  
 Let the wine go,  
 Ring the Rigault !

I have always five sous, or else thirst ; but that treasure  
 Comes to me far more seldom than thirst without measure.  
 As our crumbs pass, drain we the glass ;  
 Let the wine go,  
 Ring the Rigault !

*J'engagerois bien plus tost mon soye & ma jacquette  
 Que j'endure plus ce mal ; je le veux noyer dans ce flot.  
 En rainceant noz goſiers, aualons nos miettes.  
 Est vuide le pot,  
 Tirelarigot !*

## XXXI.

*Jadis Agamemnon,  
 Pour, devant Ilion,  
 A ſes heros complaire,  
 Leur faifoit boire vin,  
 Vray neectar, que Juppin  
 Donne aux dieux dans Homere.*

*C'eſt grande charité  
 Que remettre en ſanté  
 Vne gorge alterée.  
 Luy donnant, au matin,  
 Du jus incarnatin,  
 Pour charmer la brouée.*

*Les vers il faict mourir :  
 J'en prens, pour m'en garir,  
 Et nettoyer mon ventre.  
 Au foir, eſtant couché.  
 Suis malade & tranché,  
 Si quelque vin n'y entre.*

*Aux loix eſtudiant,  
 Mon compagnon voyant  
 Ses rougeaſtres rubricques,  
 Cerchoit ſoudain liqueur  
 Qui fuſt de leur couleur,  
 Aux tauernes publicques.*

*T'imitant, compagnon,  
 Ne me faut de jambon*

I would sooner pledge jacket and all, than I ever  
Could endure this vile thirst, which I'll drown in this river.

As our crumbs pass, drain we the glas ;

Let the wine go,  
Ring the Rigault !

### XXXI.

Agamemnon, to give joy  
To his comrades before Troy,  
Made them freely drink of wine :  
    Ganymede, with service due,  
    Poured to gods that nectar true,  
As is told in Homer's line.

Charity bestows its wealth  
In restoring to good health  
Throat in thirstiness that pined ;  
    Giving it, at morning-shine,  
    Viny juice incarnadine :  
So mist flies before the wind.

Vermifuge, it makes worms die :  
Cures me of that malady,  
Renovating my inside.  
    And at nightfall, on my bed,  
    I feel sick with aching head,  
If no draught of wine betide.

When I student was of laws,  
My companion thought, because  
Rubrics were of rosy dye;  
    That some liquor should be found  
    Of like hue ; and sought around  
Ev'ry public tavern nigh.

So, like thee, companion mine !  
I want no ham superfine ;

*Pour m'inciter a boire :  
J'ay bientost auallé.  
Sans d'un sergeant fallé,  
Attendre un compulsoire.*

*Es tu pas, gentil vin,  
De tristesse & chagrin  
L'heureuse sepulture ?  
Les fais tu pas mourir,  
Afin de maintenir  
En santé la nature ?*

## XXXII.

*J'auois chargé mon nauire  
De vins qui estoient tres bons,  
Tels comme il les faut a Vire,  
Pour boire aux bons compagnons.*

*Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,  
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu sur la mer.*

*Nous estoions bonne troupe,  
Aymans ce que menions,  
Qui ayans le vent en pouppé  
L'un a l'autre en beuuiions.*

*Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,  
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu sur la mer.*

*Deia, proches du riuage,  
Ayans beu cinq ou six coups,  
Nous fîmes triſte naufrage  
Et ne fauuafmes que nous.*

*Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,  
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu sur la mer.*

*Il fust mieux en nostre gorge  
Ce vin, que d'estre en la mer :  
Quand chacun chez soy le loge,  
Il est hors de tout danger.*

Forthwith I to quaff proceed ;  
Nor the spicy warrant, wrung  
From a saucy bailiff's tongue,  
To incite my thirst I need.

Gentle wine, then, art thou not  
Of a lone and dismal lot  
Beatic sepulture ?  
Sorrow dost thou not destroy,  
That, for nature, health and joy  
Thou may'st pleasantly ensure ?

## XXXII.

My ship was laden on the flood  
With wines of excellency rare,  
Such as at Vire by comrades good  
Are wanted to make merry there.

Give this poor mariner to drink some alms for love of charitie,  
Who through misfortune and the storm has lost his all at sea.

A jolly crew, we failed our craft,  
With that delicious cargo fraught,  
And, while fresh breezes blew right aft,  
Drank to our healths the wine we brought.

Give this poor mariner to drink some alms for love of charitie,  
Who through misfortune and the storm has lost his all at sea.

The land we neared : upon the deck  
Ourselves were half-seas-o'er, or so ;  
When the ship struck, became a wreck,  
And, all save us, fank down below.

Give this poor mariner to drink some alms for love of charitie,  
Who through misfortune and the storm has lost his all at sea.

'Twas better, therefore, that yon wine  
Went down our throats, than down the sea :  
Lodgers at home are, I opine,  
From all mishap and danger free.

*Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,  
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu sur la mer.*

## XXXIII.

*J'ayme parfaiclement  
Vn breuuage excellent,*

*Qui aux gens endormis refueille le courage.  
Qui d'eau fait breuuage  
N'a poinct d'entendement.*

*Boiray ie simplement  
Ce que boit ma jument ?  
Je pense que ce n'est le fait d'un homme sage.*

*Qui d'eau fait breuuage  
N'a poinct d'entendement.*

*On n'en peut proprement  
Faire vn appoinctement :*

*On ne fait, beuant l'eau, jamais bon mariage.  
Qui d'eau fait breuuage  
N'a poinct d'entendement.*

*Turc ne seray vrayment,  
Car l'Alcoran deftent  
Le vin, qui n'est creé que pour l'humain usage.  
Qui d'eau fait breuuage  
N'a poinct d'entendement.*

*Le bon vin & l'argent,  
C'est bon assortiment.  
Sans eux, ie suis honteux comme vn regnard en cage.  
Qui d'eau fait breuuage  
N'a poinct d'entendement.*

*Helas ! il me souient  
D'un qui fut mon parent :  
A boire ainsi j'appris de ce bon personnage.  
Qui d'eau fait breuuage  
N'a poinct d'entendement.*

Give this poor mariner to drink some alms for love of charitie,  
Who through misfortune and the storm has lost his all at sea.

## XXXIII.

I set a price immense  
On drink of excellence,  
Because it makes dull mortals' courage rise.  
Who water-drinking tries,  
Has got no common-sense.

To drink horse-drink, it thence  
Follows by consequence,  
Is not the duty of a man that's wife.  
Who water-drinking tries,  
Has got no common-sense.

He can't with providence  
Make settlements : and hence  
The water-drinkers find poor marriage-ties.  
Who water-drinking tries,  
Has got no common-sense.

From Turk, be my defence !  
The Koran takes offence  
At wine, which as a gift of God we prize :  
Who water-drinking tries,  
Has got no common-sense.

Good wine, and ample pence,  
Suit my intelligence ;  
I'm shamed without them, as a caged fox lies.  
Who water-drinking tries  
Has got no common-sense.

I think with love intense  
On parent, long gone hence,  
From whom I learned to drink in fitting guise.  
Who water-drinking tries,  
Has got no common-sense.

*Vous laiffes longuement  
Ce vin cueillir le vent.*

*Beuues, voisin, d'aultant ; car vous en esiez d'aage.  
Qui d'eau fait breuuage  
N'a point d'entendement.*

#### XXXIV.

*Je ne trouue en ma medecine  
Simple qui soit plus excellent  
Que la bonne plante de vigne,  
D'ou le bon vin clairet prouient.*

*Il n'y a chez l'appothicaire  
Ciroop que ie cherisse mieux  
Que ce bon vin qui me fait faire  
Le sang bon & l'esprit ioyeux.*

*Qu'on ne m'apporte point de caffé,  
Et qu'on ne courre au medecin :  
De vin qu'on remplisse ma tasse,  
Qui me voudra rendre bien sain !*

*En mon recipe qu'on ordonne  
Que ie boiray vin d'Orleans :  
La recepte me fera bonne ;  
Les medecins, honnestes gens.*

*Mais s'ilz m'ordonnent de l'eau douce  
Ou la ptisane simplement,  
Sont gens qui veulent tout de course  
Me faire mourir pourrement.*

*Je ne veux ny laict ny fruitage :  
De cela je ne suis friand ;  
Mais je vendrois mon heritage,  
Pour auoir de ce vin riant.*

Cold winds o'er wine dispense  
A vapid influence.  
Drink freely, neighbour ; you are old likewise.  
Who water-drinking tries,  
Has got no common-sense.

## XXXIV.

In pharmacopœia of mine,  
No simple I find of more worth  
Than that noble plant of the vine,  
Whence good rosy wine issues forth.

No chemist possesses a drug  
Whose virtues more highly I prize,  
Than good wine from bottle or jug,  
Which makes health and spirits to rise.

Away with your cassia ! Don't go  
To summon physician for me :  
Let wine in my goblet but flow,  
And found as you please I shall be !

For *Recipe*, let them indite  
That Orleans wine I must drink :  
I'm sure such prescription is right,  
Such doctors are honest, I think.

But should they the cold-water-cure  
Or simple tisane on me try,  
Such gentry, I vow, will be sure  
To cause me directly to die.

No milk nor fruit-diet be mine :  
'Twould ne'er set my malady right :  
To have some of that laughing wine,  
I gladly would sell my birthright.

*O ! que c'est dure departie  
De ma bouche & de ce bon vin !  
A tous ceux la ie porte enuie,  
Qui en ont encor verre plein !*

## XXXV.

*J'ayme la compagnie  
Ou sont mes bons amis ;  
Mais le festin m'ennuye,  
Ou n'y a point de ris.  
Ces vieux auares reformés  
Vous feront perdre,  
De dueil de les veoir rechigner,  
Vn bon disner.*

*Nous debuons nos grands peres  
Suyure (ce m'est aduis),  
Qui laissoient les affaires,  
En table o leurs amis ;  
Au soir en s'entre visitans,  
Sur le fourmage,  
Les chastaignes ou le jambon,  
Beuuoyent du bon.*

*Auecques leurs compères  
Et voisins, en hyuer,  
En brazillant les poires,  
S'artoyent a deuiser ;  
Chacun faisant du temps passé  
Quelque beau compte ;  
Se recreans, sans mal talent,  
Honnêtement.*

*Femmes traittoient les hommes  
Sans les ofer tancer,  
Mais, au temps ou nous sommes,  
Ne font plus que rosser.*

O parting I tolerate ill,  
When lips from good liquor I pull !  
I envy all those who have still  
Before them a glass that is full !

## XXXV.

I like those meetings best  
Where my good friends repair,  
But banquets I detest,  
If joy be absent there.  
Those old reforming misers  
Are very little worth :  
At sight of such a doleful crew,  
You food eschew.

As our fires did, so we,  
I think, would find it good  
From our festivity  
All busineſſ to exclude.  
When they their ev'ning visits  
Exchanged, then with their cheese,  
And with the ham, and cheſtnuts fine,  
They drank good wine.

In winter, as they ſtewed,  
With neighbour and with friend,  
The pears, came interlude  
Of ſtories without end.  
Each told ſome brave tradition  
Of times long ſince gone by ;  
Amused in easy, cheerful way,  
With harmleſſ play.

Then women loved the men,  
And never dared to ſcold :  
But times are changed ſince then,—  
They beat us,—grown ſo bold !

*Elles mesmes alloyent perfer  
Du meilleur fildre,  
Joyeuses de veoir leurs maris  
Bien resiouis.*

*Femmes ne sont plus telles  
Qu'elles estoient jadis.  
Ceux qui se passent d'elles  
Font bien, a mon aduis.  
Toutes fois, veu le bon racueil  
De nostre hostesse,  
Elle tient encor des anciens  
Tant bonnes gens.*

*Nostre hostesse, ie treuue  
Vostre fildre loyal ;  
Et, quoy que l'on en boyue,  
Ne vous fait poinct de mal.  
Si voulez a vos seruiteurs  
En laisser boire,  
Je seray, ie vous le promets,  
De voz valets.*

## XXXVI.

*J'ay encor a cheminer  
Et faire vne longue traictte.  
Bon fildre, entre en mon gosier,  
Mais, auant que ie l'y mette,  
Arreste, arreste !  
Si ie boy,  
Dy le moy,  
Si ie boy,  
Dy le moy,  
M'y troubleras tu poinct la teste ?*

*Quiconque veut trauailler,  
Faut tenir sa gorge nette,*

They went themselves to open  
The choicest cider-butt,  
Pleased to see mirthfulness and ease  
Their husbands please.

Women are no more such  
As they were wont to be :  
He who avoids them, much  
Accords in mood with me.  
Yet from the pleasant welcome  
That our kind hostess gives,  
Her breeding still recalls our good  
Old neighbourhood.

Hostess, the tap you keep  
Of cider, is most pure ;  
And, though we drink it deep,  
Does you no harm, I'm sure.  
If you'll but let your servants  
Drink some of that fine tap,  
Your varlet, tapster of that cask,  
To be, I'll ask.

## XXXVI.

My journey still is long  
Far over hill and plain.  
Hail, cider good and strong !  
But, ere the cup I drain,—  
Draw, draw the rein !  
If I drink,  
Do you think,  
If I drink,  
Do you think,  
Your fumes will not confuse my brain ?

He who has toil in view,  
To cleanse his throat is fain,

*Et bien souvent la mouiller ;  
Mais, auant que ie t'y mette,  
Arreste, arreste !*

*Si ie boy,  
Dy le moy,  
Si ie boy,  
Dy le moy,  
M'y troubleras tu pointé la teste ?*

*Bon fildre, ofte le soucy  
D'un proces qui me tempeste,  
Quand tu passeras par cy ;  
Mais, auant que ie t'y mette,  
Arreste, arreste !*

*Si ie boy,  
Dy le moy,  
Si ie boy,  
Dy le moy,  
M'y troubleras tu pointé la teste ?*

*Il faut, pour l'amour des gens,  
Ne fuyst ce qu'vne gouttette  
Boire, puisque ie te tiens ;  
Mais non pas que tout i'y mette.*

*Arreste, arreste !*

*Car ie croy,  
Si ie boy,  
Car ie croy,  
Si ie boy,  
Que tu m'y troubleras la teste.*

### XXXVII.

*Je suis né Bas Normand, mais ma bouche auinée  
Dict estre d'Orleans,  
Et que le vin clairet, qui est de sa contrée,  
Je doibs loger ceans.*

Oft moist'ning it anew ;  
But, ere the cup I drain,—  
Draw, draw the rein !  
If I drink,  
Do you think,  
If I drink,  
Do you think,  
Your fumes will not confuse my brain ?

Remove, O cider clear !  
My lawfuit's vexing pain,  
While you refresh me here ;  
But, ere the cup I drain,—  
Draw, draw the rein !  
If I drink,  
Do you think,  
If I drink,  
Do you think,  
Your fumes will not confuse my brain ?

For the host's sake, I'll taste  
One drop : then on again,  
Good cider, I must haste ;  
The whole cup I won't drain.—  
Draw, draw the rein !  
For I think,  
If I drink,  
For I think,  
If I drink,  
Your fumes will much confuse my brain !

## XXXVII.

Low-Norman born, this vinous mouth of mine  
Of Orleans boasts to be ;  
And I must lodge therein the rosy wine  
That comes from that countrie.

*Mon gosier diet aussi qu'il a pris sa naissance  
Du terroir des bons vins,  
Et qu'il ne peut durer, s'il n'a de l'accointance  
Avec eux, ses voisins.*

*Mon estomach aussi me diet que sa nature  
Ne se peut pas changer ;  
Le chargeant de pommé, qui n'est sa nourriture,  
Que c'est l'endommager.*

*Doneques, qu'ilant le vin, j'ay sur moy (dont je tremble),  
Trois mortels ennemis.  
Que feray ie a cela ? Faictes nous boyre ensemble,  
Et nous rendez amis.*

*Bouche, estomach, gosier ; je voudrois, ie vous iure,  
Rendre vn chacun content ;  
Mais du fidre il faut boyre & changer de nature,  
N'ayant guere d'argent.*

*Car le vin est trop cher ; l'impost, les quatriesmes,  
Pefte des biberons,  
Faute d'un peu de vin feront mourir de rheumes  
Les poures compagnons.*

### XXXVIII.

*Je ne me puis desgouster  
De hanter  
Ces bons cerueaux de tauerne,  
Qui, pour gouster les bons vins,  
Sont bien fins,  
Sachans comme on les discerne.*

*Vin d'une oreille aux gens vieux  
Et gouteux  
Sert de lait & nourriture ;  
Mais qui le vermeil boira  
Bien fera :  
Il gaignera la teincture.*

My throat, too, says that it was born and bred  
In land of wine that's good ;  
And that it can't survive unless 'tis fed  
From its own neighbourhood.

My stomach, too, says it can never move  
From its own way a whit ;  
If filled with liquor from an apple-grove,  
That would do harm to it.

If I quit wine, I thus have, (dreadful thought !),  
Three mortal enemies :  
What must I do ? Let's all, together brought,  
Drink, then good friends arise.

Mouth, stomach, throat, I gladly would arrange  
To make you all content :  
But cider you must drink, your nature change,  
For lack of plenishment ;

For wine's too dear : "the impost," and "the fourth,"  
The drinker's misery,  
Will cause poor topers, perished for the worth  
Of a drop wine, to die.

#### XXXVIII.

I cannot bring myself to hate  
To congregate  
With those good fellows of the pot,  
Whose aptness for discerning wine  
Becomes so fine,  
By frequent testing of the lot.

To gouty old folks, wine, if good,  
Is milk and food,  
Preserving them from atrophy ;  
He who the rosy fort will take,  
Makes no mistake :  
He soon will catch its vermeil dye.

*Le blanc endort & fust bon,  
Ce diet on,  
A ces femmes si cruelles ;  
Quand il les endormiroit,  
On n'auroit  
Au logis tant de querelles.*

*Le bon sildre en diet on rien ?  
Il vaut bien  
Que quelque chose on en die ;  
Et certes, qui m'en croiroit,  
On n'auroit  
Aultre boire en Normandie.*

*Le breuuage compost  
N'est prisé.  
Aussi ie laisse la biere  
Aux Anglois & Allemans  
Et Flamans,  
Qui ont l'ame roturiere.*

*Jamais pour bon n'adouray  
Le poiray :  
C'est un nuisible breuuage.  
Toutes fois ie le permets  
Aux valets,  
Lesquelz n'ont soing du mesnage.*

*De la soif on nomme l'eau  
Le bourreau,  
Qui la faiet mourir martyre.  
Breuuage de pénitent,  
Qui le prend  
N'a pas bien cause de rire.*

*Au beueur d'eau, qui criroit :  
“ Le roy boit ”  
Feroit un roy de grenouilles.*

The white is drowsy, and were best  
To cause to rest,  
'Tis said, harsh women from their toils ;  
When they were once all put to sleep,  
That wine would keep  
The household free from many broils.

For cider is there nought to say ?  
I think we may  
Some panegyric of it try ;  
And, if my verdict you'll believe,  
You won't receive  
Another drink in Normandy.

Mixtures of divers qualities  
Men do not prize.  
With my consent is beer resigned  
To English, Germans, and to such  
As, with the Dutch,  
Bear only a commercial mind.

To perry ne'er will I assign  
The rank of fine :  
It is a drink injurious,  
And only fitting to be quaffed  
As lackeys' draught  
Who have no charge about the house.

Water they christen as the worst  
Headsman of thirst,  
As martyr causing it to die.  
O beverage of misery !  
Who doth thee try,  
Hath no good cause for jollity.

To water-drinker, to exclaim  
" The King drinks ! " name  
Of King of Frogs would give alone.

*Fefin qu'on deftrampe d'eau  
N'est pointé beau :  
Faut que de vin tu le mouilles.*

*Sil y a fildre excellent,  
Bien souuent  
On l'aime sur tout breuuage.  
Tu es, bon fildre orangé,  
(Tout songé)  
Vn bon meuble en vn mesnage.*

## XXXIX.

*L'amour ie laifferay faire  
Et les dames courtizer.  
Il ne me faut plus qu'a boire  
D'autant, & me reposer.*

*Deia le poil me grisonne ;  
Deia la goutte ie sens.  
Je veux trailler ma personne  
Avec les Galle Bontems.*

*Si j'auois toufours en caue  
Vn tuy de vin sauoreux,  
Fust a'Orleans ou de Graue,  
Je me tiendrois bien heureux.*

*Sans me soucier d'ysure,  
Qui n'a jamais bon succez,  
J'irois le vеoir, ie vous iure,  
Plus souuent que mes procez.*

*Car j'ay vn mal de nature :  
Mon poulmon tout sec deuient ;  
Et mourrois par aduenture,  
Si ne beuuois bien souuent.*

*Ceste couppe est toute pleine ;  
J'en vay lauer mes poulmons.*

A feast with water-bottles dreft,  
Is all unblest :  
It must your wine's kind prefence own.

Cider, if it be superfine,  
Above all wine  
Men oft prefer in their carouse.  
Fine orange-tinted cider, thou,  
(We must allow),  
Art a good chattel in the house !

### XXXIX.

To love I do not much incline,  
Nor bend to dames' behest.  
I only want to drink my wine,  
And then to take my rest.

My hair's already growing gray,  
Already comes the gout.  
I fain would pass my time away  
With joyous comrades stout.

If in my cellar I could have  
Always a fragrant cask  
Of wine of Orleans, or Grave,  
No better I should ask.

For usuries I should not care,  
Which never well succeed ;  
I'd oftener try that cask, I swear,  
Than in the law-courts plead.

For an in-born defect have I :  
Throat-thirstiness is mine ;  
And peradventure I might die,  
Unles oft drinking wine.

Before me stands a brimming dish ;  
My chest shall have its fill :

*C'est le chauld & la saline,  
Ce n'est pas nous qui beuons.*

## XL.

*Las ! ie voy bien que m'a quicté m'amie !  
Elle m'a dict que ie boy trop souuent  
Et que cela m'abregeroit la vie.*

*Je m'en vay donc en vn desert sauvage.  
Ne beuant vin ny fildre aucunement,  
J'y passeray le reste de mon aage.*

*Si je n'y boy que de l'eau toute pure,  
Bien tost ainsi ie finiray mes jours  
Car tel boire est contraire a ma nature.*

*Ce me sera tres dure pænitence.  
Ainsi mourray regrettant mes amours,  
Comme vn hermite, en faisant abstinençe.*

*Puisqu'aux deserts on ne boit rien qui vaille,  
Laiffer ne veux ce bon vin dans le pot.  
J'en boy a vous, premier que ie m'en aille.*

*Appres ma mort, faut sur ma tombe ecrire :  
“ Cy gist qui a bien aymé le piot :  
“ C'est grand dommage aux tauerniers de Vire.”*

## XLI.

*La bouteille c'est ma cuirace,  
Mon casque c'est le gobbelet,  
Et le jambon mon pistolet.  
Qu'on me remplisse ceste tasse ;  
J'en veux (le cuer pointé ne me fault)  
Combatre la soif qui m'affault.*

It is the heat and the salt-fish,  
It is not we who fwill.

## XL.

Too well I see that me my Love has left !  
She told me I too oft my thirst assuage,  
And that I soon shall be of life bereft.

I go, then, in a desert lone to pine,  
And there to pass the remnant of my age,  
Tasting no more of cider nor of wine.

If there I but of water pure partake,  
My days will thus end very speedily.  
Such drink would ne'er my thirsty nature flake,

And would to me be grievous penitence.  
Thus, fadly mourning o'er my love, I'd die,  
Like eremite, performing abstinence.

Since in the desert no fine wine is got,  
I'll drink your health before I take my flight.  
I won't leave this good liquor in the pot.

On my tomb let this epitaph appear :—  
“ Here lies one who in wine did much delight :  
“ One greatly mourned by taverners of Vire.”

## XLI.

The wine-bottle is my cuirass,  
A goblet for helmet I choose.  
A ham is the pistol I use.  
Come, speedily fill up this glass ;  
I fain, (and my courage ne'er fails),  
Would combat the thirst that assails.

*Bien mieux qu'a Saint Denis, en France,  
On qu'a la bataille de Dreux,  
Parmy les potz combatray mieux  
Et auecques plus d'asseurance :  
Rien ie ne turay de ce coup  
Que la soif, que ie hay beaucoup.*

*Je hazarderois bien ma vie  
Prez de la bouche des canons,  
Si au lieu de poudre & de ploms  
Ils sont chargés de Malvoisie :  
Aultrement ne me parlez point  
De perdre le mouille au pourpoint.*

*Il n'est que mesnager sa vie,  
Et chanter, viuans bien contans,  
Les Vaudevire du vieux temps,  
Et faire tousiours chere lie.  
Quand le bon compagnon mourra,  
Paye ses debtes qui voudra !*

*La soif me tenoit a la gorge :  
Je luy ay bien liuré l'affault ;  
Je luy ay fait faire un beau fault !  
Toustes fois, s'elle ne desloge,  
Ce verre remply, ie pourrois  
L'oster peut étre a l'autre fois.*

## XLII.

*Laiffsons viure malheureuses  
Ces ames ambitieuses,  
Et ioyeusement viuons  
De si peu que nous auons.*

*L'ysurier, par grand' misere,  
Craignant trop cherement boire,  
Meurt de soif vilainement  
Pour amasser de l'argent.*

More brave than at French St. Denys,  
More brave than on Dreux's battle-field,  
I'd fight among wine-pots, nor yield  
To any contending with me.  
I'd kill only thirst by such wound ;  
Thirst, hated with hatred profound.

My life would be ventured by me  
Close up to the guns, if, instead  
Of powder and bullets of lead,  
They were charged with Malvoisie :  
Don't otherwise ask me to choose  
My surcoat's lay-figure to lose !

We've only to manage our life,  
And sing, in the midst of content,  
The olden-time Vaux-de-Vire, sent  
To keep us unfaddened by strife.  
On a boon companion's decease,  
Those settle his debits who please !

I've had a sharp struggle with thirst :  
I've well cannonaded his strength,  
And captured his fortrefs at length !  
But even if I get the worst,  
With full glaſs at some other time,  
I hope to his castle to climb.

#### XLII.

Let souls that ambitious be  
Pass their lives devoid of glee ;  
But let us find joyaunce brave  
In the little that we have.

Misers, through their wretched cheer,  
Fearing that drink costs too dear,  
Die of thirst,—a dreadful end !—  
Hoarding what they would not spend.

*Qui trop au mesnage pense  
Et qui conte sa despence,  
N'ayant en l'esprit repos,  
Ne peut viure bien dispos.*

*La goutte vn drole n'affronte,  
Qui boit sans songer au conte ;  
Auares en sont faisis,  
Qui ont les escus moisis.*

*Les miens ne moisissent guere,  
Pourueu que ie trouue a boire.  
Je fçay qu'apres le trespas  
Plus ne seruent les ducats.*

*Si j'etois vn jour en France  
Quelque officier de finance,  
Verres, bouteilles, tonneaux,  
Seroyent mes meubles plus beaux.*

*Flacons pleins de Maluoisie  
Seroyent ma tapisserie ;  
Vn logis n'est bien paré,  
Ou l'on demeure alteré.*

*Remplissez moy ceste couppe :  
Que ie boiu a ceste trouuppe !  
Verre vuide ne vaut rien  
Parmy tant de gens de bien.*

### XLIII.

*Le temps iadis, on se souloit esbattre,  
Estant, l'huys clos, la neige & les glaçons ;  
Pres vn beau feu, trois a trois, quatre a quatre,  
Ensemble au soir estoient les bons garçons.  
En repetant les viroises chansons,*

He who thinks too much of pence,  
Ever counting his expence,  
Having no repose of mind,  
Never can contentment find.

Gout attacks not merry fot,  
Cost of drink who counteth not ;  
Misers are of gout diseased,  
Who have crowns by mildew seized.

Mildew seldom seizes mine,  
If I get enough of wine.  
Well I know, when life is o'er,  
Ducats profit us no more.

Were I, some day, made in France  
An official of finance,  
Glasses, bottles, casks, should be  
Grandest furniture for me.

All my gorgeous tapestry  
Should be flasks of Malvoisie ;  
Mansions are adorned the worst,  
Where the tenants live in thirst.

Brimming fill for me this cup :  
To your healths I'll drink it up !  
Empty glafs we ne'er should view  
In so worshipful a crew.

#### XLIII.

Of yore, the folks amused themselves in-doors,  
When winter came, and icicles, and snow ;  
Boon friends, in threes and threes, or fours and fours,  
Near blazing fire, sat in their rustic row.  
In order then the songs of Vire would flow,

*Sans detenir aucun mauuais langage,  
Ou sur la poire ou bien sur le fromage,  
Passoient ioyeux le temps honnestement.  
S'il y avoit chez eux de bon breuuage,  
L'abandonnoient fort volontairement.*

*Mais maintenant (ce qui beaucoup m'effonne)  
Chez son voisin on ne hante, non plus  
Que si c'eftoit quelque estrange personne :  
Les Vau de Vire on estime estre abus.  
Leur seul soulas, c'est d'auoir des escus.  
Pour vn amy on ne veut rien despendre :  
Qui a bon fildre, il le garde pour vendre,  
S'il encherist en l'arriere saifon.  
Vn chacun veut, soutonnier, pres sa cendre,  
Se mal traictant, enrichir sa maison.*

*Le bon vieil temps ensuyuons, ie vous prie :  
Escus ne sont que crainte & pensement ;  
Mais que puissions bien passer ceste vie,  
Qu'est il besoin nous damner pour l'argent ?  
Avec repos, avec contentement,  
Vjons des biens que le Ciel nous enuoye.  
Il ne faut pas, faute d'on peu de ioye,  
Le bec en l'eau, nos jours precipiter.  
Les anciens nous ont monstret la voye :  
Faitt il pas bien qui les peut imiter ?*

## XLIV.

*Lorsqu'on perse chez mon voisin  
Vn tonneau de bon fildre plein,  
Ou de bon vin,  
Me semble qu'on me fiance :  
J'ay bonne esperance  
D'en boire vne soupirance  
Soir ou matin.*

Without a word that could offend the ear,  
 And o'er the pears, or cheese, their homely cheer,  
     They passed the time in harmless joyousness.  
 If in the house some goodly drink stood near,  
     They quitted it with perfect readiness.

But now,—(to me, I own, a wondrous change),—  
     Men pay no visits to their neighbours, more  
 Than if their lives had been entirely strange :  
     The Vaux-de-Vire as follies they deplore,  
         Their only joy is hoarding more and more.  
 For a friend's sake, they won't incur expense :  
     But hold good cider, for the gain of pence,  
         Till the price rise in the late season's days.  
 Each crouches o'er his hearth, with craft intense  
     Starving himself, his house's wealth to raise.

Let us restore the good old time, I pray :  
     Money does nought but fear and trouble wake ;  
 To make this life pass happily away,  
     Must we destroy ourselves for money's sake ?  
     In rest and sweet contentment let us take  
 The blessings Heav'n deigns lovingly to lend :  
 And not, for lack of what some joy can lend,  
     By water-drinking, death anticipate.  
 Our fires have shown us the right way to wend :  
     Is not he wise, who them can imitate ?

## XLIV.

When, at his own house, neighbour mine  
 Taps a full cask of cider fine,  
     Or of good wine,  
 I seem betrothed to be :  
     Foreshadowing with glee  
 At eve, or morn, for me  
     Some taste divine.

*Il se plaist d'oir vn cas nouueau  
 Quelque romant ou conte beau  
 De mon cerueau.  
 J'en forge & luy en vay faire  
 Pour auoir matiere  
 De faire tirer a boire  
 De son tonneau.*

*Mon voisin ie tiendrois vn an  
 Sur le vin, lorsque du grand Cham  
 Ou du Soldan  
 Je luy compte quelque fable  
 Qu'il croit veritable,  
 Ou que ie parle a sa table  
 Du Prestre Jan.*

*Luy & moy, si c'est en hyuer,  
 Nous nous mettons pres du fouyer  
 A deuiser  
 Du temps de son feu grand pere,  
 Sans cesser de boire,  
 Comme j'en vais la maniere  
 Vous demonstrier.*

*C'est ainsi comme nous faisons,  
 Luy & moy, quand nous deuisons  
 Prez des tissons,  
 Detefians melancholie  
 Et chiquanerie  
 Qui puisse estre forbannye  
 De nos maisons.*

## XLV.

*Louons l'Eternel,  
 Bibimus satis,  
 Et l'hoste, lequel  
 Nos pauit gratis,*

He loves to hear the story new,  
The old romance, the ballad true

My fancy drew.

Of them I fabricate  
Such store for him, that straight  
His spigget turns : till late,  
The draughts ensue.

My neighbour would a whole year hang  
Over the wine, when the Great Cham,

Or the Soldan

Adorns my fable well,  
On which, as true, he'll dwell ;  
Or at his board I tell  
Of Prester John.

In winter, he and I oft sit  
Beside the hearth, to chat a bit,  
Trying to hit  
The time of his grandfire ;  
Still drinking by the fire,  
Just as I now desire  
To show you it.

'Tis thus his hours and mine go by,  
When we in fond garrulity  
The embers see ;  
We gloomy themes abjure ;  
And in our homes, be sure,  
We never could endure  
Chicanery.

#### XLV.

Give God the praise,  
*Bibimus satis* ;  
Host in kind ways  
*Nos pavit gratis* :

*Et sans regagner  
Onerans mensas  
De mets delicas.*

*Il nous ayme bien,  
Hoc patet nobis ;  
Car son meilleur vin  
Deprompsit cadis,  
Et nous en a fait  
Vsque ad oras  
Remplir nos hanaps.*

*Les frais ne soient grands  
Coram amicis.  
Faut s'entre hanter  
Sumptibus paucis ;  
Mais tousiours le vin  
Lauet gingiuas  
Apres le repas.*

*Q'on en donne donc  
Cunctis conuiuis ;  
A l'hoste boirons  
Pateris plenis,  
Le remercians :  
A vingt ans d'icy,  
Puissions faire ainsi !*

#### XLVI.

*Medecin de ma tristeze,  
Remply mon verre, echançon  
Mourray ie de sechereze,  
Tant prez d'un si bon garçon ?  
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.*

*Choisis les potz, car du pire  
Si tu me venois verser*

He with superb fare  
*Onerans mensas*  
In his good-will.

He loves us well,  
*Hoc patet nobis;*  
As his best wines tell  
*Deprompsit cadiis;*  
Bidding us with them  
*Usque ad oras*  
Our beakers fill.

Be the cost small  
*Coram amicis.*  
Merry in hall  
*Sumptibus paucis;*  
Yet, after meat, wine  
*Lavet gingivas*  
Long as we swill.

Be it, then, poured  
*Cunctis convivis;*  
Toast our landlord  
*Pateris plenis,*  
Thanking him warmly.  
Twenty years hence,  
Let's recommence !

## XLVI.

Physician of my mournfulness,  
Fill up my glas, O feneschal !  
And I to die of thirstiness  
With such good comrade at my call ?  
No, no ; no, no ; alas ! no, no.

Choose well the wine-pots ; for if juice  
Inferior you were to pour,

*Et pourement me seduire,  
Ce seroit pour me chasser.  
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.*

*Je sçay bien que ie te garde,  
Si me vas fassorisant.  
A la personne veillarde  
Mauvais boire est il duisant ?  
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.*

*Boire bon, plusloët moins boire,  
Nous faïst fuir a mille maux.  
Mon cors n'est pas lauatoire,  
Ou l'on iette toutes eaux.  
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.*

*Est ce du vin de ton maistre  
Que tu m'as icy verlé ?  
Dormirois ie poineit peut estre  
Si j'en estois bien bercé ?  
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.*

### XLVII.

*Messieurs, voulez vous rien mander ?  
Ce bateau va passer la mer,  
Charge de bon breuuage.  
Le matelot le puisse bien mener  
Sans peril & sans naufrage !*

*Il va couler icy aual :  
Pourueu qu'un pilleur deffoyal  
Ne le prenne au passage,  
Et que le vent ne le meine point mal,  
Il va descendre en Brouage.*

*Helas ! ce vent n'est guere bon.  
Nous sommes perdus, compagnon !*

And me so shamefully seduce,  
You thus would drive me from your door.  
No, no ; no, no ; alas ! no, no.

I well know that I won't leave you,  
If you my happiness regard,  
Of him whose future years are few,  
Is nauseous drink the due reward ?  
No, no ; no, no ; alas ! no, no.

Though we drink little, goodly drink  
Makes us escape a thousand woes.  
My body's not a common fink  
Wherein all refuse water goes.  
No, no ; no, no ; alas ! no, no.

Pray, is this draught you pour, as fine  
As for your master's self you keep ?  
If soundly cradled in this wine  
Might I procure no wink of sleep ?  
No, no ; no, no ; alas ! no, no.

## XLVII.

Sirs, have ye no commands to-day ?  
This vessel soon will fail away,  
Well laden with good wine.  
The sailor skilfully her course can lay,  
In safety o'er the brine.

On she will fail at ease :  
If no rude pirate seize  
On her as she doth go,  
And if she meet not with an adverse breeze,  
To Brouage there below.

Alas, we're tempest-tost.  
My shipmates, we are lost !

*Vuider faut ce nauire,  
Et mettre tous la main a l'auiron. . .  
Regardes comme je tire !*

*Si vous tires autant que moy,  
Bien tost ainsi, comme ie croy,  
Gaignerons le riuage.  
Il est bien pres ; car deia ie le voy. . .  
Compagnon, prenons courage !*

## XLVIII.

*Me voulez vous garir de la berlue ?  
En un verre bien net  
Faut feulement mettre devant ma veue  
De ce bon vin clairet,  
Qui chaleur donne a l'ame morfondue.  
Encore chopine pleine,  
Encore chopine !*

*Me voulez vous, quand je suis en cholere,  
Regaillardir le cuer ?  
Tant feulement il me faut faire boire  
Cete bonne liqueur,  
Qui le chagrin eschange en bonne chere.  
Encore chopine pleine,  
Encore chopine !*

*Me voulez vous faire conter & dire  
Mille propos ioyeux ?  
De ce bon vin dieles moy que je tire  
Quelque bon coup ou deux ;  
L'homme songeart il faict causer & rire.  
Encore chopine pleine,  
Encore chopine !*

Bale out our vessel full :  
All hands to man the pumps must take their post ;—  
Look you how I can pull !

If you will pull like me,  
In short time we shall be  
The harbour drawing near.  
It is not far already, I can see ;—  
Shipmate, away with fear !

## XLVIII.

Would you free my eyes from daze ?  
In glaſſ bright and clean  
Only be before my gaze  
That fair red wine ſeen,  
Which infpires dull ſouls with praise.  
Bring one full chopin more ;  
One chopin more !

Would you my fwift choler flake,  
Raife my ſpirits up ?  
Juſt prevail on me to take  
That good wholefome cup  
Which can ſad hearts cheerful make.  
Bring one full chopin more ;  
One chopin more !

Would you have me joyous thought  
Gaily intertwine ?  
Then to me let there be brought  
Draughts of this good wine,  
With loud mirth for dreamer fraught.  
Bring one full chopin more ;  
One chopin more !

## XLIX.

*Mon mary ha, que ie croy,  
Par ma foy,  
Le gosier de chair salte :  
Car il ne peut respirer  
Ny durer  
Si ja gorge n'est mouillée.*

*Lorsqu'il est en grand courroux,  
Voulez vous  
Luy addoucir le courage ?  
Faicles luy tant seulement  
Promptement  
Boire quelque bon breuuage.*

*Pourueu qu'il ne vendre rien  
De son bien,  
S'il boit, j'en suis resouvie ;  
Car j'ay tout au long du jour  
Son amour,  
Et sommes sans fascherie.*

*J'ay vn peu goufté en fin  
Ce bon vin :  
Or, viue ce bon breuuage,  
Qui mon homme en santé met  
Et nous faict  
Viure en paix en mariage !*

## L.

*Monsieur de ceans,  
Ces honnestes gens  
Ne vous pourroient ruiner  
A chopiner ;  
Car le fidre ne vaut plus  
Qu'un carolus.*

## XLIX.

My husband has, as I conceive,  
And do believe,  
His gullet cured with brine :  
For he can neither thrive  
Nor live  
With throat unsoaked in wine.

When he is in a tow'ring rage,  
Would you affuage  
And make his wrath decline ?  
You've only got to make him taste,  
In haste,  
A pitcher of good wine.

If he would only not abate  
His good estate,  
When he drinks, I am glad :  
For all day long I duly prove  
His love,  
And we are never sad.

I have just tasted, once or twice,  
That wine so nice :  
And I say :—“ Long live wine ;  
“ Which does my husband's health improve,  
“ And love  
“ With wedded life entwine ! ”

## L.

Kind Sir, you need not fear  
That these good people here  
Could ruin you by a design  
On too much wine ;  
For cider only costeth us  
A Carolus.

*Quant est pour la chair,  
Il couste trop cher  
A traicter les gens de paons  
Et de phaisans.  
Aussi, pour garder ce pointé,  
N'en auons pointé.*

*Nous auons pourtant  
Tout nostre contant  
De metz, pour nostre repas,  
Bien delicatz ;  
Mais nous n'auons pas la faim  
De longue main.*

*Doncq, permettes nous,  
(Je parle pour tous)  
De n'espargner ce pomme  
Si bien aymé,  
Sauf a boire, sur la fin,  
Vn peu de vin.*

*Il vaut bien vrayment  
Son pesant d'argent.  
Or, ie ne fay plus de cas  
De tous ces platz ;  
Approchez plusloft le pot  
Pres de l'escot.*

*Je n'eusse chanté,  
Si ce n'eust esté  
Ce bon boire, qui bien vaut  
Qu'on chante hault  
En depit de nos voisins,  
Gens trop chagrins.*

*Mais qu'a ton perdu ?  
Ce qui leur est deu  
Les met en grand pensement  
Incessamment.*

As butcher-meat would come  
To a much larger sum,  
So peacocks, pheafants, for the pot  
Cannot be got :  
Neither, to settle that affair,  
Do we much care.

Yet not without a dish  
Are we, that fuits our wish,  
For our repast, elaborate  
And delicate ;  
Only we do not understand  
The hungry hand.

Then pray, permit us here,  
(For all, I crave your ear,)  
To spare not this good apple-wine,  
So very fine ;  
Sure that, at last, we shan't escape  
Some wine of grape.

Its worth I estimate  
At filver of like weight.  
I feel that now no more I care  
For all that fare ;  
Rather, say I, bring us the pot,  
Then pay the shot.

My voice I'd ne'er have raised  
But for that cider praised,  
To which doth rightfully belong  
A lusty song  
In despite of our neighbours' frown,—  
Folks too cast-down.

What is it they have lost ?  
They always dwell the most  
On what they ought by rights to have ;  
For ever grave.

*Que m'en chaut, si ic n'ay pas  
Tant de ducas ?*

*Cinq fois sont autant,  
Quand on est content,  
Et qu'on iette les ennuis  
Derriere l'huis,  
Que d'escus les faces tous pleins  
A ces vilains.*

*L'hoste, s'il vous plait,  
Voila vostre arrest :  
De vostre fidre on boira  
Tant qu'on voudra ;  
Nous nous tiendrons bien contans  
Pour les desspens.*

## LL.

*Ma femme se diet mal pourueue,  
Que ie perds les biens & la veue,  
A force de boire du bon ;  
Mais ne faut qu'elle s'en tourmente ;  
Car c'est vne chose excellente  
Qu'un venerable biberon.*

*On diet que ses ans il abbrege ;  
Ainquois il a grand privilege :  
Car, cependant qu'il boit d'autant,  
Il ne croint point que la pepie,  
Qui aux poulets ofte la vie,  
Le fasse mourir a l'instant.*

*Il n'est meurtrier ny sanguinaire :  
Car tout le feu de sa cholere,  
Beuant bien, il trame & destaine ;  
Mais que celiuy la on redoute,  
Qui ne beuant que goutte a goutte  
Frappe quand on n'y pense point.*

If scantier my ducats be,  
What is 't to me?

Five sous are as great store,—  
If men behind the door  
Would only cast their cares away,—  
As great, I fay,  
As are the bags all full of crowns  
Of those dull clowns.

For you, host ! if you please,  
The laws we make are these :—  
We'll drink your cider, *quantum suff.*  
And long enough,  
And feel that we with spirits gay  
The cost can pay.

### LI.

My wife complains of want of pelf,  
And says I waste fight, goods, myself,  
By drinking wine that's mellow ;  
She need not vex herself a jot :  
Because a venerable fot  
Is really a grand fellow.

They say that he'll abridge his days ;  
But then he gains in other ways :  
For, long as he keeps drinking,  
He fears not left dyspepsia,  
Which carries chickens off, they say,  
Will kill him too, unthinking.

He's not bloodthirstily inclined :  
For all the choler of his mind  
His long draughts quench and soften ;  
Him rather they have cause to fear,  
Who drinks a little there and here,  
And, unforeseen, strikes often.

*Helas ! que faitt vn paure yurongne ?  
 Il se couche & n'occit personne ;  
 Ou bien il dict propos ioyeux ;  
 Il ne songe pointt en vture.  
 Et ne faitt a personne iniure.  
 Beueur d'eau peut il faire mieux ?*

## LII.

*Mes bons seigneurs, ie pense, a mon aduis,  
 Que s'entre veko & visiter souuent,  
 C'est ce qui faitt tousiours les bons amis.  
 Vsons les vns des autres librement,  
 Et que chacun, sur ce boire excellent,  
 Laue son cuer de toute hypocrisie. . .  
 Aux Alemans bien boire est courtoisie.*

*En table, on est pour boire & pour manger,  
 Et son repas prendre ioyeusement.  
 Or fus ! afin de vous encourager,  
 Je vay le mien vuidre premierement.  
 C'est vn fourrier qui va tant seulement  
 Pour les autres le logis recongnoistre. . .  
 Tousiours ma soif ne cesse de renaistre.*

*Je voudrois bien en affaillir quelqu'un  
 De ceux qui vont, ce semble, rechignant.  
 Il faut laisser le chagrin importun,  
 A tout le moins a la table en beuant.  
 Cecy s'en va droit au Pont Ecoulant :  
 C'est a Guibray d'icy la droicte voie. . .  
 Que ce bon vin rafraischit bien le foye !*

## LIII.

*Mon cher soucy, o bouteille m'amie,  
 Secourez moy !  
 Vienne mouiller vostre douce liqueur  
 Mon gosier sec & garir ma pepie !  
 Enneouoy !*

Poor topers do but what they can ;  
 They go to bed, but slay no man ;  
     Or with gay converse end it.  
 They never dream of usury.  
 They do no one an injury.  
     Can water-drinkers mend it ?

## LII.

Kind Sirs, I venture to advise  
     That frequent visits greatly tend  
 To cause good friends to fraternise.  
     Let's visit, then, as friend with friend ;  
     And, in this fine wine, each attend  
 To wash off all hypocrisy :—  
 Drinking is German courtesy.

At table we should drink and eat,  
     And our repast take joyously.  
 To aid you by example meet,  
     My glass I'll empty instantly.  
     'Tis but a scout, who pryingly  
 Is by the rest sent on before.—  
 My thirst at once revives for more.

O were that thirst to him but sent  
     Who seems to grumble at his cheer !  
 Away with haunting discontent,  
     At least while we're carousing here.  
     To Pont-Ecoult this will steer :  
 To Guibray hence the shortest way.—  
 How this good wine doth thirst allay !

## LIII.

My bottle, my most trusty friend,  
     Be my ally !  
 Come, let thy dulcet liquor bleſs  
     My throat, and my dyspeſy end !  
     Enneovoy !

*Longtemps y a qu'a haute voix je crie :  
 " Secourez moy ! "  
 D'un peu de vin reconfortez mon cuer,  
 Ou aultrement ie vay perdre la vie. . .  
 Enneouoy !*

*Je suis armé contre mon ennemie :  
 Secourez moy !  
 Faîtes ainsi : servez moy de second !  
 Serez vous poinct, voisin, de la partie ?  
 Enneouoy !*

*Vn bon amy n'attend pas qu'on luy die :  
 " Secourez moy ! "  
 Vn verre plein, & fust il tres profond,  
 Je vuide bien, auant que l'on m'en prie.  
 Enneouoy !*

*Tirez vn coup, ayes l'ame hardie ;  
 Secourez moy !  
 Deia d'un coup que j'ay mis pres du cuer  
 Ma soif en a presque perdu la vie.  
 Enneouoy !*

*Mon cher desir, o bouteille m'amie,  
 Secourez-moy !  
 Vienne mouiller vostre douce liqueur  
 Mon goſier sec & garir ma pepie !  
 Enneouoy !*

## LIV.

*Meffieurs, maintenant delaïfiez  
 Tous vos procez.  
 Afez vous aurez d'autre temps  
 Pour d'auarice  
 Faire exercice  
 Sur les cliens.*

Long unto thee my cries ascend :  
“ Be my ally ! ”  
Cheer with some wine my heart’s distress,  
Else end my life and happiness.  
Enneovoy !

From foe I now myself defend :  
Be my ally !  
Be my stout second in the fight !  
My neighbour, won’t thou, too, attend ?  
Enneovoy !

True friend waits not till call we send,  
“ Be my ally ! ”  
Full glass, and deep, ’tis my delight,  
Unasked, at one good draught to end.  
Enneovoy !

With a fresh draught, fresh boldness blend :  
Be my ally !  
The draught will bring heart-happiness,  
And to my thirst destruction send.  
Enneovoy !

My bottle, well-beloved friend,  
Be my ally !  
Come, let thy dulcet liquor bless  
My throat, and my dyspepsy end !  
Enneovoy !

## LIV.

Cease, gentlemen, a little while,  
Your lawfuits’ guile.  
Sufficient time will yet remain  
For avarice  
To exercise,  
On clients, gain.

*Les aduocatz qui n'ont repos  
Sont mal dispos ;  
On les void bientost grisonner.  
Le perffonnage  
Qui est bien sage  
Ne veut plaider.*

*Je n'ayme point dillation  
Sur la boiffon.  
On ne prend point sur moy deffaut  
Ny contumace,  
A pleine tasse  
Quand boire il faut.*

*Mais il faut, quand j'ay beu mon pot,  
Payer l'escot.  
D'un client vous avez les fas,  
Qui vous deffraye,  
Et le vin paye,  
Qu'il ne boit pas.*

*Mais je ne suis pour censurer  
Vostre mestier ;  
Tous estatz tendant a l'argent.  
Ceste iournee  
Soit celebree  
Joyusement !*

*Feste qui vient au mois de may  
Rend le cœur gay ;  
Et puis voicy bonne liqueur :  
Qu'elle soit beue,  
Et qu'on salue  
Nostre majeur !*

*A vous, monsieur nostre majeur,  
De fort bon cuer !  
Prenez le mal que font les dens*

Those Advocates who never rest,  
Are souls unblest ;  
We see their hairs grow gray with speed.  
The personage  
Who is most sage,  
Will never plead.

No dilatory pleas love I,  
When drink I try.  
They don't catch me malingering,  
Nor outlaw found,  
When goblets round  
Have their full swing.

But, when I've turned my wine-pot o'er,  
How clear the score ?  
Your client's bags, crammed to the brim,  
Will you well pay ;  
And wine defray,  
Not drunk by him.

But I'm not here to disapprove  
The trade you love ;  
'Tis money governs ev'ry state.  
Let us, at least,  
This day with Feast  
Now celebrate.

A Festival that comes in May  
Makes the heart gay ;  
And here there is good wine for cheer :  
Quench, then, your thirst,  
Saluting first  
Our Major here !

To you, our Major, thus our love  
We gladly prove !  
Submit to toothache, if it bore,

*En patience,  
Et non vengeance  
Sur les diens.*

## LV.

*Ne hantant point le monde  
Je ne fay que resuer ;  
Ma femme au logis gronde  
Ne cessant de crier ;  
J'en suis melancholicque ;  
Mais pour fuir le chagrin  
Faut que ie communique  
Aueques mon voisin.*

*L'hyuer, durant la pluye,  
Au foir nous nous hantons ;  
Prez beau feu, la rostie  
Dans le vin nous trampons.  
Nous ne parlons d'affaires,  
Mais de discours plaisant,  
Cependant que les poires  
Et marrons vont cuisant.*

*Si le vin, apres rire,  
Nous deffault, volontiers  
Aux courts festus on tire  
A qui payra son tiers.  
Si scauons en tauerne  
Quelque bonne boisson,  
On dit : " Pren la lanterne,  
" Apportez en, garçon ! "*

*La voisine s'egaye,  
Et ne ride son front,  
Lorsque son mary paye  
Comme les aultres font.  
Elle sucre la poire,  
Disant le petit mot,*

Quite patiently :—  
Not cruelly  
To clients poor !

## LV.

Far from the world, my life  
In dreaminess goes by ;  
At home, my scolding wife  
Is ever in full cry ;  
In melancholy mood,  
Such weariness to mend,  
I feel it must be good  
To go and see my friend.

On rainy winter night  
Assembled, guests and host,  
By good fire's blazing light,  
In wine we dip the toast.  
We talk of no affairs,  
But jocund themes alone ;  
While chestnuts and the pears  
Are roasting on hearth-stone.

If, after mirth, our wine  
Run short, in pleasant way  
We draw straws, to divine  
Who for some more shall pay.  
If a good tap we know  
In tavern kept hard by,—  
“ Boy, take the lantern, go,  
“ Fetch hither some,”—we cry.

Our neighbour's wife is gay,  
Her forehead shows no frown,  
Although her husband pay,  
Like all the rest, cash down.  
She fugars o'er the pears,  
She chatters small-talk still ;

*Nous aide mesme a boire  
Et se met de l'escot.*

*Lorsque me preffe l'heure,  
Je retourne au logis ;  
Ma femme eft la qui pleure,  
Ainsi qu'il m'eft aduis,  
Et me ditz en cholere :  
" Que fay ie feule au lit ?  
" Eft il feant de boire  
" Ainsi jusqu'a minuict ? "*

*De peur d'avoir querelle,  
Et d'eftre martyre,  
Je me couche aupres d'elle,  
Faignant d'eftre alteré.  
Peu a peu ie la baife,  
Ne disant mot pourtant :  
Vne femme mauuaise  
On dompte en la flatant.*

*Meffieurs, ie vous suplie  
Que ie boyue a vous tous :  
Les femmes ie n'oublie,  
Car je crains leur couroux.  
Bon vin, quand ie me couche,  
Si j'auois ton pareil,  
Pour en lauer ma bouche,  
J'aurois vn bon sommeil.*

## LVI.

*Ne laifsons poinct fecher  
Le paſſage des viures.  
Mais que nous soyons yures,  
Nous nous irons coucher.*

Yea, she our drinking shares,—  
She pays with us the bill !

When late the hour appears,  
Returning to my home,  
My wife is there in tears,  
As I hear when I come.  
She greets me testily :—  
“ I lie a-bed, alone :  
“ Do you thus shamelessly  
“ Carouse till midnight’s gone ? ”

To save all angry stir,  
And shun a martyr’s fate,  
I lay me down by her,  
Feigning my thirst is great.  
Her, by and by, I kiss,  
But not a word say I :  
A termagant like this  
Is tamed by flattery.

My friends, I’m now inclined  
To drink to you all here ;  
I bear our wives in mind,  
Because their wrath I fear.  
Good wine ! when sleep I get,  
Had I some one like thee,  
My thirsting mouth to wet,  
Sound would my slumbers be !

## LVI.

Dry not the channel up  
Through which our food is led ;  
When drunk, we’ll go to bed  
After our master-cup.

*Noyans nobre soucy  
En ce doux d'Agorie,  
Beuuons tous, ie vous prie,  
A l'hoste que voicy !*

*Il n'a point<sup>z</sup> de regret  
Au fidre qu'il nous donne ;  
En eust il une tonne,  
Il l'abandonneroit.*

*Voulez vous rien mander  
La bas a la riuiere ?  
Y avez vous affaire ?  
Les trippes vay lauer.*

*O soulas des gosiers,  
O tres bon ius de pomme !  
Prions pour le bon homme  
Qui planta les pommiers.*

## LVII.

*Nous sommes vne grande trouuppe  
D'infortunes,  
Qui, pour auoir trop mis la couuppe  
Deffoubz le nez,  
Sommes malades au cerueau  
Du mal de pippe,  
Qui prend ceux qui breuage d'eau  
Ne mettent dans leur trippes.*

*On nous dist : Comme de nature  
Le scorpion  
Mesme est bon contre sa blesseure  
Pour garison ;  
Qu'il faut retourner aux bons vins  
Comme a la beste  
Qui nous a mis ces tintouins  
Et ce mal dans la teste.*

Let us our sorrows drown  
In this sweet D'Agorie ;  
To our host's welfare, we  
Will swallow bumpers down.

Not at all does he grieve  
Over his cider-cask ;  
Nor, of a tun, would ask  
That we a drop should leave.

Down at yon river-side  
Do you no errand need ?  
Thither I'll now proceed  
To wash my inner-side.

Throat-solace, hail to thee,  
Apple-juice, dear to thirst !  
Pray for his foul, who first  
Planted the apple-tree !

### LVII.

We're a great troop, alas !  
Oppressed by many woes,  
Because we've held the glass  
Too oft beneath our nose ;  
Such qualms our brain confuse,  
As strike, from pipes of wines,  
Those who no water use  
Within their intestines.

As scorpion, (they say),  
Is naturally fure  
His venom to allay  
By sympathetic cure,  
So we must seek again  
Good wine, the beast that bred  
In us this aching pain,  
This buzzing in the head.

*Cest le sujet pourquoy nous sommes  
Venus de loing.  
Secourez donc ces pauvres hommes  
En leur besoing,  
Et nous donnes, pour nous garir,  
Ce bon breuvage,  
Qui redonne plus de plaisir  
Qu'il n'a fait de dommage.*

*Loge, bon vin, en ma poitrine,  
Entre chez moy !  
Puisque me fers de medecine  
Quand ie te boy !  
Qui me verra tout avaller  
Ne s'en estonne !  
Il ne se faut point espargner  
Pour guarir sa personne.*

## LVIII.

*N'approche, auarice chiche,  
De ma table aucunement :  
Tu fis mourir pourrement  
Mon voisin, quoy qu'il fust riche.  
Riche auare est peu de cas :  
Non, ie ne le feray pas.*

*Dedans sa maison fermee  
Tous les iours il se cachoit ;  
Sa cheminée il bouchoit,  
Craignant perdre la fumée.  
Riche auare est peu de cas :  
Non, ie ne le feray pas.*

*Il portoit a sa ceinture  
Ses souliers qu'il espargnoit ;  
De son poil il referroit  
Et des ongles la rongneure.  
Riche auare est peu de cas :  
Non, ie ne le feray pas.*

That is the reason why  
 We poor men come from far.  
 Give, then, your charity  
 To us who patients are,  
 And grant us for our cure  
 That goodly liquid charm,  
 Which, if it hurt, will, sure,  
 Far more than heal the harm.

Lodge in my breast, good wine,  
 O enter into me,  
 Serving as medicine  
 When I resort to thee !  
 Let him who fees me take  
 The whole, be not surprised !  
 Since, for my person's sake,  
 Self must be sacrificed.

## LVIII.

Vile avarice, get hence !  
 My table come not nigh :  
 Thou madest my neighbour die,  
 Though rich, in indigence ;  
 Out on a wealthy miser !  
 No, no : I will be wiser.

He every day would use  
 In his clofed houfe to hide ;  
 He stopped his chimney wide,  
 Left he the smoke should lose.  
 Out on a wealthy miser !  
 No, no : I will be wiser.

His shoes, their soles to spare,  
 He at his girdle wore ;  
 Nail-parings he would store,  
 And croppings of his hair.  
 Out on a wealthy miser !  
 No, no : I will be wiser.

*S'il donnoit, au jour de feste,  
A deux paouures un denier,  
Ce n'estoit sans regniger ;  
Encor demandoit son refle.  
Riche auare est peu de cas :  
Non, ie ne le feray pas.*

*Pour ne perdre l'eau salte  
Du merlut, quand il bouilloit,  
De la souuppe il en faisoit  
Dont il passoit la journée.  
Riche auare est peu de cas :  
Non, ie ne le feray pas.*

*D'estrain & de chaneuotte  
Se chauffoit tous les hyuers :  
Il eust vendu volontiers  
La graisse de sa calotte.  
Riche auare est peu de cas :  
Non, ie ne le feray pas.*

*Mais, quant est de son breuuage,  
Ayant vin a plein tonneau,  
Il ne beuuoit que de l'eau.  
S'il est mort, est ce dommage ?  
Riche auare est peu de cas :  
Non, ie ne le feray pas.*

*Cecy serue d'exemplaire !  
Et beuuons sans chicheté  
Bon vin pur pour la santé,  
Tel qu'il est né de sa mere.  
Riche auare est peu de cas :  
Non, ie ne le feray pas.*

### LIX.

*N'abregeons point nostre vie  
Par trop nous attedier :  
Cent ans de melancholie  
Ne payront pas un denier.*

If, on a festal day,  
    He gave two poor one mite,  
    He, grudging, would delight  
To make them change repay.  
Out on a wealthy miser !  
No, no : I will be wiser.

To save the ley saline  
    Of stockfish, when he boiled,  
    At soup thereof he toiled,  
And but on it would dine.  
Out on a wealthy miser !  
No, no ; I will be wiser.

Hemp-litter, void of sap,  
    Warmed him in winter's cold :  
    He gladly would have fold  
The grease of his skull-cap.  
Out on a wealthy miser !  
No, no ; I will be wiser.

Then, for his drink, instead  
    Of his well-filled wine-cask,  
    Water alone he'd ask.  
'Tis a good thing he's dead.  
Out on a wealthy miser !  
No, no : I will be wiser.

Let him a warning be !  
    And let us well incline  
    To quaff good wholesome wine,  
Pure-born of vintage-tree.  
Out on a wealthy miser !  
No, no : I will be wiser.

## LIX.

Short life do not consume  
    In dismal hankering :  
    An hundred years of gloom  
Will not one penny bring.

*Attendons a rechigner,  
Quand nous serons malades,  
Qu'on viendra nous ordonner  
Des breuvages si fades.*

*Ores, que sommes alaigres,  
Et en santi, Dicu mercy,  
Laiffons la ces sildres aigres ;  
Je trouue bon cestuy cy.  
Il est fain & chauld aussi  
Au ventre & a la bouche :  
Aussi l'hoste que voicy  
En boit, quand il se couche.*

*Il traicte la compaignie  
Certes asse proprement.  
Si nous estoions a la pluye,  
Nous serions bien pirement.  
Je hay naturellement  
L'orage & la tourmente.  
Mais le vin incontinent  
M'en oste l'espouuante.*

*L'eau qui nourrit la grenouille,  
Me refroidit trop les dens ;  
J'ayme mieux qu'elle me mouille  
Par dehors que par dedans.  
A vous, monsieur de ceans !  
Plezes moy, je vous prie :  
Voicy vn doux passe tems,  
Mais qu'il ne vous ennuye.*

## LX.

*Nous sommes trop long tems icy ;  
J'ay peur qu'il vous ennuye !  
Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuye !*

Put off your looking ill  
Till doctors shall prescribe :  
You then will have your fill,  
But nauseous draughts imbibe.

But now, while we are gay,  
With, thank God ! no disease,  
Those four drinks cast away ;  
This cider does me please.  
'Tis found, and warm it makes  
The mouth, and eke the chest :  
'Tis what our landlord takes  
When he retires to rest.

He treats the company,  
I'm sure, to all that's right ;  
Out in the rain we'd be  
In very much worse plight.  
By nature I detest  
The storm and hurricane ;  
But wine is quickly blest  
In calming me again.

Water will frogs sustain,  
But makes my teeth to grin :  
I like it to remain  
Outside me, not within.  
Good health, my friend, to thee !  
Pledge me with heartiness.  
'Tis pleasant pastime ; free,  
I trust, of weariness ?

## LX.

Too long we have stayed here ;  
You're tired of us, I fear !  
Let's take our leave ; you're tired of us, I fear !

*Monsieur nostre hoste, grand mercy !*  
*Nous sommes trop long temps icy :*  
*Monsieur nostre hoste, grand mercy !*  
*Couurez vous, ie vous prie !*  
*Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !*

*Vous avez par trop grand soucy,*  
*Nous sommes trop long temps icy :*  
*Vous avez par trop grand soucy*  
*Traicté la compagnie.*  
*Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !*

*A vous, du reste que voicy !*  
*Nous sommes trop long temps icy :*  
*A vous du reste que voicy !*  
*Il est fol qui s'oublie !*  
*Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !*

*S'il vous plaist, vous ferez ainsi !*  
*Nous sommes trop long temps icy !*  
*S'il vous plaist, vous ferez ainsi !*  
*Chacun vous en supplie.*  
*Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !*

## LXI.

*Nous sommes armés comme il fault :*  
*A l'arme ! a l'affaut ! a l'affault !*  
*Nous sommes armés comme il fault :*  
*Chacun monstre ce qu'il scait faire !*

*Il semble que le cuer vous fault :*  
*A l'arme ! a l'affault ! a l'affault !*  
*Il semble que le cuer vous fault,*  
*Car vous faictes piteuse chere.*  
*Nous sommes armés comme il fault :*  
*Chacun monstre ce qu'il scait faire !*

*La trompette a sonné bien hault :*  
*A l'arme ! a l'affault ! a l'affault !*

Best thanks, our landlord dear !  
 (Too long we have stayed here) :  
 Best thanks, our landlord dear !  
 I beg your hat you'll wear.

Let's take our leave ; you're tired of us, I fear !

You have, as we can fwear,  
 (Too long we have stayed here) :  
 You have, as we can fwear,  
 Regaled us far and near.

Let's take our leave ; you're tired of us, I fear !

Your health, with what's left there !  
 (Too long we have stayed here) :  
 Your health, with what's left there !  
 'Twere foolish to forbear !

Let's take our leave ; you're tired of us, I fear !

Pray do fo, with like cheer !  
 (Too long we have stayed here) :  
 Pray do fo, with like cheer !  
 Each one entreats you here.

Let's take our leave ; you're tired of us, I fear !

### LXI.

We are armed against all harms.  
 To arms ! to arms ! charge ! to arms !  
 We are armed against all harms :  
 Each one show how he can fight !

You appear to feel alarms :  
 To arms ! to arms ! charge ! to arms !  
 You appear to feel alarms,  
 Judging by your appetite.  
 We are armed against all harms :  
 Each one show how he can fight !

Hark ! the trumpet sounds to arms :  
 To arms ! to arms ! charge ! to arms !

*La trompette a sonné bien hault,  
Encor premier nous faut il boire !  
Nous sommes armés comme il fault :  
Chacun monstre ce qu'il sait faire !*

*Nous en aurons le cuer plus chault ;  
A l'arme ! a l'affault ! a l'affault !  
Nous en aurons le cuer plus chault,  
Et vaincrons mieux nostre aduersaire.  
Nous sommes armés comme il fault :  
Chacun monstre ce qu'il sait faire !*

*A vn j'ay fait faire vn beau fault !  
A l'arme ! a l'affault ! a l'affault !  
A vn, j'ay fait faire vn beau fault !  
Vous en ferez en la maniere.  
Nous sommes armés comme il fault :  
Chacun monstre ce qu'il sait faire !*

## LXII.

*Ostes moy ce medecin  
Qui veult que de l'eau ie boyue  
Et que ie quiele le vin,  
Vne liqueur si souefue !  
Pensant ainsi me garir  
Il me veut faire mourir.*

*L'eau est a mon naturel  
Vn element tout contraire ;  
Et ce medecin cruel  
Me vient conseiller d'en boire !  
Fy, fy de son recipe !  
Je n'y seray plus trompé !*

*Si ce meschant i'eufse creu,  
Las ! ie serois mort tout roidde ;  
Si seulement i'eufse beu  
Sa ptisane & son eau froidde.*

Hark ! the trumpet sounds to arms !  
 We must drink before we fight !  
 We are armed against all harms :  
 Each one show how he can fight !

Now our heart with courage warms.  
 To arms ! to arms ! charge ! to arms !  
 Now our heart with courage warms,  
 And the foe we'll put to flight.  
 We are armed against all harms :  
 Each one show how he can fight !

I've brought down one of their swarms !  
 To arms ! to arms ! charge ! to arms !  
 I've brought down one of their swarms !  
 Do the same, and you'll do right.  
 We are armed against all harms :  
 Each one show how he can fight !

## LXII.

Send off that physician of mine  
 Who orders me water to take,  
 And bids me give over my wine,  
 Which my thirst would pleasantly slake.  
 Thus thinking my illness to cure,  
 He'd very soon kill me, I'm sure.

For water an element is  
 Entirely discordant with me ;  
 Yet that cruel counsel of his  
 Prescribes it my potion to be !  
 His *Recipe* how I abhor !  
 I won't be deceived any more !

If I had put faith in that knave,  
 Alas ! I'd been stiff under mould ;  
 'Tis well I ne'er took what he gave,—  
 His tisane, and water so cold.

*Quand ce bon vin j'ay gousté,  
J'ay recouert ma santé.*

*Beuant du bon, ie ne crains  
Jamais vne maladie ;  
En depit des medecins,  
Je viuray toute ma vie.  
Je scay bien ce qui m'est bon :  
J'en boy a vous, compaignon !*

## LXIII.

*On va disant que j'ay fait vne amie,  
Mais je n'en ay encore poinct d'envie :  
Je ne scay pas a bien pindariser :  
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'un baiser.*

*Quand j'aurois beu, elle voyant ma trongne  
M'iroit disant : "Je ne veux poinct d'urongne :  
"Je veux amy plus propre a courtizer."  
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'un baiser.*

*Tous mes deuis seroient de beuuerie ;  
Et, quand on a maistresse assez iolie,  
D'autres discours il luy conuient vser.  
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'un baiser.*

*Faisant l'amour, ie ne scaurois rien dire  
Ny rien chanter, sinon vn Vaudeuire.  
Ce seroit trop vne fille abuser :  
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'un baiser.*

*Je m'en vay boire a celles qui cherissent  
Ceux qui de vin, non d'eau, leurs cors remplissent.  
Ce sont ceux la qu'on deburoit mieux priser.  
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'un baiser.*

As soon as I taste this good wine,  
Fresh vigour recovered is mine.

If good wine I drink, I can dare  
To baffle disease, never fear !  
And, spite of all medical care,  
I'll live all my life in good cheer.  
I know what is wholesome for me :  
And drink it, my comrade, to thee !

## LXIII.

They often tell me I've a sweethearth got,  
But as it is, as yet I want one not :  
A fine Pindaric bard I could not be :  
Drinking is sweeter than a kiss to me.

When I had drunk, she would espy my state,  
And would keep saying,—“I a drunkard hate :  
“I like a swain more fit for gallantry.”  
Drinking is sweeter than a kiss to me.

My gossip all to drinking-bouts would tend ;  
And if one have a very lovely friend,  
One ought to talk in quite another key.  
Drinking is sweeter than a kiss to me.

In courtship, I should ignorant appear,  
Nor could I sing, save but a Vau-de-Vire ;  
Treating a maiden far too slightingly :  
Drinking is sweeter than a kiss to me.

Those girls I now will toast, whose loves incline  
To water-drinking less than drinking wine :  
'Tis they who ought the more esteemed to be.  
Drinking is sweeter than a kiss to me.

## LXIV.

*O tintamare plaisant  
Et doucement resonnant  
Des tonneaux que l'on relie !  
Signe qu'on boira d'autant !  
Cela me fait ressourir.  
O belle harmonie !  
Las ! sans toy, j'allois mourir  
De melancholie.*

*Comme moy, tout bon beuueur  
Au maillet & au chasseur  
Met les deux mains sans vergongne,  
Et s'employe de bon cuer  
A releuer ses tonneaux,  
Et luy mesme congne ;  
Pour remplir tost ses vaisseaux,  
Haste la besongne.*

*Vignes sans fruit & pommiers  
Auoient dedans noz gosiers  
Trop laissé la sechereffe  
Et aux tonneaux & celiers.  
Cest an, par fertilité,  
Nous donne largeffe :  
Ne crions plus la cherté.  
A vous, nostre hosteffe !*

*Voicy bon fidre nouveau.  
Je croy qu'il est fait sans eau :  
Il est chauld a la fourcelle,  
Et donne jusqu'au cerueau.  
Le Dameret excellent  
Ha la couleur telle.  
Si j'en beuuois bien souuent,  
Faudroit la hardelle.*

## LXIV.

O resonance most sweet,  
Glad din of casks complete  
With hoops which men apply !  
Sound with much drink replete !  
I'm filled with ecstasy.

O lovely harmony !  
Alas ! without thee, I should die  
Of sheer melancholy.

Each drinker, good as I,  
Does mallet, chisel try,  
And, in unblushing-wise,  
Both hands in carpentry  
Employ, to hoop his casks.

His axe his own arm plies ;  
Hogsheads well filled, and soon, he asks,  
Intent on such a prize.

Bare apple-trees, bare vines,  
Had left our throats the signs  
Of thirst from over-drought ;  
Casks, cellars, drained of wines.  
This year's fertility

With wealth to us is fraught :  
Don't any more cry scarcity ;  
Hostess ! your health is sought.

Here's cider, prime and new ;  
I think, no water-brew :  
It warms the throat like fire,  
And brain ; a cordial true.  
Such tints, so bright and soft,

Good Damerets attire.  
Were I to drink it very oft,  
A sweetheart I'd desire.

*Au prix d'antan, vn chacun  
Dicit qu'on ha trois potz pour vn.  
Bon marché ! pour vne chose  
Qui donne vn si bon parfum !  
Je trouue en toy plus d'odeur  
Qu'au musq & la rose.  
Baise moy, mon paouure cuer ;  
Et de moy dispose !*

## LXV.,

*On plante des pommiers aux bors  
Des cymetieres, pres des mors,  
Pour nous remettre en la mæmoire  
Que ceux, dont la gisent les cors,  
Ont aymé comme nous a boire.*

*Si doncq de nos predeceſſeurs  
Il nous fault ensuyure les mœurs  
Ne souffrons que la foif nous tue :  
Beuuons des pommiers les liqueurs  
Ou bien de la plante tortue.*

*Pommiers, croiffans aux enuirons  
Des tombeaux des bons biberons,  
Qui ont aymé voſtre breuuage,  
Puiffions nous, tandis que viurons,  
Vous veoir charges de bon fruitage !*

*Ne songeons plus aux trespasses ;  
Soyons gens de bien, c'eſt aſſez ;  
Au ſurplus, il faut viure en ioye.  
Que feruent les biens amassés,  
Au beſoing qui ne les emploie ?*

## LXVI.

*Or fus, beuuons ! Que nous fert de plorer ?  
En attendant qu'on oye publier  
La douce patience,  
Il faut de ce bon vin lauer fa conſcience.*

Three pots for one, they state,  
 Compared with last year's rate.  
 Cheap ! for what yields the nose  
 A scent so delicate !  
 Fragrance I find in thee  
 More than in musk or rose.  
 Poor darling sweetheart, come, kiss me,  
 And of myself dispose !

## LXV.

Apple-trees are grown beside  
 Churchyards where the dead abide,  
 That we may be kept in mind  
 How those mortals, ere they died,  
 Drank like those they've left behind.

If we do, then, as we ought,  
 What our predecessors taught,  
 Let not thirst us ever kill.  
 Drink we juice from orchards brought,  
 Or from plant of vine-wreathed hill.

O ye apple-trees, around  
 Tombs of worthy topers found,  
 Who of yore esteemed your juice,  
 May we see, alive and found,  
 You fair fruitages produce !

Dream not of those now no more ;  
 Be virtuous ; 'tis ample store ;  
 So live all your days in joy.  
 What avails the hoarded ore,  
 Which men do not well employ ?

## LXVI. .

Come, come, let us drink ! of what comfort are tears ?  
 While waiting to welcome the herald who bears  
 The news of sweet truce,  
 Absolve we our conscience with this good grape-juice.

*Car aussi bien que seruiront nos biens !  
 Aux heritiers on laisse des moyens  
 Dont ils font chere lie :  
 Faisons la, cependant que nous sommes en vie.*

*Ne soyons point si vilains & hagards,  
 Que de laisser ce bon vin aux soldards  
 Qui nous font tant d'outrage !  
 Sils le beuuoient sans nous, ce seroit grand dommage.*

*Laissons, voisin, ces meffieurs deuiser :  
 Je boiray tout, si tu me veux plegier ;  
 Mais apres, n'en fay double,  
 Tu sortiras dehors, si tu en laisses goutte.*

*On ne diroit qu'une mouche y eust beu :  
 Or, boy, ainsi que boire tu m'as veu,  
 En depit de la guerre ;  
 Cela ne nuira point a ceux qui sont en terre.*

## LXVII.

*O gentil ioly mois de may,  
 Qui es le plus beau de l'annee,  
 Ta dix & neufiesme journee,  
 Dy moy quand ie la reuoiray,  
 Celle qui est tant a mon gré !*

*La feste qui fait oubliez  
 Les proces aux gens de practice,  
 Pour vuider vn verre authanticue,  
 Nettoyans leur plaideur gosier  
 Tont rauque a force de crier.*

*Que les auares aduocas  
 Gaignent a se rompre la teste :  
 Pourueu qui ie sois de leur feste,  
 Certes ne me souciray pas  
 De leurs proces ny de leurs fes.*

For pray of what use will our property be ?  
We leave it to heirs, who in revels make free

Our savings to spend :

Let's do so ourselvess, ere we come to our end.

Don't let us such villains and haggards be found  
As leave this good wine to the plunderers round,

Who outrage us so :

That they drank it without us, 'twere pity to know.

Such gentry may plot, and may plan, my good friend :  
If you will but pledge me, I'll drink to the end :

But then, without doubt,

If you leave a drop in, you will soon be put out.

You swallow so little, you drink like a fly :  
You've seen me drink often,—do you drink as I,

In spite of war-strife ;

It won't hurt the fallen, no longer in life.

### LXVII.

O sweet and lovely month of May !  
The fairest that in all the year  
Comes round, to me be pleased to say  
How soon once more thy nineteenth day  
Shall dawn, a day to me so dear ?

The Feast, when counsellors resign  
Their law, and practice abrogate,  
To quaff authentic flask of wine,  
And lave their throats, which pleadings fine  
Had rendered hoarse with shrill debate.

Let Advocates who lust for gold  
Make lucre of their bawling task :  
I certainly shall lightly hold  
Their bags, and briefs which they enfold,  
If to their Feast they will me ask.

*Mieux vaut vider & affaillir  
Un pot qu'un proces difficile.  
Au moins cela m'est plus utile ;  
Car les proces me font vieillir :  
Le bon vin me faict rajeunir.*

*A un bon biberon jamais  
Calotte en teste ne fut veue.  
A vous, messieurs de la cohue !  
Failles ainsi, & me pleges,  
Et plus ne vous entre manges.*

## LXVIII.

*Puisque bon temps ne dure plus,  
Je veux le siecle habandonner :  
En un monastere reclus  
Mes jours il me faut confiner,  
Ou ceux qui le vin vont crier  
Je ne puisse ouir ny entendre ;  
Car, pour mon vieil amy trouuer,  
Faudroit le froc quicler ou vendre.*

*Tous les droles, mes compaignons,  
Quand d'eux me viendra souuenir,  
Auront part en mes oraisons ;  
Mais de vin s'il fault s'abstenir,  
Helas ! on me voira gemir,  
N'en beuant a leur souuenance :  
Mais pourray ie pointe obténir  
Pour cest effect quelque dispence ?*

*Au couuent encor ie ne suis ;  
De cecy ie puis bien gouster :  
J'en vay boire a vous, mes amis !  
Dieux moy : " Grand mercy, frater ! "  
Las ! comme pourray ie quicler  
Vne si douce compaignie ?  
Et qui viendra reconforter  
Au couuent ma dolente vie ?*

"Tis better to affail and drain  
 A wine-pot than a stiff law case.  
 Law-suits make me grow old amain,—  
 The good wine makes me young again ;—  
 Let me, at least, the wine embrace !

No true boon comrade e'er was found  
 With covered head. In mode polite,  
 Hats off !—Law gentlemen all round,  
 Your healths !—And pledge me as you're bound ;—  
 And,—don't each other tear and bite !

## LXVIII.

Since sorry times are rife,  
 Recluse I mean to dwell :  
 And pass my monkish life  
 In monastery cell,  
 Where I can't hear nor see  
 The criers of the wine ;  
 Nor, till from cowl set free,  
 Rejoin that friend of mine.

All my companions rare,  
 When thoughts of them cross me,  
 My orisons will share ;  
 But if wine there can't be,  
 Alas ! they'll see me moan  
 Over the vacant pot :—  
 Could not for me alone  
 Be dispensation got ?

My convent life here ends :  
 I well can taste this wine :  
 I drink to you : my friends,  
 Say ;—“ *Frater*, thanks be thine.”  
 Alas ! how could I leave  
 So sweet a company ?  
 In convent, did I grieve,  
 Who'd soothe my misery ?

*Voila le fonds tout apparent :  
 Voyez : je n'y ay rien laissé.  
 Ce seroit dommage vrayment  
 Que ce beau verre fust cassé  
 Par quelque valet insensé,  
 Ou chambrière mal apprise.  
 Bon vin en verre bien rancé  
 Boire d'autant ! c'est ma deuse !*

## LXIX.

*Puisque, beaux basiliés, qui tuez par la veue,  
 Je tiens ma liberté que j'estimois perdue,  
 Beaux yeux, affeurez vous qu'on ne me voira pas  
 Retomber en vos lacs !*

*L'experience ores me deburoit faire sage :  
 On exite les lieux ou l'on a fait naufrage.  
 Sage n'est le marchand qui est encor allé  
 Par ou l'on Pa volt.*

*Pour n'y retomber pointé, que me fault il donc faire !  
 Est ce pointé le meilleur de ne songer qu'a boire,  
 Si ces beueurs, lesquels sont tousiours sur le vin,  
 N'ont pointé l'amour au sein ?*

*Pour chasser cest amour, lequel me fantasie,  
 Je ne veux espargner ny vin ny Maluoisie,  
 Me deuyt il faire mal ! Petit mal j'ayme fort,  
 Qui plus grand mal endort.*

*J'ayme mieux employer en beuuettes gentilles  
 L'argent qu'il faudroit mettre a courtiser les filles.  
 Vn beau tainct rouge & frais par Bacchus on acquerit ;  
 Par Venus, on le pert.*

I've drained it now. In fact,  
 Nothing is left within.  
 To have that fair glass cracked,  
 Were truly a great sin,  
 By lacquey,—stupid ass!—  
 Or maid, not over-nice:—  
*“Good wine, in well-rinsed glass,*  
*“Drink out!”*—is my device!

## LXIX.

Since, beauteous basilisks, who by a single glance can kill,  
 My liberty, which I thought lost, I find is with me still,  
 Bright eyes, be sure that ne'er again for me need any net  
 Henceforth by you be fet.

Experience henceforth, I know, will render me more wise;  
 We dread the place where shipwreck lately lost our merchandise:  
 That merchant is not sage who would the pathway travel o'er  
 Where he was robbed before.

What then have I to do, to try of damage to beware?  
 Would not the wisest plan be found, for drink alone to care,  
 If those good fellows who the joys of wine do always prove,  
 Have hearts secure from love?

To exile far away this love, which grieves my fantasy,  
 I will not spare the best of wine, nor yet of Malvoisie;  
 Can that hurt me? If so, I far prefer a little ill,  
 If it the greater kill.

I'd rather use in pleasent taverns, of the better sort,  
 The money which I should expend were I fair girls to court;  
 For Bacchus gives the rosy tint and countenance of joy,  
 Which Venus would destroy.

## LXX.

*Plusieurs, en se scandalisant  
De nos chansons du Vau de Vire,  
Secrettement s'en vont disant  
Qu'elles ne font que nous induire  
A boire d'autant & a rire  
Et faire en table maint excés.  
Mais telles gens, qui ne font que mesdire,  
Sur rien fonderoient vn procés.*

*Quand vn Vaudeuire est chanté,  
A boire on ne constraint personne,  
Sil n'a soif & nécessité.  
Je suis d'aduis que l'on ordonne,  
Pour ces gens qui trouuent l'eau bonne,  
Et veulent sur tout censurer,  
Ayant chanté, que pour boire on leur donne  
De l'eau, de peur de s'enjurer.*

*Quand nous disons vne chanson,  
Qui de boire nous admoneste,  
De peur qu'en aucune façon  
Le vin ne nous trouble la teste,  
Honnestement faisons requeste  
Qu'on ait a nous en dispenser,  
Or n'en beuuons, finon vne goutette,  
Si de boire on nous veut presser.*

*L'autheur de ces chansons icy  
Ne les fist pour contraindre a boire,  
Mais pour chasser de luy soucy,  
Quand il n'efloit a l'auditoire.  
Il ne pensoit rendre notoire.  
Son nom, quand il les composoit :  
Au moins, messieurs, ne blasmes sa mæmoire,  
Si quelque yurongne en abusoit.*

## LXX.

Some furly perfons, menacing diſgrace  
To our poor carols of the Vau-de-Vire,  
In ſecret whisper all about the place  
That they teach nothing elfe than, as they hear,  
To drink too much, and make too merry cheer,  
And, when at table, to commit excefſ.  
But ſuch folks, who do nothing elfe than fineer,  
Would found, on no good grounds, litigiousneſſ.

When Vau-de-Vire is fung in company,  
No gueſt is ever unto drink constrained,  
If he thirſt not, nor feel neceſſity.  
I think, indeed, that it ſhould be ordained,  
For thoſe who water's virtues haſe maintained,  
And ſeek, above all things, to ban and blame,  
That when they've fung, pure water ſhould be drained  
By them. They won't get drunk upon the fame.

When we, too, ſing a hearty drinking-song,  
Admoniſhing us ſtill to drink the beſt,  
Left any-wife, in any fashion wrong,  
Our head might by the liquor be oppreſſed,  
We make, in loyal manner, our request  
That we may be excused, of courteſy :  
Or drink, at moſt, but a mere drop, if preſſed,  
Out of politeneſſ and civility.

The author of theſe ſongs which here you find,  
Compoſed them, not to teach debauchery,  
But to chafe care from his own lonely mind  
When he was abſent from the company.  
He never dreamed of notoriety,  
When ſo he wrote them, for his humble name :  
So, Sirs, at leaſt don't charge his memory,  
If drunkard ſhould abuse them, with ſuch blame.

## LXXI.

*Que Noé fut vn patriarche digne !  
Car ce fut lui qui nous planta la vigne  
Et beut premier le ius de son raisin.  
O le bon vin !*

*Mais tu estois, Lycurgue, mal habile,  
Qui ne voulus qu'on beuſt vin en ta ville.  
Je ne scay pas ou tendoit ton dessein,  
O le bon vin !*

*Qui boit bon vin, il fait bien la besongne.  
On voit souuent vieillir vn bon yurongne,  
Et mourir jeune un sçauant medecin.  
O le bon vin !*

*Le vin n'est pointé de ces mauuaise breuuages  
Qui beus par trop font faillir les courages :  
J'ay, quand j'en boy, le courage herculin.  
O le bon vin !*

*Puisque Noé, vn si fainé personnage,  
De boire bien nous a montré l'usage,  
Je boiray tout. Fay comme moy, voisin !  
O le bon vin !*

## LXXII.

*Que l'on fasse cel' eau feruir  
Ou a faire le pot bouillir,  
Ou a tramper la mourue !  
Icy n'en entrera ia !  
L'eau le monde submergea,  
Et la terre en fut perdue.*

*Qu'on en arrouse le iardin !  
Mais d'en aller gaster ce vin,  
Seroit ce pas grand' offence ?*

## LXXI.

Noah was truly a patriarch good !  
Planting the vine after days of the flood,  
He the first drank his own grape-liquor fine.  
O the good wine !

But, O Lycurgus, how foolish wert thou,  
Wine in thy city who didst disallow,—  
What upon earth could have been thy design ?  
O the good wine !

He who drinks good wine doth happiness seize.  
Jolly old topers oft live at their ease,  
While he dies young who pores over med'cine.  
O the good wine !

Wine is no liquid of qualities queer,  
Which in excess will make gallant men fear.  
Drinking it, Hercules' courage is mine.  
O the good wine !

Since such a holy man taught us the lore  
How to drink well, I will drink all the more.  
Pray let my practice, O neighbour, be thine.  
O the good wine !

## LXXII.

Be this water put to use  
Kettle-boiling to produce,  
Or to steep salt codfish in !  
Here shall none of it be found !  
For by it the world was drowned,  
And the earth destroyed for fin.

Fill the garden wat'ring-pot  
With it ; but this wine spoil not.  
That would be a high offence.

*Quand ie boy le vin tout pur,  
C'est tout vn : ie n'ay pas peur  
Que pour ce ma femme tance.*

*C'est, c'est mon vray rossignolet,  
Qu'vn crieur de bon vin clairet :  
L'eau ne fait que mal au ventre.  
Quel bien fait elle aux goſiers,  
Qui n'en fait pas aux ſouliers  
Et bottes, quand ell' y entre ?*

*Que l'on fasse cet' eau feruir  
Ou a faire le pot bouillir,  
Ou a trumper la mourue !  
Icy n'en entrera ia.  
L'eau le monde ſubmergea,  
Et la terre en fut perdue.*

### LXXIII.

*Qui eſt comme moy bon beueur  
Ne crainſt tant trouuer vn voleur  
Comme vn mauuais breuage :  
Car d'vn voleur on fe deſſend ;  
Mais celuy qui mauuais vin prend  
Perd bien toſt tout courage.*

*Je voudrois, mauuais vin beuant,  
Me veoir la gorge au meſme inſtant  
Bien courte deuenue ;  
Mais, quand le bon vin je boirois,  
Que le col i'eufſe encor trois fois  
Auffi long qu'une grue.*

*Quant a l'eau ne me parlez point  
D'en boire, ſi n'y ſuis contrainſt,  
Ou ſi ne ſuis hermite ;  
Encor faudroit il quelquefois  
Que vin ie beufſe dans les bois,  
Ou ie mourois bien vife.*

When the wine I drink is pure,  
Then I dread not to endure  
My wife's scolding virulence.

He's true nightingale of mine,  
Who sings out good rosy wine :  
Water-drink the stomach hates.  
Why should throats that fluid use,  
Which does harm to boots and shoes,  
When inside it penetrates ?

Be this water put to use  
Kettle-boiling to produce ;  
Or to steep salt codfish in !  
Here let none of it be found !  
For by it the world was drowned,  
And the earth destroyed for sin.

### LXXIII.

He who, like me, drinks well and long,  
Fears less to meet with robber-wrong  
Than with bad tap of wine :  
Against a robber we can fight ;  
But him who drinks bad liquor, fright  
Soon brings to woe condign.

I wish, when drinking wine that's bad,  
That my throat on a sudden had  
Become of shortest strain ;  
But when I drink of wine that's nice,  
Then I could wish my neck were thrice  
As long as that of crane.

For water-drinking, don't to me  
Speak of it, unless forced I be,  
Or I as hermit live ;  
And even then, unless I should  
Drink wine sometimes amid the wood,  
I could not long survive.

*Je scay bien que ie bois des mieux.  
Mais j'en ressemble a mes ayeux ;  
Il faut fuyure nos peres.  
En laissant les vieilles façons,  
Jamais si bien que nous pensons  
N'iront droit nos affaires.*

## LXXIV.

*Quand suis sans verre & breuage,  
C'est sans cocque vn limaçon,  
Sans liurée, c'est vn page,  
C'est vn escolier sans leçon.  
  
C'est vn chasseur sans sa trompe,  
Sans braguette vn lansquenet,  
C'est vn nauire sans pompe,  
C'est vn berger sans flageolet. }  
  
C'est vn soldat sans panache,  
C'est sans pifre vn tabourin,  
C'est vn charpentier sans hache,  
C'est vn orpheure sans burin.  
  
Sans vin ie perds contenance :  
C'est ce qui mieux me conuient,  
Comme au cheualier la lance,  
Et la baguette a vn sergeant.  
  
Je vous annonce la guerre ;  
Pour l'amour de mon amy  
Que voicy dedans ce verre,  
Je ne boiray poinct a demy.*

## LXXV.

*Qui est celuy qui est gisant  
Soubz ceste froidde sepulture ?  
— Vn riche auare qui vivant  
Ne beuuoit que l'eau toute pure.*

I well know that I drink good store.  
So did my ancestors before ;  
                  Whom we should imitate.  
If we forsake the good old ways,  
Never, whate'er our fancy says,  
                  Will our affairs go straight.

## LXXIV.

Without my glass and beverage,  
                  I am an unshelled snail ;  
Without a livery, a page ;  
                  Student, where lessons fail.

A hunter, but without his trump ;  
                  A breeches-less recruit ;  
A vessel, but without a pump ;  
                  A shepherd, without flute.

A warrior, without a crest ;  
                  A fifer without fife ;  
A joiner, of no axe possest ;  
                  A goldsmith without knife.

Wine-lefs, I feel as in a trance :  
                  Wine-full, I'm right again,  
As to the knight is his good lance,  
                  To sergeant is his cane.

A war I now proclaim to thee ;  
                  For love of my dear friend,  
Whom in this drinking-glass you see,  
                  Half-measures will not end.

## LXXV.

Who is he that lies below,  
                  Under this cold sepulture ?  
—A rich miser ; who, we know,  
                  Drank in life but water pure.

*Quelle mort l'a faict trespasser ?  
— Il est mort d'une soif cruelle,  
Pour n'avoir voulu rechauffer  
D'un verre de vin sa fourcelle.*

*Pourquoy ne croist sur son tombeau  
Que du chardron qui l'enuironne ?  
— Qui n'a jamais beu que de l'eau  
Ne produist herbe qui soit bonne.*

*Pourquoy est ce un Pater noster  
Que pas un ores ne luy donne ?  
— Pour ce qu'ayant vin en chantier,  
Il n'en faisoit boire a personne.*

*Est il mort sans estre ploré ?  
— Quel dueil voulez vous qu'on en fasse ?  
Qui comme luy meurt alteré,  
Il fait trop grand' honte a sa race.*

*Vrayement tu es bien ou tu es :  
Tes heritiers comme ie pense,  
De ton bon vin faisant gros nez  
Laueront bien leur conscience.*

### LXXVI.

*Roffignolet musicien,  
Au printemps tu chantes fort bien,  
Quand tu vas saluant l'aurore ;  
Mais si j'estois roffignolet,  
Beuuant de ce bon vin clairet,  
Je chanterois bien mieux encore.*

*Vray est que moy qui suis inclin  
A dormir a l'aise au matin,  
Ne chanterois de si bonne heure ;  
Mais ayant un peu sommeillé  
Puis de vin ma fale mouillé,  
Ma chanson seroit bien meilleure.*

What disease brought on his end ?  
—Of a cruel thirst he died ;  
Since no wine did e'er descend  
To enliven his inside.

Wherefore grows upon his grave  
Nothing save those thistles bare ?  
—Water-drinkers' corpses have  
Never borne a plant that's fair.

Why no *Pater Noster* said ?  
Why no mafs, nor holy hymn ?  
—Of his wine, in cellar laid,  
No one got a draught from him.

Did none sorrow for his death ?  
—Pray, what mourning would you have ?  
Who dies parched like him, his breath  
Yields for a dishonoured grave.

Where you lie, you are well placed :  
Your executors, I think,  
Your choice wines will freely taste,  
And absolve themselves in drink.

#### LXXVI.

Nightingale, musician sweet,  
Thou dost well the spring-time greet,  
Bright Aurora welcoming ;  
But, were nightingale's voice mine,  
Drinking of this rosy wine,  
Far more sweetly I should sing.

True it is, that I, who love  
In the morn long sleep to prove,  
Should not quite so early trill ;  
But if I could sometime sleep,  
And my throat wine-moistened keep,  
My song would be better still.

*D'aussi bon matin toutes fois  
Que toy, leuer ie me pourrois,  
Selon le vin qu'il faudroit boire :  
Car pour bien me defendormir,  
Du bon vin qu'on me vienne offrir,  
J'ouuriray bien tost la paupiere.*

## LXXVII.

*Sur mer ne veux par folie  
En hazard mettre ma vie,  
Pour augmenter mes moyens.  
Pourueu qu'a mon gré ie boyue,  
Et que mon peu ie conserue,  
Ça bas ie ne veux plus riens.*

*Plus tost quitterois ma terre  
Que le pot & que le verre !  
Je suis deia vieillard gris,  
Le vin tous mes maux appaise  
Et m'oste vne toux mauuaise  
Qui me tient toutes les nuictz.*

*Le vin mes forces refueille :  
Quand ie n'en boy pointé, ma vieille  
En ha le cuer fort estrainé ;  
Car, au soir, quand ie me couche,  
Je luy dy, s' elle me touche :  
" Non, je ne le feray pointé."*

*Vien donc, vin de couleur belle,  
Me rechauffant la fourcelle,  
Garir mon rheume & ma toux !  
Pour moy, qui suis vieux bon homme,  
N'est fain le ius de la pomme :  
Le vin est propre pour nous.*

And I could, at morning red,  
Quite as early quit my bed,  
Just according to the wine.  
Were I asked good wine to take,  
Soon my eyelid would awake :  
Quite as soon, O bird, as thine !

## LXXVII.

I don't wish at all to be  
Risking life upon the sea,  
To increase my store.  
Let me drink quite unrestrained,  
And, my little means retained,  
Here I want no more.

Rather let me lose my land  
Than the wine-cup leave my hand !  
Now I'm gray and grave,  
Wine doth cure all my disease,  
And a tiresome cough appease,  
Which all night I have.

Wine invigorates my force :  
When I drink not, then of course  
My old wife can tell ;  
For at eve, when I take rest,  
She no longer is careft,  
As I don't feel well.

Come then, wine of colour fine,  
Warming up this throat of mine,  
Cold and cough to cure !  
With an old good-man like me,  
Apple-juice will not agree :  
Wine's the thing, I'm sure !

## LXXVIII.

*Si nos malheurs bien tost ne prennent fin,  
Tristes malheurs qui trauailient la France,  
J'ay peur, Oliuier Baffelin,  
Qu'on ne te mette en oubliance.*

*Las ! Baffelin, aueques le bon temps  
Que tu auois, faisant tes Vau de Vire,  
S'en font aller les bonnes gens,  
Lesquels les souloient si bien dire !*

*Sur le bon vin si les voulois chanter,  
L'ysurier tance, & l'auare en murmure,  
Disant que nous ironis questier,  
Et, rechinez, nous font iniure.*

*Des bons beueurs ioyeux ie fay grand cas ;  
Ils n'ont jamais les ames si meschantes  
Que ces vilains, qui n'osent pas  
Boire, pour accroistre leurs rentes.*

*Or, nous allons, Oliuier Baffelin,  
Nos verres pleins vuider en ta memoire.  
Puisque bon nous trouuons ce vin,  
Haut ! hault le bras ! Il faut tout boire.*

## LXXIX.

*Si voulez que ie cause & presche,  
Et parle latin proprement,  
Tenez ma bouche tousiours fraische,  
De bon vin l'arrouasant souuent ;  
Car ie vous dis certainement :  
Quand i'ay seche la bouche,  
Je n'ay pas plus d'entendement  
Ny d'esprit qu'vne souche.*

## LXXVIII.

If our misfortunes find not speedy end,  
These sad misfortunes, which in France we see,  
I fear, Olivier Baffelin, old friend,  
That soon will come forgetfulness of thee.

Ah, Baffelin ! with the brave olden times  
When thou didst improvise thy Vaux-de-Vire,  
The brave companions, too, are gone ; thy rhymes  
Who well could chant, their revelry to cheer !

When I would sing them now, o'er our good wine,  
Usurers scold us, and the misers cry,  
Saying that we in beggary shall pine ;  
Those louts insult us everlastingly.

Ye joyous comrades, 'tis for you I care ;  
You never have so niggardly a soul  
As those malicious wretches, who won't dare  
To drink, for fear of robbing their rent-roll.

But now, Olivier Baffelin ! a glass  
We'll drain,—a full one,—to thy memory.  
And, since this wine for excellent may pass,  
Raise, raise the arm ! To thee we'll drink it dry !

## LXXIX.

If you want me to chat and preach,  
And Latin speak correctly,  
Keep my mouth watered, I beseech,  
With good wine circumspectly.  
For unto this I stick,  
That when my throat is dry,  
My wit is dull, my sense is thick,  
No intellect have I.

*Mais tost mon esprit se desgele  
Lorsque ie mouille le goſier ;  
Et je me remets en ceruelle  
Pots & verres a manier.  
Le bon vin me fait refueiller,  
Alors que ie sommeille,  
Et plus causer & jargonner  
Qu'vnre vieille qui teille.*

*Or demandes bien a ma mere,  
Soit au foir ou soit au matin,  
Alors que l'on m'a fait bien boire,  
Si je parle pas bon latin :  
Elle dira par Sainct Copin  
Que j'y suis habile homme.  
Qui me fait scauant ? C'est ce vin,  
Et ce bon ius de pomme.*

## LXXX.

*Si i'ay vn amy, quand ie boy,  
Je voudrois qu'il beuf avec moy  
Du meilleur vin que l'on peult boire ;  
Car, pour moy, ie le vay jugeant :  
Plus grand bien on ne me peult faire  
Que de bon vin en m'abreuant.*

*Mais si j'auois vn ennemy,  
Qu'il ne beuf jamais qu'a demy,  
Quoy qu'il eust vne soif extreme ;  
Encor que ce ne fust pas vin,  
Que fon breuage fust de mesme  
Ce qui fait tourner le moulin.*

*Ce luy seroit affliction  
Plus grande, a mon oppinion,  
Qu'aux Enfers n'est celle a Tantale ;  
Encor plus grande, que ie croy,  
S'il desiroit oindre sa sale  
De bon vin, autant comme moy.*

But speedily my spirit thaws,  
 If wine my gullet soften ;  
 Then brain and wit awake, because  
 The cups and cans come often.  
 Good wine drives off my sleep,  
 Quite wide-awake I feel,  
 And greater chatter keep  
 Than dame at spinning-wheel.

Go, ask my mother :—Does she think,  
 At ev'ning, or at morning,  
 When I have had a hearty drink,  
 My Latin merits scorning ?  
 She'll vow, by Sainte Chopine,  
 I clever work produce.  
 Who teach me ? 'Tis this wine,  
 And this good apple-juice !

## LXXX.

If fate to me in drinking gave  
 A friend, then he should surely have  
 The very best wine to be got ;  
 Since of all things I hold it first  
 That greater kindness you cannot  
 Show unto me when I feel thirst.

But if it were an enemy,  
 Half-measures only he should try,  
 Although extreme his thirst should rage ;  
 And those, too, not of wine : but still  
 Should have, as his sole beverage,  
 The stream that turns the water-mill.

He then would suffer greater woe  
 Than Tantalus in shades below,  
 Unless I very much mistake ;  
 Still greater, if of his dry throat  
 He longed, like me, the thirst to slake  
 With that good wine on which I doat.

## LXXXI.

*Se trouuent trois lettres en vin,  
Qui font Vigueur, Ioie, Nouriture,  
Et denotent bien sa nature,  
Comme dist fort bien mon voisin.*

*Le bon vin redonne vigueur  
Et force au corps qui est malade,  
Et chaffe la tristesse fade ;  
Nourrit le corps, purge le cuer,*

*Fait de la bile ejection ;  
Le sang estois il subtilise,  
Et nostre appetit il aguise  
Et aide a la digestion.*

*Et bref, le vin, pris sobrement,  
Est touſſours une bonne chose.  
Je n'en prendray que ceste dose :  
Prenez la voſtre mesmement.*

*Je me sens bien reconforté :  
O belle & bonne creature !  
Tu as, de ce coup, ie te iure,  
Ma toux & mon rheume emporté.*

## LXXXII.

*Tous les ſept fages Gregeois  
Beuuoient bien chacun deux fois ;  
Nous en boirons doncq bien trois,  
Qui tant fages ne ſommes pas.  
Il y en a qui ne font cas  
Que d'hypocras.*

*Je n'ayme ſucre ni miel ;  
Il n'est theriaque tel  
Que vin en ſon naturel.*

## LXXXI.

Three letters which in VIN are found,  
 Mean *Vigour*, *Joy*, and *Nutriment* :  
 My neighbour well says, thus are meant  
 Three gifts that in good wine abound.

Fresh vigour it will soon impart  
 To frame that long in sickness pined ;  
 Cheer up the melancholy mind,  
 Nourish the body, purge the heart,

Produce ejection of the bile ;  
 Congested blood 'twill render light,  
 Will sharpen up the appetite,  
 And help digestion all the while.

In short, wine, drunk in sober guise,  
 Is always a good thing to take.  
 With this dose only, thirst I slake :  
 My worthy friend, take yours likewise.

Much comfort I already find :  
 O creature excellent and fair !  
 By that one draught, I have, I swear,  
 Left all my cough and cold behind.

## LXXXII.

All the seven Greek wise men  
 Drank, at least, each twice ; so then  
 We will thrice the goblet drain,  
 Who for minor fages pafs.  
 Some there are who prize, alas !  
 Nought save hypocras.

Sugar, honey, are no treat  
 To me : nor is cure complete  
 Wanting wine of flavour meet.

*Diray ie hypocras mal basti  
Valoir mieux que vin de Saincti ?  
J'aurois menti.*

*Aux accouchées laiffons  
Ces doucerenfes boiffons :  
Ce bon fildre careffons.  
Mauuais vin, bon pomme le vault.  
Vous scauez ce que faire il fault,  
Quand il fait chault.*

*Varlet, qui bon maistre fert,  
Doibt boire a luy, descouert.  
A vous, meffieurs. S'il appert  
Que je n'en laiffe aucunement,  
C'eft signe que ce reforent  
Eft excellent.*

### LXXXIII.

*Tout a l'entour de nos rampars  
Les ennemis jont en furie :  
Sauvez nos tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

*Prenez plus tost de nous, soldarts,  
Tout ce dont vous aurez enuie :  
Sauvez nos tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

*Nous pourrons au moins en beuuant  
Chaffer nostre melancholie :  
Sauvez nos tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

*L'ennemy, qui eft cy devant  
Ne nous veult faire courtoisie.  
Vuidons nos tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

*Au moins, s'il prend nostre cité,  
Qu'il n'y trouue plus que la lie :  
Vuidons nos tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

Hypocras to glorify  
More than good wine of Saincti,  
Were to tell a lie.

Such sweet drinks let us resign  
To sick dames : this cider fine  
Praise we as a drink divine.  
Than bad wine it does less harm.  
You know what will work a charm  
When the weather's warm !

He who serves a master good,  
Drinking to him, doffs his hood.  
Your good healths ! 'Tis understood  
That if not a drop remain,  
This refreshing draught we drain  
Is quite pure from stain.

## LXXXIII.

The fierce besieging host  
Press hot our ramparts round :  
Keep our casks safe and sound !

Sooner all else be lost  
That plunderers have found :  
Keep our casks safe and sound !

That with the wine-cup's flow  
Mirth may again abound ;  
Keep our casks safe and sound !

But as th' advancing foe  
Would fain our arms confound,  
Drain our casks safe and sound !

That, if he take our town,  
The lees alone be found ;  
Drain our casks safe and sound !

*Deuffions nous marcher de costé,  
Ce bon filtre n'espargnons mie :  
Vuidons nos tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

## LXXXIV.

*Touſſours avecques moy je porte  
Vn fort bon entonnoir a vin.  
Je n'emprunte en aucune forte  
L'entonnoir de noſtre voifin.  
Le mien m'a tant couſlé d'argent,  
Que c'eſt vne chose inſinie :  
Auffi m'a t il toute ma vie  
Servy continuelllement.*

*Gofier, qui naturellement  
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,  
Ne laiffe entrer en ma fourcelle  
Breuuage, ſi l n'eſt excellent !*

*J'ayme vne bonne compagnie  
Plus volontiers qu'vn bon repas,  
Pour paſſer ma melancholie  
Qui m'aduanceroit le trefpas.  
Prez mes amis honnelyement  
J'ayme mieux boire & mouiller l'anche,  
Que manger mon pain en ma manche,  
N'ayant jamais contentement.*

*Gofier, qui naturellement  
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,  
Ne laiffe entrer en ma fourcelle  
Breuuage, ſi l n'eſt excellent !*

*J'ayme tant cete melodie  
De nos Vau de Vire nouueaux !  
Je fay juge la compagnie  
Que les vieux ne font pointz plus beaux.*

If we must march, quaff down  
This cider, all around :—  
Drain our casks safe and sound !

## LXXXIV.

I always have by me  
A funnel, prime for wine,  
Nor any-wife make free  
To borrow aught but mine.  
Such fums my funnel coft,  
That 'tis above all praise :  
And throughout all my days,  
It never has been lost.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree  
My funnel true did make,  
Let me no liquors take  
But such as choicest be !

I love good company  
Better than grand repast,  
To keep melancholy  
From ending me at last :  
To have my mouth-piece full  
And moist, with friends, I own,  
Than gnaw my crust alone,  
And so be always dull.

O throat, whom Heaven's decree  
My funnel true did make,  
Let me no liquors take  
But such as choicest be !

How sweet this melody  
Of our new Vaux-de-Vire !  
Judge all the company,—  
The old are not more dear !

*Si j'estois vn homme opulent,  
Je ferois chere magnifique  
A tous ceux qui ceste musicque  
Me chanteroient journellement.*

*Gosier, qui naturellement  
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,  
Ne laisse entrer en ma fourcelle  
Breuuage, s'il n'est excelent !*

*Breuuage, rempli d'excelence,  
Je te donne ton passeport :  
Passe ! tu as toute licence ;  
Refueille l'esprit qui s'endort.  
Si ta force & vertu surprend  
Et brouille nostre fantasie,  
Faute dormir vne heure & demie,  
Et ne cueillir point trop le vent.*

*Gosier, qui naturellement  
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,  
Ne laisse entrer en ma fourcelle  
Breuuage, s'il n'est excelent !*

## LXXXV.

*Voyant en ces valons Virois  
Des moulins souleurs la ruine,  
Ou nos chantz prindrent origine,  
Regrettant leur temps ie disois :  
“ Où sont ces moulins, o valons,  
“ Source de nos chantz biberons ? ”*

*Le traficq de nos peres vieux  
Estoit iadis en drapperie.  
Le bon Baffelin, lors en vie,  
Se resouffroit avec eux.  
Où sont ces moulins, o valons,  
Source de nos chantz biberons ?*

Did I in wealth abound,  
 I should in royal way  
 Feast those who, day by day,  
 Would treat me to that found.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree  
 My funnel true did make,  
 Let me no liquors take  
 But such as choicest be !

Most goodly drink, depart :  
 Thou hast thy passport : go !  
 Awake the sleeping heart,  
 Pass freely to and fro.  
 If thine excelling strength  
 In dreams our wits should steep,  
 An hour and half's found sleep  
 Will set all right at length.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree  
 My funnel true did make,  
 Let me no liquors take  
 But such as choicest be !

#### LXXXV.

I saw, where Vire through valleys flows,  
 The fulling-mills in ruins laid,  
 The mills from which our songs arose ;  
 And, mourning the past time, I said :—  
 “ Where are the mills, O valleys fair !  
 “ The source of many a drinking-air ? ”

The traffic of our fires of yore  
 Was in the cloth they made and sold.  
 Good Baffelin,—(alas, no more !)—  
 With them his joyous music trolled.  
 Where are the mills, O valleys fair !  
 The source of many a drinking-air ?

*Aux moulins qui fouloint leurs draps  
Sur ceste riviere iolie,  
Beusuoient d'autant, par drolerie,  
Pommé qui valoit hypocras,  
Ou sont ces moulins, o valons,  
Source de nos chantz biberons ?*

*Basselain faisoit leurs chansons.  
Qu'on nomma partant Vaudeuire,  
Et leur enseignoit a les dire  
En mille gentilles façons.  
Ou sont ces moulins, o valons,  
Source de nos chantz biberons ?*

*Or bien ce bon temps est passé.  
De toutes choses vne pose !  
Va dans mon cors & t'y repose :  
Benoist soit il qui t'a versé !  
Ou sont ces moulins, o valons,  
Source de nos chantz biberons ?*

## LXXXVI.

*Voicy tous gens de courage,  
Lesquelz s'en vont en voyage  
Jusque par dela les mons.  
Faire ce pelerinage  
Sans boire nous ne pouuons.*

*Que la bouteille on n'oublie,  
En regrettant Normandie.  
A l'ombre nous nous ferrons,  
Si le chemin nous ennuye,  
Et l'un a l'autre boirons.*

*Beuuons ! deia ie me laffe.  
Un chacun sa calabasse  
Remplira par les chemins,  
En disant : " Donnez, de grace,  
A boire a ces pelerins ! "*

In mills that fulled their drapery,  
 Where that bright river's currents pass,  
 They deeply drank, in jollity,  
 Cider worth more than hypocras.  
 Where are the mills, O valleys fair !  
 The source of many a drinking-air ?

Basselin framed their drinking-lays,  
 As Vaux-de-Vire so widely known ;  
 And taught a thousand charming ways  
 Of singing their melodious tone.  
 Where are the mills, O valleys fair !  
 The source of many a drinking-air ?

But to that good old time, a close.  
 To all things human, cometh rest !  
 Within me, wine ! take thy repose :  
 May he who poured thee out be blest !  
 Where are the mills, O valleys fair !  
 The source of many a drinking-air ?

## LXXXVI.

Here we are all, of courage found,  
 Upon our pilgrim-journey, bound  
 For distant hill and vale.  
 But if no drink be found,  
 Our pilgrimage must fail.

Though we our Normandy regret,  
 The bottle let us ne'er forget.  
 We'll in the shade repose,  
 If long the road ; while yet,  
 Around, our wine-cup flows.

Let's drink ! already I'm foot-sore.  
 Let each his calabash with more  
 Replenish ;—“ Give, we pray,  
 “ These pilgrims drink in store,  
 “ To help them on their way.”

*Compagnon, vnaide la tienne,  
Ainsi que j'ay fait la mienne !  
Quelque chance nous viendra,  
Mais que la soif nous reprene,  
Qui nos flacons remplira.*

## LXXXVII.

*Viue le roy ! voicy la Patience :  
Plus ne nous faut vainement redoubter  
Ces Espagnols, vieux ennemis de France,  
Lesquels vouloient ce royaume usurper ;  
Car ils s'en sont retournez tous honteux.  
Helas ! pourquoy vivent ces enuieux ?*

*Ces faux ligueurs nous nourrissoient la guerre,  
Qui nous a fait oubliez nos chansons.  
Ils ne nous ont rien laissé que la terre ;  
Et, en vuidant nos tonneaux & poinffons,  
Nous ont osé ce qu'aymions le mieux.  
Helas ! pourquoy vivent ces enuieux ?*

*Mais maintenant qu'ils sont a vau de route,  
Et que failly ils ont a leurs deffains,  
Beuuons d'autant ! Ne nous chaille qu'il couste !  
Car nos tonneaux peut estre feront pleins,  
Et l'an qui vient nous rendra tous ioyeux.  
Helas ! pourquoy vivent ces enuieux ?*

*N'oublions pointez nos gentils Vau de Vire ;  
Honnestement les faut encor chanter ;  
Si tu en fais, voisin, il les faut dire !  
En attendant, un peu ie vay goustier :  
Fay comme moy, tu en chanteras mieux.  
Helas ! pourquoy vivent ces enuieux ?*

Companion pilgrim, empty thine,  
As I, a pilgrim, empty mine !  
May some chance bleſs us ſtill ;  
And, if we thirſt, with wine  
Our calabash refill !

### LXXXVII.

Long live the King ! Peace comes to ſword and lance :  
And ne'er again regard we for an hour  
The Spaniards, ancient enemies of France,  
Who fain would have uſurped this kingdom's pow'r ;  
For they have back been driven shamefully.  
Alas ! why can't thofe envious ones die ?

Thofe leaguers falſe maintained the hostile bands  
Who made us all forget our poetry.  
They now have left us nothing but our lands ;  
And, drinking all our casks and rundlets dry,  
Have pillaged our moſt valued property.  
Alas ! why can't thofe envious ones die ?

But meanwhile, ſince in rout their cause is loſt,  
And they have failed in all their foul designs,  
Let's freely drink ! No matter for the coſt !  
Our casks perhaps will foon be full of wines.  
The coming year will bleſs us joyouſly.  
Alas ! why can't thofe envious ones die ?

Let us forget not our ſweet Vaux-de-Vire ;  
Again let's carol them in honest hafte ;  
If you know one, my friend, come ſing it here !  
Meanwhile, a goblet full I fain would taste :  
Do as I do ; you'll ſing more charmingly.  
Alas ! why can't thofe envious ones die ?

## LXXXVIII.

*Voyant messieurs de Parlement,  
Avec leur rouge accouflement,  
Du bon vin clairet j'eus moemoire ;  
Mais conseiller ny president  
Ne me pria iamais de boire.*

*Je juray que dorenaduant  
Je n'y serois plus appellant  
Qu'aux cabaretz les plus notables,  
La soif, ma partie, intimant  
Deuant les beueurs, mes semblables.*

*J'ayme mieux y perdre vn proces  
Que deuant tant de gosiers secz  
Qui ne respirent que le code ;  
Et puis, sans faire si grands frais,  
En beuant souuent on accorde.*

*Depenceons pluslost nostre argent  
A nous donner bon traictement,  
Sans aller courir a la Bouille.  
L'hyuer il ne passe aisement  
Qui laisse a Rouan sa despouille.*

*Mais, voisin, changeons de deuis.  
Vn Vaudeuire, a mon aduis !  
Sans boyre, on ne peut bien conclurre.  
J'y satisfieray, si je puis,  
Car j'ayme cela de nature.*

*Mouillons donc ; il fait bon secher.  
Je veux, pour ma soif estancher,  
Verre plein du bon vin que j'ayme.  
Cestuy cy vous va deuancer :  
Vous le voires en Angouleſme.*

## LXXXVIII.

Seeing the Peers of Parliament,  
With all their red accoutrement,  
        “Good rosy wine!” thought I;  
But neither Peer nor President  
        Asked me a glaſs to try.

Thenceforth, I thereon roundly ſwore,  
I ſhould appeal my cause no more  
        Save to beſt taverners:  
Summoning thirſt to come before  
        Tribunal of my peers.

I’d ſooner loſe fuits there, than try  
To plead before thoſe throttles dry,  
        Who breathe but ſtatute-lore;  
Men oft, without ſuch robbery,  
        Drink and are friends once more.

Then let us rather money ſpend  
In feaſts without an early end,  
        Than running to La Bouille.  
His winter goes without a friend,  
        At Rouen who leaves ſpoil.

But, neighbour, let us change the strain.  
A Vau-de-Vire would ſuit my vein!  
        Athirſt, we nothing prove.  
I’d ſatisfy that, if I could,  
        For ‘tis what I moſt love.

Then drink: ‘tis well to do ſo, firſt.  
I fain would have, to quench my thirſt,  
        Full glaſs of wine, I own:  
Make haſte, or you’ll come off the worſt,—  
        Through Angouleſme ‘tis gone!

## LXXXIX.

## GRACES.

*Nous congoiffsons, grand Dieu, noſtre avoir & noz biens  
Proceder purement de ta main nouriciere ;  
Et, quoy que nous soyons vne race fautiere,  
Bon pere, que c'eft toy qui ſeul nous entretiens !*

*Graces nous te rendons de tes biens qu'auons pris !  
Si auons excedé ce qu'il faut a nature,  
Ne cefſe toutes fois d'auoir de nous la cure :  
Pour ſ'efſouir ſans mal ne nous metz a mepris !*

*Fay que beuuans enſemble en vain ne prenions  
Ton nom ; que ne soyons ny gourmandz ny prodigues,  
Ny contempteurs de toy ; ains que tu nous infligues  
A t'aymer & benir, pendant que nous viurons.*

*A l'hoſte quant & quant nous diſons : Grand mercy,  
Qui, pour l'amour de nous, n'a rien mis en eſpargne !  
Aduienne que bientoſt iuſtement il regaigne  
Ce qu'il luy a couſte pour nous traicter ainfî !*



## LXXXIX.

## THANKSGIVING.

We know, great Lord ! that all our wealth and store  
Proceed entirely from Thy gracious hand ;  
And, though our race with sin be clouded o'er,  
Great Sire ! we live but by thy sole command.

We bleſs Thee for thy gifts' kind affluence !  
If more than Nature's wants be thus ſupplied,  
Still guide and guard us by Thy Providence :—  
May we enjoy them without blame or pride !

Ne'er in our cups may we Thy name profane,  
Nor may we gluttonous nor wasteful be :  
Nor Thee despife : fo may Thy mercy deign  
To make us ever love and worship Thee.

And, as from time to time we thank our hoſt,  
Who ſpares no kindneſs his esteem to prove,  
May he in Thy good time find nothing lost  
Of all his costly evidence of love !





## CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE

### SECOND RECVEIL

#### I.

*O vray & naturel Fran<sup>cois</sup>,  
Beau & bon, tu as toutes fois  
Mere grande mal fai<sup>te</sup>le,  
Qui a peau laide & cors tortu,  
Et, sans appuy, n'a la vertu  
De se soustenir droi<sup>te</sup>.*

*Sur ta mere il salut foul<sup>er</sup>,  
Et sur le ventre luy pil<sup>er</sup>,  
Afin de te produire.  
Pour ton bers, tu eus vn cuueau ;  
Tu es fain ; mais abreuué d'eau  
C'gt alors qu'il t'empire.*

*Tu changes logis plusieurs fois.  
En sortant d'vn logis de bois  
Entres en vn de verre,  
Ou vn d'estain, premierement ;  
En nostre corps finablement :  
Puis, retournes en terre.*

*Mais ta vertu ne vas monstrent,  
Sinon en nostre corps entrant,  
La ou tu fais merueilles ;  
Mais qu'on t'y mette sobrement,  
Tu nous rends gais incontinent,  
Et l'esprit tu refueilles.*



## SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE

### SECOND SERIES

#### I.

O Frenchman true and native-born,  
Fair, good, yet from a mother torn  
    Great and ill-formed to fight,  
Uncouth of skin, in body bent,  
And, unless some support be lent,  
    Unfit to stand upright.

Thy mother had child-labour long,  
And underwent convulsions strong,  
    That she might thee produce.  
Thy rustic cradle was a vat ;  
Healthy thyself, thy force grows flat,  
    From water-drink's abuse.

Thou many times dost change thy home.  
First from a wooden house to come,  
    To enter one of glafs ;  
Or, first into a pewter can,  
Thence into body of a man :  
    Thence into earth to pass !

Thy virtue, natheles, is unknown  
Till in our body it be shwon,  
    Where thou dost magic make ;  
If therein taken soberly,  
Thou cheereſt us unfailingly,  
    And dost our ſpirit wake !

*Qui te prend ne peut rien celer :  
 Tu contraincts chacun a parler  
 Et deuiser & rire.  
 Tu fais descourir les humeurs,  
 Et congnoistre si les beueurs  
 Sont benings ou pleins d'ire.*

*Sur tous, ceux la sont vicieux  
 Pour t'auoir, auaricieus,  
 Qui craignent le coustage :  
 Puisqu'apportant nostre sant<sup>e</sup>,  
 En vn corps de maux agit<sup>e</sup>  
 Tu remets le courage.*

*On ne pourroit congnoistre mieux  
 Que tes effects sont genereux,  
 Et n'est rien qui t'egale,  
 Qu'a ton blanc & incarnatin ;  
 Jamais n'est l'habit d'un coquin  
 De ta pourpre royalle.*

*Mais l'ay ie point<sup>e</sup> assez presché ?  
 Me seroit il bien reproché  
 De n'auoir tenu compte  
 De loger vn hôte si bon,  
 Par charit<sup>e</sup>, dans ma maison ? . . .  
 Ce me seroit grand'honte.*

## II.

*On les a censuris  
 Les pauures Vau de Vire,  
 Et plusieurs rechignés  
 Ne cessent d'en meydire.  
 Ce sont des morfondus  
 Qu'on ne void iamais rire.  
 Ilz font les entendus  
 Et ne peuvent rien dire.*

He who takes thee, can nought conceal :  
Through thee, men hidden things reveal,  
And tell long tales, and laugh.  
Men's humours thou dost let us know,  
And whether quick to wrath, or flow,  
Are those good souls who quaff.

But most of all they show keen zeal  
To have thee : avarice they feel  
Indeed, who fear thy cost :  
Since our good health thou dost restore,  
And shattered frame inspire once more  
With vigour that was lost.

No better proof could we exact,  
How generous thine ev'ry act,  
Unmatched in chivalry,  
Than thy white and incarnadine ;  
No rascal's coat could ever shine  
Like thy red royalty.

Have I enough thy merits broached ?  
Could I be justly now reproached  
With insufficient heed  
To giving charitable rest  
Within my house to such a guest ?—  
That were a shame indeed !

## II.

They've censured them sadly,  
The poor Vaux-de-Vire ;  
And louts who live badly,  
Incessantly sneer.  
They're all dismal fellows  
Who merriment fear,  
No good thing they tell us,  
But backbite and jeer.

*Qui, ioyeux & gaillard,  
Chantant, ne boit du pire,  
Vaut mieux qu'un vieux mulard  
Qui tousiours est en ire.  
C'est du vin de ceans  
Que vous voyez reluire :  
Gage qu'il est dedans,  
Pourueu que ie le tire.*

## III.

*Breuuage, amy souef,  
Armé de verre,  
Vne importune soif  
Me faict la guerre.*

*Mais vien m'en deliurer,  
Je te suplie,  
Et faire desloger  
Ceste ennemie.*

*Je ne crains tous les jours  
Qu'elle m'affaille,  
Pourueu que ton secours  
Ne me deffaille.*

*Or, i'en feray vangé,  
Je m'en console ;  
Car j'ay fort bien chargé  
Ceste pistolole.*

*Meschante soif, rends toy,  
Ouure la porte,  
Et vuide de ches moy,  
Ou tu es morte.*

*Elle fuit maintenant,  
Quittant la place.  
O breuuage vaillant,  
Je te rendz grace !*

He, gallant and jolly,  
Who fings and drinks right,  
Displays not the folly  
Of mulish old fright.  
This liquor, believe it,  
In bottle shines bright ;  
And when you receive it,  
I'm sure 'twill delight.

## III.

Sweet friend, O beverage,  
Thy wine-glass wield ;  
Thirst with a restless rage  
Taketh the field.

Swift to my succour speed,  
Humbly I pray ;  
And make that foe recede  
Quickly away.

I will not be dismayed  
Though it assail,  
If only thy good aid  
Daily avail.

Now, I avenged shall be,  
Comforting thought !  
I have, well charged, with me  
This pistole brought.

Villain thirst, render thee !  
Open the gate :  
Hurry away from me,  
Or doom await.

Thirst takes to flight,  
Quitting the place.  
O liquor, brave in fight,  
Thanks for such grace !

*Je te veux demeurer  
Amy fidelle,  
Qui peux si bien vuider  
Vne querelle.*

*Tu es d'aucques moy,  
Toujours, &c., pource  
Je ne craindray pour toy  
Vuider ma bource.*

*Et je ne veux aymer  
Vne maistresse  
Qui me vouldra prier  
Que ie te laisse.*

## IV.

*Celuy qui, pour chanter le los  
Du bon vin, fist sa poesie,  
Auoit nom en grec Philinos,  
Et Torexia fut son amie.*

*Sachant qu'escrire il ne pouuoit,  
Et parler de choses sublimes,  
Pour la maistresse qu'il aymoit,  
Passant temps, il dressa ses rythmes ;*

*Rythmes qu'il trampoit dans le vin,  
Pour douces les faire & plus riches ;  
Et jamais ne fut son dessein  
De les composer pour les chiches.*

*Car jamais auare altert  
Ne dira bien les Vaudouire ;  
Le ris ne luy vient point a gré ;  
Il crainct les frais, & boit du pire.*

But thou, I prithee, stay,  
O faithful friend !  
Thou who canst an affray  
So deftly end.

I will for ever be  
Comrade of thine :  
Ne'er shall be closed for thee  
Purse-strings of mine.

Nor will I ever give  
Mistress my heart,  
Who would ask me to live  
From thee apart.

## IV.

He of goodly wine who framed  
Praises in poetic lay,  
Was in Greek *Philænos* named,  
And his love, *Thorexia*.

Conscious that in vain he strove  
To descant on things sublime,  
For the mistress of his love  
Playfully he built his rhyme ;

Rhyme which he immergeed in wine,  
That it might be sweet and brave ;  
It was never his design  
To compose it for the knave.

Never will a miser's thirst  
Rightly chant the Vaux-de-Vire ;  
With unsmiling temper curst,  
He dreads cost of jolly cheer.

*Mais laissons la ces morfondus,  
Parlons des fermiers de village  
Qui viennent de gasteaux cornus,  
Aux Rois, estrener le mesnage.*

*C'est un grand heur, en verité,  
Qu'y trouuant la noix ou la feue,  
On acquert une royaute :  
C'est donc bien raison qu'on en boie.*

*Ce petit regne sans profit,  
Qui dure a peine une journée  
Monstre que bientost se reduist  
Toute gloire humaine en fumée.*

## V.

*Beuuons a la santé du Roy  
Vin d'Orleans ou de Limoy !  
Ensepueillons la moemoire  
Des maux passés, & leur tombeau  
Bassifrons d'un pot de bon boire,  
Tiré du plus friand tonneau.*

*On a subiell de s'egayer,  
Quand on boit du bon, sans payer :  
La bourse a souuent indigence.  
Sans cela, plusieurs espritz beaux  
Esueilleroient leur suffisance,  
Et, beuuans, diroient motz nouueaux.*

*Je feray vomir au matin  
A un pedant tout son latin ;  
Par le vin je feray merueille :  
J'esmouueray mieux le caquet  
D'un aduocat, par la bouteille,  
Que par l'argent, dans le parquet.*

Leave we those dull souls forlorn.

Sing we of the village clowns,  
Whom, on Twelfth-night, cake with horn  
As the reigning Monarch crowns.

When they find the nut or bean,

Truly they who win may laugh ;  
Kings they suddenly are seen :  
Reason good why they should quaff.

Brief, unprofitable reign,

Lasting scarcely for a day !  
Human glories, not less vain,  
Soon in smoke pass all away !

V.

“ Health to the King ! ” drink we with joy,

In wine of Orleans or Limoy !

Of sorrows past, the memory  
Entomb we ; and, above their grave,  
To build a monument let’s try,  
With pot from the best cask we have.

To drink good wine with nought to pay,

Is matter for reflection gay :

The purse is oft in want of pence.

Not seldom, else, some witty one  
Would waken up his affluence,  
And, o’er his cups, invent new fun.

Till morn, I could a pedant teach

To pour forth all his Latin speech ;

And, in the forum of the law,

I could a cleverer debate  
By bottle than by money draw

From fluent tongue of Advocate.

*La femme, pour n'estre en deffault  
De parler, boire il ne luy fault ;  
Mais si le vin on luy adiouste,  
Elle aide a bien vous confesser :  
Vostre vie ell' vous dira toute,  
Si lors vous la faictes fascher.*

*Mais ne blasmons personne icy :  
Vn chacun a tousiours vn sy.  
Prendray ie ceste medecine ?  
Mon mal vous congnoisse fort bien  
Ouy, ouy, ne prenons poinct la peine  
D'en prendre aduis de Galien.*

## VI.

*Las ! cher amy, je croy bien que la mort  
Dure te fut, quand en l'eau te noyas ;  
Car l'eau, vivant, tu haïffois si fort,  
Qu'en ta boisson jamais ne l'employas.  
Si la riuiere ou chetif tu tombas,  
Eust eu ses flots de vin ou Maluoisie,  
Tu n'y aurois jamais perdu la vie.*

*Vne moindre eau pouuoit finir tes jours,  
Ton naturel ayant cet element  
Pour ennemy : au boire aussi tousiours  
T'en abstenois, & faisois fagement ;  
Pour ce subiect ie t'aymois cherement ;  
Car le vin pur nous faisoit viure ensemble,  
Et, pour ta mort, quand ie vois l'eau, j'en tremble.*

*Voudrois ie bien pour breuuage en mon cors  
De mon amy la meurtriere loger ?  
Si l'eau pourrit les pieux qui sont si fors,  
Elle pourroit aussi m'endommager  
En ma fante que je veux mesnager.  
Sil est sans eau, je prendray ce breuuage.  
Nostre hoste, a vous ! J'en boy de bon courage !*

Woman alone can well dispense  
 With vinous aids to eloquence ;  
 But if to her you add some wine,  
     She'll help you bravely to confess ;  
 And your past life tell, line by line,  
     If e'er you caused her a distress.

But let us here no one malign ;  
 All have their failings ; I have mine :  
 Am I to take this doctor's draught ?  
     (You know full well my malady).—  
 Yes, yes ; let it be duly quaffed,  
     Nor stay for Galen's pharmacy.

## VI.

Alas ! dear friend, I well believe thy death  
     Was sad, when thou wert in the water drowned ;  
 Water, so hated with thy living breath,  
     That in thy drink it never yet was found.  
     Had but that fatal flood, instead, been crowned  
 With waves of wine or of Malvoisie,  
 We had not now been so bewailing thee.

In drinking, from thy foe thou didst abstain ;  
     And in so doing didst thy wisdom prove.  
 That view, indeed, was common to us twain,  
     Therefore for thee I felt so great a love ;  
     A like abhorrence did my fancy move,  
 For in pure wine we both took much delight,  
 And, since thy death, I dread all water's fight.

What ! in my body could I choose to take  
     To lodge, the vile assassin of my friend ?  
 If water rot away the sturdy stake,  
     It might me also hasten to my end.  
     I must my health with prudent caution tend.  
 If free from water, I will drink this draught.  
 Our host ! To you, with brave good-will, 'tis quaffed !

*Nous ferons bien, avecques cestuy ey,  
 Vne heure ou deux que nous ferons ceans.  
 Laiffons, Messieurs, le chagrineux soucy ;  
 Feflayons l'hoste aux despens de ses biens.  
 Il ne faut pas estre traistre au dedans,  
 Et feindre un ris qui n'est que d'apparence :  
 Vraye amitie gise en l'experience.*

## VII.

*A quelques hommes sans cerueaux,  
 C'est vne coustume ordinaire  
 De faire rompre leurs manteaux,  
 Pluslost que s'arrester a boire.  
 Bon pommé, seras tu perdu ?  
 Il vaut bien mieux que tu sois beu.*

*Ayant soif, la dissimuler,  
 C'est par honte ou hypocrisie ;  
 Mais plus grand'honte est s'en aller,  
 Refusant telle courtoisie.  
 Bon pommé, seras tu perdu ?  
 Il vaut bien mieux que tu sois beu.*

*Offrir a boire, quand on boit,  
 C'est chose a l'Alemand tant belle,  
 Qu'a cil qui le refuseroit,  
 Il bastiroit vne querelle.  
 Bon pommé, seras tu perdu ?  
 Il vaut bien mieux que tu sois beu.*

*J'ay perdu cest' occasion  
 Plusieurs fois d'une humeur peu caute ;  
 Mais ores puisque c'est du bon,  
 Je ne feray plus telle faute.  
 Bon pommé, seras tu perdu ?  
 Il vaut bien mieux que tu sois beu.*

We shall be well content with this good wine,  
An hour or two, while we are gathered here.  
Let us, my friends, cease longer to repine ;  
Pledge we our host in liquor he holds dear ;  
No traitors to our bosom's inward cheer,  
Nor smiles assuming that are feigned alone.  
True friendship best by that ordeal is known.

## VII.

Some men, in their foolishness,  
Make it quite their common way  
Rather to be stripped of drefs,  
Than at drinking-bout to stay.  
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?  
Rather let us drink thee most !

To dissimulate our thirst  
Is shame or hypocryf ;  
But to go away is worst,  
Spurning fuch a courtesy.  
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?  
Rather let us drink thee most !

Where men drink, to offer wine .  
Germans do so truly love,  
That who should fuch grace decline,  
Would a quarrel surely move.  
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?  
Rather let us drink thee most !

Often, from a thoughtless mood,  
I have lost at fuch a game ;  
But now, since this drink is good,  
I will not reject the same.  
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?  
Rather let us drink thee most !

*Quand je te voy, le cuer me rid,  
Beau fildre, & ma gorge sechée  
T'attend, ainsi que, dans le nid,  
L'oyseau qui attend la bechée.  
Bon pommé, seras tu perdu ?  
Il vaut bien mieux que tu sois beu.*

*Il ne faut manger du salé,  
Afin qu'a te boire on s'inuite ;  
Mais tu ne doibs estre baillé  
Qu'a ceux qui jugent ton merite.  
Bon pommé, seras tu perdu ?  
Il vaut bien mieux que tu sois beu.*

*Ou l'on te boira sans excés,  
J'estime la place honorable ;  
Tout escot aura bon succés,  
Pourueu que tu sois a la table.  
Bon pommé, seras tu perdu ?  
Il vaut bien mieux que tu sois beu.*

*Les gendres, qu'on rendroit ioyeux  
Avec des boiffons si gentilles,  
Ne deburoient, s'ils font amoureux,  
Rien prendre, en epousant les filles.  
Bon pommé, seras tu perdu ?  
Il vaut bien mieux que tu sois beu.*

*Bon boire n'a plus ces effectz ;  
Trop regne a present l'auarice.  
Je m'en vay descharger ce fais ;  
Puis vous dires qu'on le remplisse.  
Bon pommé, seras tu perdu ?  
Il vaut bien mieux que tu sois beu.*

When I see thee, I am blest ;  
My throat waits thee, cider good,  
As the bird which, in the nest,  
Waitheth for its little food.  
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?  
Rather let us drink thee most !

No salt viand need they serve  
To make me drink thee with haste ;  
But thee only those deserve  
Who can value thy fine taste.  
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?  
Rather let us drink thee most !

To drink thee without excess  
Is a mark of virtue rare ;  
Tavern-bill will have success  
If thou but be present there.  
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?  
Rather let us drink thee most !

Sons-in-law who would enjoy  
Being on such liquids fed,  
Should, if love their thoughts employ,  
Not be portionless when wed.  
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?  
Rather let us drink thee most !

Good drink now has feebler grown ;  
Avarice does too much reign.  
This cup full I now send down ;  
You can have it filled again.  
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?  
Rather let us drink thee most !

## VIII.

*S'il faut proceder sur le boire,  
Je ne me veux jamais aider  
De l'exception dilatoire.  
Le jambon est un accessoire,  
Sur quoy ie voudrois me fonder.*

*En matiere de beuuerie,  
Quant a moy, tousiours ie pretens  
A anticiper ma partie,  
Cessant toutes fois plaiderie,  
S'il veut payer tous les depens.*

*Les raisons sur quoy ie me fonde  
Sont tousiours la soif & le chauld.  
Ma cause est en la tasse ronde,  
Qu'a vuider, combien que profonde,  
Jamais ie ne tombe en deffault.*

*Le paragraphe & la rubrique  
Ne valent rien pour decider  
De quelque bouteille authanticque :  
Je ne m'y sers que de pratique,  
Alors que ie la veux vuider.*

*Mais laissons proces, car j'en tremble,  
L'oyant nommer, tant ie le crains !  
Ce n'est pas ce qui nous assemble :  
C'est pour scauoir ce qu'il vous semble  
De ce dont les verres sont pleins.*

*Comme gourmets pleins de science,  
L'hoste vous en veult consulter.  
Je dy, felon ma conscience,  
Que voicy bien de l'excelence,  
Pourueu qu'il ne faille conter.*

## VIII.

If thirst must indicted be,  
Then I never wish to raise  
Any dilatory plea.  
Ham is an accessory ;  
Upon which I found my cafe.

When a drinking-suit is mine,  
Then I always would dispense  
With a contradicting line ;  
And all argument resign,  
If they pay me my expence.

As my main substantial ground,  
Thirst and heat I mean to keep :  
My cafe lies in goblet round ;  
In default I'm never found,  
Though the cup be ne'er so deep.

Rubric, paragraph, the task  
Might attempt, but all in vain,  
Trying some authentic flask :  
Practice there is all I ask,  
When I would its contents drain.

Leave we fruits, which I detest,  
And their name fills me with fear !  
Not for them have we professed  
Here to meet : but which is best  
Of these wines, we wish to hear.

From Epicurean sage  
Such as you, the host would learn  
Your opinion : I engage,  
Here is goodly beverage !  
Let him note it in his turn.

*Je veux de l'eau de Clitorie,  
S'il faut d'eau ce bon vin tremper ;  
Mais encore je ne me fie  
En ceste source d'Archadie.  
Pline me pourroit bien tromper.*

## IX.

*Pour fuir a mes ennuis, sans partir d'une place,  
Je pren le cor, la gaule, & m'exerce a la chasse :*

*Pren, pren !  
Boy, boy !  
Happe, happy !  
Pren, pren !  
Garde bien  
Qu'il n'echappe !*

*Mon gibier est la soif, qui fait chez moy son giste ;  
Non, pour l'auoir, je chasse ; ains veux qu'elle me quitte.*

*Pren, pren !  
Boy, boy !  
Happe, happy !  
Pren, pren !  
Garde bien  
Qu'il n'echappe !*

*Le verre c'est mon cor, que je fay par merueilles  
Ronfler en l'embouchant ; mes chiens sont les bouteilles.*

*Pren, pren !  
Boy, boy !  
Happe, happy !  
Pren, pren !  
Garde bien  
Qu'il n'echappe !*

*La table est ma forest & ma campagne verte,  
Quand mes amis & moy nous la trouuons couverte.*

Bright Clitoria's stream let's try,  
If we must mix this good wine :  
Yet I rather would pass by  
That famed spring of Arcady :  
Pliny might give erring sign !

## IX.

To flee from my fadness, yet stay in one place  
I take horn, and staff, and I practise the chase.

Catch, catch !  
Drink, drink !  
Hip, hip !  
Catch, catch !  
Keep watch  
Lest it slip !

My game is the thirst, which I don't want to catch ;  
But only to make it decamp with despatch.

Catch, catch !  
Drink, drink !  
Hip, hip !  
Catch, catch !  
Keep watch  
Lest it slip !

The goblet's my bugle, which splendidly sounds,  
When I lustily blow ; the bottles, my hounds.

Catch, catch !  
Drink, drink !  
Hip, hip !  
Catch, catch !  
Keep watch  
Lest it slip ;

The table's my forest and hunting-field green,  
When close set with covers for friends and me feen.

*Pren, pren !  
Boy, boy !  
Happe, happy !  
Pren, pren !  
Garde bien  
Qu'il n'échappe !*

*Que j'embouche ce cor, quelque ouruary qu'il fasse,  
La soif mourra ce coup, ou qu'îlera la place.*

*Pren, pren !  
Boy, boy !  
Happe, happy !  
Pren, pren !  
Garde bien  
Qu'il n'échappe !*

*O bon cor, doux soufflet, aggreadable a la bouche !  
Cest exercice est bon, attendant qu'on se couche.*

*Pren, pren !  
Boy, boy !  
Happe, happy !  
Pren, pren !  
Garde bien  
Qu'il n'échappe !*

## X.

*J'entre librement la ou ie scay qu'on boit ;  
Car, sans honte, vn malade doit  
D'vn medecin entrer en la maison  
Pour auoir garison.*

*La soif c'est vn mal dont ie suis poursuivi,  
Qui plus me preffe & fait d'ennuy.  
Ses recipes faut il chercher ailleurs  
Que parmy les beueurs ?*

*Si ceux sont amis, chez qui vous arriués,  
Seront joyeux, si vous beuez ;*

Catch, catch !  
 Drink, drink !  
 Hip, hip !  
 Catch, catch !  
 Keep watch  
 Left it slip !

I blow on my bugle, and, loud though he cry,  
 Thirst soon will break cover, or else he must die.

Catch, catch !  
 Drink, drink !  
 Hip, hip !  
 Catch, catch !  
 Keep watch  
 Left it slip !

O sweet-sounding bugle, mouth-instrument dear !  
 This pastime is charming when bed-time is near.

Catch, catch !  
 Drink, drink !  
 Hip, hip !  
 Catch, catch !  
 Keep watch  
 Left it slip !

## X.

I enter a wine-shop, unconscious of blame ;  
 For patient may surely, without feeling shame,  
 Go into the house of a medical man,  
 To be cured if he can.

The chronic disorder I suffer is thirst ;  
 But though evermore by its presence I'm curst,  
 Why should I abandon, for recipes new,  
 The carouse of my crew ?

In meeting your friends, when you come where they dwell,  
 They drink with you kindly, and all paffles well ;

*Ou accordés, quoy qu'ilz soient voz haineux,  
En beuant avec eux.*

*On diet qu'en beuant, sans excess toutes fois,  
On void si vn homme est courtois.  
Vilain, qui a des escus enterrés  
N'a soing des alterés.*

*Entre tous les vins, je voy d'vn fort bon oeil  
Touſſours celuy qui est vermeil.  
Comme on fe trouve, uſer du blanc il fault  
Quand le clairet deſſault.*

*Le vin pour l'affault ! Mais du pomme normand  
Je n'ye qu'en me deſſendant ;  
Ou bien j'en boy, eſpargnant, ſi je puis,  
Les frais chez mes amis.*

## XI.

*Cæſar, des vaincus ennemis  
Faſoit tryomphe magnificque :  
Moy, domptant la ſoif, j'ay promis  
De faire vn tryomphe bacheque.*

*Porté fur vn baril vineux,  
Au lieu d'vn martial caroſſe,  
Je meneray, victorieux,  
La ſoif, ayant perdu ſa force.*

*Ceſte ſoif, qui m'a tant coſté,  
Marchera, baiffant les oreilles ;  
Pres d'elle, d'vn auttre coſté,  
Les potz, les verres, les bouteilles.*

*Les droles, mes bons compagnons,  
Qui m'ont faitt aide a la combatre,  
Avec ceruelatz & jambons,  
Marcheront deuant, quatre a quatre.*

Or if you meet foemen, in drinking, you know,  
Angry thoughts you forego.

They say that in drinking,—(in soberneſs, mind !)—  
A man's polished manners are easy to find.  
A wretch who has buried his crowns in the ground  
Pushes no goblet round.

Of all the good wines I am ravished to fee,  
The rosier sort is the liquor for me.  
But if it so chance that the red is all flown,  
Then the white must go down.

Wine, wine for the charge ! Norman cider I choose  
Not, except for defensive precaution, to use ;  
Or, perhaps, at friends' tables I drink it, at moſt,  
To diminish their coſt.

## XI.

Grand triumphs o'er foes whom he beat,  
Did Cæſar viſtorious raise :  
Having vanquished my thirſt, it were meet  
To triumph in Bacchanals' ways.

Borne high on a jolly wine-tun,  
In lieu of a battle-car brave,  
Behind me a victor, shall run  
Thirſt, captive in fetters, a slave.

That thirſt, who my might ſo defied,  
Shall now pace with low-drooping ear ;  
Close by, on the opposite ſide,  
Pots, bottles, and glaſſes appear.

The drolls, boon companions of mine,  
Allies in my fight, four and four,  
With haſms and with ſauſages fine,  
Shall gaily march onward before ;

*En chantant musicalement  
Les Vaudesire, en la moemoire  
Du bon Denis tant excellent,  
Par qui j'emporte la victoire.*

*Despit ferons a l'osurier,  
Qui, laissant le pauvre a sa porte  
Mourir de soif, de son celier  
Ne croit la serrure asse forte.*

*Ainsy descendre nous irons  
Chez quelqu'amy bien volontere,  
Ou la soif mourir nous ferons,  
Sans compter pour la bonne chere.*

## XII.

*Noſtre hofte, ſil eſt vray que vous ſoit agreeable  
Cefte troupp'e d'amis, qui ſont a voſtre table,  
Donnés nous du meilieur qu'ayes dans le celier,  
Et beuus le premier.*

*L'auare, qui craindra, comme vn Jan du meſnage,  
Faire boyre chez luy de ſon meilieur breuage,  
Lequel eſt ſeullement pour ſa bouche gardé,  
C'eſt vn amy fardé.*

*Nous ne vous jugeons tel : mais que la bonne chere  
Soit du conſentement de voſtre meſnagere ;  
Pour faire a vne femme vn hofte bien traſſier,  
Il conuient la flater.*

*De ce faire, meſſieurs, je vous laiſſe la charge.  
Je vay de ce bon vin entendre au chariage :  
On diſt que bien ſouuent entre bec & cueiller  
Il vient du deſtourbier.*

In musical chant they shall raise  
The Vaux-de-Vire, hymning a strain  
Of good Dionyso in praise,  
Who makes me the victory gain.

The miser shall quake in his shoes,  
Who leaves at his gateway the poor  
To perish of thirst ; while he screws  
His own cellar's treble-locked door.

Thus on we shall march to some friend,  
Whose kindness is far above pence ;  
There thirst to its doom we shall send,  
And not have to count the expense !

### XII.

Our host, if it be true, that you with pleasure view  
This troop of friends who now are come to dine with you,  
Let what you from your cellar bring not be the worst,  
And you drink first,

The miser who would dread, as gaming-table's pest,  
To give, in his own house, his friend the wine that's best,  
Which he for his own lips doth carefully intend,  
Is a false friend.

Such, doubtless, are not you : yet I should like to hear  
The sanction of your spouse to this our goodly cheer ;  
To make a wife receive her lord's friends pleasantly,  
Needs flattery.

Of doing this, good Sirs, I leave to you the care.  
For this good wine I haste the transport to prepare :  
They say, that oft it haps, between the cup and lip  
There is a slip.

*Pourueu que aucun de vous sur le bras ne me touche,  
Je pourray feurement le porter a la bouche.  
Je croy bien, quand ce coup dans ma gorge entrera,  
Que ma soif se rendra.*

*Pour l'hoste, c'est profit qu'une prompte victoire  
On emporte sur elle, & qu'on cesse de boire ;  
Mais si d'un coup ou deux on ne peut la dompter,  
Il faut patienter.*

*Messieurs, comme sergeant de Bacchus ie vous somme  
De vous desalterer ; de chez vn honnest homme  
Qui remporte la soif, pour boire a sa maison,  
Est priue de raison.*

## XIII.

*On a verjé cecy, pour estre beu :  
Il faut l'oster, de peur qu'on ne le jette.  
Voisin, je vay tirer de jeu,  
Puisque nostre partie est faicle.*

*Pour gaigner quinze, il faut mettre dedans,  
Par sur la langue, & non par fus la chorde.  
Pour nous juger voicy des gens  
Lesquels nous mettront a concorde.*

*Si je faisois encor trois pareils coups,  
Le premier jeu j'aurois de la partie.  
Tirés, maintenant c'est a vous ;  
Car ma soif elle est amortie.*

*J'ay encor bisque a prendre sur le jeu ;  
Mais j'attendray que la soif encor vienne :  
Quand le pot sera presque beu,  
Il sera temps que je la prenne.*

Unless some of you pull my sleeve, and say, " Beware ! "  
In safety to my mouth I feel I could it bear.  
And well I wot that when it down my throat shall flow,  
    My thirst will go.

For the host, too, to gain swift victory were best,  
That thus we all might cease, when thirst was laid to rest ;  
But if a draught or two should fail to vanquish it,  
    Then wait a bit.

As Bacchus' bailiff, Sirs, I summon all of you  
To quench your thirst ; for from the house of landlord true  
To carry thirst away, to drink at home alone,  
    Were mad, I own.

## XIII.

This wine was poured out for our thirst :  
    We must take it, for fear it be lost :  
My friend, I will strike the ball first,  
    Our match is arranged with our host.

To score fifteen, drive it well home,  
    And in ; not half-way, nor aside ;  
These honest bystanders are come  
    As umpires, the match to decide.

Thrice making a volley so true,  
    I'd win the first game of the set.  
The play is now standing with you ;  
    My thirst is dead, happily met.

The odds of a bisque I've still got ;  
    But wait, till my thirst come again :  
When well-nigh you've emptied the pot,  
    'Twill be time :—till then, let it remain.

## XIV.

*Belle, a vous ie m'addresse,  
Torexia, mes amours ;  
Pour ma chere maistresse  
Je vous auray tousiours.  
Qui l'amour vous veut faire,  
Ne s'acquert des ialoux,  
Et faites tousiours boire  
Qui frequente avec vous.*

*Vostre couleur vermeille  
Me rend le cuer ioyeux,  
Et souuent me refucille  
Du dormir sommeilleux.  
Quand on a bource pleine,  
En chaffant ses ennuis,  
Avec vous, sur chopine,  
On acquert des amis.*

*Soulas de nos miseris,  
Belle boisson sans eau,  
Les brouillemens d'affaires  
Vous ofles du cerveau.  
Bons beueurs ont dispense :  
Sergeant pour namps ne doit  
Prendre, par violence,  
Les vaissaux ou l'on boit.*

*A vn beueur bon homme  
Oster le gobelet  
Est vn tel peché, comme  
Oster a l'agnelet  
La nourice tetine.  
Laisses doncques, larron,  
La boite a médecine  
Au pauvre biberon.*

## XIV.

O fair Thorexia,  
To thee my love I vow ;  
No other dame shall sway  
My bosom's troth but thou.  
The fuitor who thee woos,  
Excites no jealousy,  
And, while he thee purfues,  
Drinks, in thy company.

Thy hues of blushing red  
My spirits cheerful make :  
From drowsy sleep in bed  
They often me awake.  
If full the purse be seen,  
Drive sorrow from the door :  
While drinking our chopine,  
We gain friends more and more.

Sweet solace of our cares,  
Fine drink, from water free !  
From worrying affairs  
Our brain is cleared by thee.  
Good drinkers can dispense  
With fees : no bailiff may  
Arrest by violence  
A drinking-cup for pay.

To snatch his cup of wine  
From boon companion good,  
Were to leave lamb to pine  
For lack of milky food.  
Then, thief, abstain : do not  
To rob that lamb incline ;  
Nor take from the poor fōt  
His chest of medicine.

*Je scay vn moyen braue  
Pour garder que le vin  
Ne se coule en la caue.  
Quand vous voudrez, voisin,  
Nous iron faire epreuve  
De mon scauoir chez vous.  
Je vous pry' qu'on n'y boive  
Tout le meilleur sans nous.*

## XV.

*Vous qui aymez mieux le fildre que le lait,  
Grands docteurs au jeu de palet,  
Qui ne voullez jamais, en voz escots,  
Laiffer le boyre aux pots.*

*Vous, gentils cerueaux, bons garçons qui beuus  
Touſſours ſur l'argent que iouez ;  
Aux cabarets avecques peu d'argent  
Vous ires hardiment.*

*De fildre a deux folz le pot, il n'en eſt plus ;  
Il ne vault mais qu'un carolus ;  
Et neantmoins, prenans voſtre repas,  
Ne vous enyurez pas.*

*Vous, qui aimes tant les tonneaux a vuider,  
Apprenes a les relier ;  
Car ce qui eſt enclos dans les tonneaux  
Entre dans voz boyaux.*

*Les tonneliers font maintenant bien requis ;  
Ils font plus rogues que marquis.  
Les preſſouriers, o leurs sabots de bois  
Sont plus rogues que rois.*

*Mais beuons a eux, & faire les laiffons  
Du bon breuuage aux bons garçons ;  
Et les prions qu'au marc & au cuueau  
Ils ne mettent de l'eau.*

I know a first-rate way,  
 Neighbour, to keep wine tight  
 In cellar : and, some day,  
 We'll try if it work right.  
 In your house let us test  
 If it go pleasantly.  
 And don't drink all the best  
 Till I be standing by !

## XV.

Ye who than milk esteem good cider more,  
 Great graduates in pitch-and-toss,  
 Who in the wine-pots of your tavern score  
 Take care to have no loss ;

Ye, clever wits, boon comrades, who carouse  
 Always on money gained at play ;  
 Though ye be scant of funds, to public-house  
 Now boldly wend your way.

The pots of cider at two sous are past ;  
 'Tis worth a Carolus :—no more.  
 Yet, as ye quaff it, during your repast,  
 Don't you get half-seas-o'er.

Ye who so cheerily drink out the tuns,  
 Should study how their hoops are bound ;  
 For all their contents, ye capacious ones !  
 Will within you be found.

The coopers, meanwhile, are in high request ;  
 A Marquis must give place to them.  
 The cider-presser's wooden shoes are blest  
 Above King's diadem.

Let's drink to them ; and leave them, after that,  
 To make, for good lads, some good juice ;  
 And beg they will, whether in marc, or vat,  
 No water introduce !

## XVI.

*Nous sommes trois bons drolles,  
Qui venons de Paris,  
La bouteille a la main.  
Du vin il n'y a plus !  
Helas ! nous en sommes perdus !*

*Les gorges auons cuites  
De soif, & peu d'argent.  
Remplissez vistement  
Nos vaisseaux & sauvez  
Ces drolles & les abreuvez.*

*Nous vous ferons de mesme,  
Quand vous viendrez chez nous,  
Le bon sera pour vous.  
Nous scauons bien comment  
La soif est vn aspre tourment.*

*Compagnons, ce qu'on donne  
Ne le refusons pas.  
Si fussions advocas,  
Souuent ferions garir  
Cete soif qui nous fait mourir.*

*Je veux estre a l'office,  
Si ie fers vn seigneur,  
Je prendray pour le cuer,  
M'auiuant les espris,  
Deux doigtz du vin de plus hault prix.*

## XVII.

*Chefnes, qui portoient le glan,  
Aux celiers feront, cest an,  
Pleins de bon breuuage,  
Propre a nostre usage.  
Ne fait ceste année  
La caue fermée !*

## XVI.

Here we, three good droll souls,  
From Paris come, a band  
With bottle in our hand.  
But all the wine's run dry !  
Good stars ! What misery !

Our throats are parched with thirst,  
And we have got no cash :—  
Quickly some liquor dash  
Into our cups, and quench  
These drolls' thirst with a drench.

And when you visit us,  
We'll treat you in like wife,  
And give you wine you'll prize.  
Alas ! Too well we know  
That thirst's a torture slow.

Friends, what they give to us,  
Our need appropriates.  
If we were Advocates,  
We oft should cure the thirst  
By which we are so cursed.

I'd fain the steward be,  
If I served some great lord ;  
And to myself afford,  
To keep my spirits up,  
Of grandest wine a cup.

## XVII.

Oak-trees, that acorns bore,  
This year shall hold good store  
    Of wine, to choofe  
    For our own use.  
    Let this year fee  
    The cellar free !

*Varlets boyront du tonneau,  
Qui beuuoient au pot a eau :  
La seruante fine  
Boyra ja chopine.  
Ne soit ceste année  
La caue fermée !*

*Les droles & bons garçons  
Feront, chantans leurs chansons,  
Vn escot honnest,  
A fix blancs par teste.  
Ne soit ceste année  
La caue fermée !*

*Mais les vilains vfuriers,  
Qui ont tous pleins leurs celiers  
De vieil fidre a vendre,  
Se voudroient bien pendre.  
Ne soit ceste année  
La caue fermée !*

*Ils sont tousiours en pecht.  
Quand le peuple a bon marché  
Peut auoir ja vie,  
Ils meurent d'envie.  
Ne soit ceste année  
La caue fermée !*

*Or, beuuons, mais sans excess,  
Et accordons nos proces.  
Voicy, ce me semble,  
Les voisins ensemble !  
Ne soit ceste année  
La caue fermée !*

Varlets have hoghead got  
To drink, for water-pot :  
    The fair maid's lip  
    Chopine shall sip.  
    Let this year fee  
    The cellar free !

The drolls, and comrades brave,  
Uplifting vocal stave,  
    Shall score, till each  
    A penny reach.  
    Let this year fee  
    The cellar free !

But misers vile, who hold  
Great stocks of cider old  
    Kept back to sell,  
    Curse their fate well.  
    Let this year fee  
    The cellar free !

They always grind the poor.  
    If plenty's at the door,  
    Their schemes are rife  
    To take folks' life.  
    Let this year fee  
    The cellar free !

Let's drink, then, soberly,  
And lay our law-suits by.  
    As neighbours, meet,  
    Each other greet ;—  
    Let this year fee  
    The cellar free !

## XVIII.

*Voicy mon nauire qui nage :  
Et vient a ce haure aborder.  
Et vient a ce haure aborder.  
Je lui donne tousiours sa charge  
De bon vin si j'en puis trouuer.  
De bon vin, si j'en puis trouuer.*

*Les bons garçons de ce riuage  
M'attendoient, pour leur en donner ;  
M'attendoient, pour leur en donner ;  
Mais par les pillards & l'orage,  
Las ! j'ay tout perdu sur la mer.  
Las ! j'ay tout perdu sur la mer.*

*Sur la mer, subiect a naufrage,  
Je ne me veux plus hazarder :  
Je ne me veux plus hazarder :  
Des taulpes dessus l'heritage  
J'ayme mieux boire & me loger.  
J'ayme mieux boire & me loger.*

*Donnes, pour le mettre en courage,  
A boyre au pâture marinier :  
A boyre au pâture marinier :  
Les compagnons du nauigage,  
Ne les vueilles pas oublier !  
Ne les vueilles pas oublier !*

*Voicy mon nauire qui nage :  
Il vient a ce haure aborder.  
Il vient a ce haure aborder.  
Je lui donne tousiours sa charge  
De bon vin, si j'en puis trouuer.  
De bon vin, si j'en puis trouuer.*

## XVIII.

My ship comes floating o'er the brine,  
Brought to this haven by the wind.  
Brought to this haven by the wind.  
I always freight it with good wine,  
When I such welcome drink can find.  
When I such welcome drink can find.

The boon companions of this land  
Waited, to have some wine from me ;  
Waited, to have some wine from me ;  
But pirates, and storm-beaten strand,  
Have wrecked my all upon the sea.  
Have wrecked my all upon the sea.

Shipwreck's so rife upon the main,  
I will no more approach its brink :  
I will no more approach its brink :  
While yet above the moles' domain,  
I'd rather have a house, and drink.  
I'd rather have a house, and drink.

Give the poor sailor, to restore  
His courage, means to drink your health :  
His courage, means to drink your health :  
His messmates, also, I implore,  
Remember kindly in your wealth.  
Remember kindly in your wealth.

My ship comes floating o'er the brine,  
Brought to this haven by the wind.  
Brought to this haven by the wind.  
I always freight it with good wine,  
When I such welcome drink can find.  
When I such welcome drink can find.

## XIX.

*Je vay boire aux gentils pommiers,  
Qui ont faict mettre a six deniers  
Le pot de sidre, ceste anné,  
Dont la soif sera ruinée.*

*Les sidres, a peine parez,  
On faict boire aux gens alterez,  
Et n'eussent ils denier ny maille,  
Pour remplir bientost la fustaille.*

*Le boisseau de fruit excelent  
Ne vaut que six blancs seulement :  
Des poires, on n'en fait que faire.  
Qui mettra donc l'eau dans le boire ?*

*On releue les tonneaux vieux,  
On y met des cercles tout neufz ;  
On n'oit plus rien que reliages,  
Chacun entend aux pressourages.*

*En donnant vn vuide tonneau,  
Vn autre de sidre nouveau  
On vous emplira, sans coulage.  
Bon temps est reuenu ; courage !*

*Courage ! drolles, bons garçons !  
Encor on dira voz chanfons ;  
Encor feront, pour faire rire,  
En bon credit les Vau de Vire.*

*L'an mil six cens douze, un garçon,  
Bon pressurier, fist la chanfon,  
A qui tous ceux du voisinage  
Venoient sur la mé faire hommage.*

## XIX.

I will drink the good apple-trees' health !  
For this year they will yield cider-wealth  
At a pot for six farthings ; whereby  
Thirst will surely be ruined, and die.

The new ciders, though hardly yet clear,  
They bestow on the thirsty folks near,  
(And yet never a farthing will ask !)  
To fill quickly the home cider-cask.

They will get but a penny, to sell  
A whole bushel of fruit ripened well,  
And they cannot get rid of the pears.  
Therefore who to mix water now cares ?

They repair the old casks, tight and true,  
And re-bind them with hoops that are new ;  
We hear nothing but hogsheads new-bound,  
And the cider-mills preffing around.

If you'll give them but one empty cask,  
They will fill you another, and ask  
Nothing more ; so good times, never fear,  
Have come back. Blefs the plentiful year !

Then rejoice, merry comrades all round !  
For again shall your melodies found ;  
And again, as gay chorus ye sing,  
Shall the fame of your Vaux-de-Vire ring.

Sixteen hundred and twelve was the time  
When a good cider-lad made this rhyme :  
All the neighbours, their homage to pay,  
Came to visit him throned on the may !

## XX.

*Je ne voy si volontiers  
 Les boutiques des grossiers,  
 Comme j'ayme en chaque rue  
 Les bouchons des tauerniers.  
 Belle hyerre, que je suis  
 Joyeux, quand ma veue  
 Regarde en tant de logis  
 Ta branche pendue !*

*L'hyerre, c'est en tous lieux  
 L'arbrisseau que j'ayme mieux :  
 Il m'enseigne ou je doy boire,  
 Quand j'ay argent, si je veux.  
 Il faut argent ; car credit  
 On ne trouue guere,  
 Si on n'est bien fauorit  
 De la tauerniere.*

*Ne me parles nullement  
 D'aller jouer mon argent,  
 Ou, estant encor en vie,  
 D'en bastir mon monument.  
 J'en veux bastir ma santé.  
 Qui est amoindrie,  
 Quand de peu boire, en est,  
 Ma gorge s'ennuye.*

*Vn estat dont je fay cas,  
 C'est celuy des aduocatz.  
 Souuent o eux j'allois boyre,  
 Estant cleric, portant leurs fas.  
 Le dient leur consultoit  
 Ainsi sa matiere  
 Et, en beuant, on mettoit  
 Sa cause en moemoire.*

## XX.

Not so lovingly I hail  
Shops where goods are set for sale,  
As, in streets, I see the fine  
Bush from countleſs taverns trail.  
Beauteous ivy ! How my heart  
Leaps with joy, when branch of thine  
I behold, in ev'ry part,  
Gracefully its garland twine !

In the ivy-bush I trace  
Plant of most consummate grace :  
Showing me where I may fill  
Goblets in a fitting place.  
But one must have cash : for wine  
Finds scant credit in the bill,  
Should the hostes not incline  
To view one with warm good-will.

Tempt me not with cent. per cent.  
Got by gambling management ;  
Nor perſuade me, while alive,  
To build up my monument.  
To build up my weakened health,  
I with wiser aim would strive ;  
Weakened, when ſmall drinking-wealth  
To my thirſt hot ſummers give.

Very highly the estate  
I esteem of Advocate.  
Oft with ſuch I used to ſwilling,  
Bearing bags, a clerk fedate.  
In' that guife, upon the laws  
Clients would consult them ſtill ;  
And with merits of the cause  
They their memories would fill.

*Je vous diray le garçon  
 Qui a fait cette chançon,  
 Quand toute la compagnie  
 Auxa vuidé son guichon.  
 Ce fut un sergeant, n'aymant  
 Mal ny tricherie,  
 Non plus qu'un viel loup faillant  
 Dans la bergerie.*

## XXI.

*Douces chansons, a tort on vous blasonne ;  
 Beaux airs pour boyre, a qui faictes vous mal ?  
 En collaudant un breuuage loyal,  
 On ne faict tort ni dommage a personne.*

*Par vous, la soif de la bouche se tire,  
 Et d'un grand mal on se va deliurant,  
 Pourueu qu'on ait breuuage a l'aduenant.  
 Couste t il moins a rechigner qu'a rire ?*

*Mon gosier est comme pierre de ponce :  
 Il est plus sec que l'aire d'un four chault.  
 Gouste, gosier, si c'est ce qu'il te faut  
 Que ce breuuage, & m'en donne responce.*

*O le grand boire ! o la liqueur friande,  
 Qui, me flatant, coule si doucement !  
 Voisin, prenez ce rafraichissement,  
 Et le vuides, de peur qu'il ne s'espande.*

## XXII.

*Vous qui dans vos gosiers  
 N'aymes la sechereffe,  
 Et chez les tauerniers  
 Passez vostre ieunesse,  
 Il faut que ie vous laisse :  
 J'y ay beu si souuent  
 Que ie n'ay plus d'argent.*

I will tell you, before long,  
Who it was that made this song,  
When the present company  
Shall have drained their flagons strong.  
'Twas a bailiff, loving things  
Tinged with fraud or trickery,  
No more than old wolf, who springs  
Into sheep-fold stealthily !

## XXI.

Sweet songs, which some erroneously blame ;  
Soft drinking airs, whom is it that ye harm ?  
There is no wrong to any one, no shame,  
In singing praises of good liquor's charm.  
  
By you, the thirsting mouth is well relieved,  
And from a great discomfort we're set free,  
If but some fitting draught can be received.  
Can scowls than smiles more profitable be ?

My throat is like a porous pumice-stone : -  
And than a heated oven's air more dry.  
Taste, throat, and see if it be not alone  
This drink you want, and give me a reply.  
  
O the great drink ! O the delicious draught !  
Which, gently soothing, flows so sweetly down !  
Neighbour, by you be this refreshment quaffed,  
And drain it dry, before its strength be flown.

## XXII.

Ye who in your throats abhor  
Sentiments of thirstiness,  
And within the tavern-door  
Paid your time of youthfulness,  
I must quit your pleasant mess :  
There I've drunk so long and fast,  
That my funds no longer last.

*J' estois touſſours premier  
A tirer a la bource,  
Pour les eſcotz payer  
Trop liberal ; & pour ce  
Me faut boire a la ſource ;  
Car, n'ayant plus de quoy,  
Aucun ne paye pour moy.*

*Donc, breuuage exceilent,  
Faut il que je te quille  
Pour n'auoir plus d'argent ;  
Que les droles j'euſte,  
Et les brutes j'imité,  
Beuant comme un cheual,  
L'eau qui me fait du mal ?*

*Mettrai ie plus le nez  
Et ma bouche alterée  
En ces verres, comblés  
De liqueur qui m'agrée ?  
Et ma bource vuidée  
M'aura-t-elle reduict  
A n'auoir plus credit ?*

*Puisque encor ie te tiens,  
O bonne quinteffence,  
J'en vay lauer mes dens  
Et boire a l'affſtence ;  
Puis, ſi je n'ay puiffance  
De payer tout l'eſcot,  
Qu'iles moy pour mon pot !*

### XXIII.

*Bon boire, on ne peut te louer dignement.  
Tu m'as oſté du grand tourment  
De l'eſtude, que tu m'as fait quicler  
Aſſin de t'accoſter.*

I was always foremost found  
 To draw forth my purse, and pay  
 For the company all round,  
 With too generous display :  
 Hence must water now allay  
 My own thirst ; for when I'm poor,  
 No one comes to clear my score.

Must I then, O liquor brave,  
 Therefore leave this happy state,  
 Since I no more money have ?  
 Boon companions abrogate,  
 And the brute-beasts imitate,  
 Drinking, as a horse would do,  
 Water that destroys me so ?

Shall I never put my nose  
 And these thirsting lips of mine  
 In those glasses, wherein flows  
 That *Elixir Vitæ*, wine ?  
 Does my purse so sadly dwine,  
 That I'm left the hopeless task  
 All in vain for loans to ask ?

Then, since in my hands I fway  
 Thee,—(quintessence, O how good !),—  
 I'll just wash my teeth, and say,  
 “ Health to all this brotherhood !  
 “ If my poverty elude  
 “ Means to pay the total score,  
 “ Pardon me this one pot more ! ”

### XXIII.

Good drink, I can never thy kindness repay,  
 Who me from the plague of my study didst free,  
 And pleasantly indicate which was the way  
 Of meeting with thee.

*Car, pour ma fante te prenant, ie fay mieux  
Qu'en lisant vn codde ennuyeux ;  
Et j'ayme mieux aux bons boires sans eau  
Aplicuer mon cerueau.*

*O ! que de bon cuer mes liures harderois  
Pour les escots ou tu serois,  
Gentil breuage ! Ah ! tu m'es trop amy,  
Pour te boyre a demy !*

*Donc, ruidant cecy, sans commettre un deffault,  
J'en livre a mon voisin l'affault.  
Ne craignez point, voisin : ce combat mien  
N'est que pour vostre bien.*

*Car, de ce duel si vous suyuez la loy,  
Et beueez ainsi comme moy,  
Quand vous aurés ce breuage auallé,  
Vous serés consolé.*

## XXIV.

*O gentil joly vin clairet,  
Qui fers aux vieilles gens de lait,  
Tu vois bien venu ! Je desire  
Que chez moy tu prennes logis,  
Comme vn de tes meilleurs amis,  
Et la raison ie t'en vay dire :*

*C'est pour mon grand mal appaifer.  
La nuict, je ne puis reposer,  
Tant la cholicque me tourmente !  
On m'a dict, selon Galien,  
Qu'on peut garir, par ton moyen,  
Vne douleur tant vehemente.*

*Je veux user de ta bonté,  
Sans aller chercher ma fante*

Thy company better for health I have found,  
Than o'er dreary statutes my eye-sight to strain ;  
I see that a waterless beverage found  
Suits better my brain.

How willingly would I my law-reports burn,  
For those jolly reck'nings where thou dost appear ;  
Fair beverage ! Never from thee would I turn  
Half-drunk :—never fear !

I empty this pot, no defaulter in wine,  
And then challenge boldly my neighbour to quaff.  
Fear not, my good neighbour : this duel of mine  
Will but make you laugh.

For if you will notice the rules of this fight,  
And follow precisely the method I've done,  
When you shall have swallowed this liquor downright,  
You'll think it such fun !

#### XXIV.

O lovely wine, in hue a rose,  
Whose stream like milk to old folks flows,  
All hail to you ! I think it well  
That in my house you make your home ;  
To friend of your best friends you come.  
The reason I will briefly tell,

Namely, my anguish to appease.  
At night, I get no sleep nor ease,  
The colic does me so torment !  
But Galen says, (as told to me),  
Your anodyne can set me free  
From sufferings so vehement.

Your charity, I think were best,  
Without recourse to chemist's chest,

*Aux boetes des apoticaires.  
Leurs drogues coûtent trop d'argent,  
Je ne veux plus que toy, vrayement,  
Pour me seruir en mes affaires.*

*Je scay comme il en faut vser,  
Sobrement, sans en abuser,  
Que raison ne soit peruertie.  
Ma femme aggrera volontiers  
Qu'elle & moy en ayons vn tiers,  
Tous les soirs, avec la rostie.*

*Si m'eschet ailleurs d'en gouster,  
Je n'iray pas luy raconter.  
Elle me diroit en cholere :  
“ Tu as tant d'enfans a nourrir !  
“ Les veux tu, prodigue, appourir  
“ A ne cesser jamais de boire ? ”*

*L'auare femme son mary  
Rend souuent bien triste & mary,  
Et en a de mauuaises heures.  
Mais changeons de deuis : bon vin,  
Verjé on ne l'a pas, afin  
Qu'au verre touslours tu demeures !*

*Je pren donc ce qu'on m'a donné.  
Personne ne soit estonné,  
Si tout d'une fois je le vuide ;  
Car, j'ay, pour boire, affer chanté.  
Sus ! voisín, a vostre santé !  
Viue vn goſter touslours humide !*

## XXV.

*Mareschal, qui le rouge fer  
Ba-bas sur l'enclume en ta forge,  
A force de batre & chauffer,  
Te prend pointé la soif a la gorge ?*

To renovate my shattered state.

Their costly drugs are far too dear;

I want to have you only here,

In busines to co-operate.

Your virtues I know how to use,

In soberness, without abuse,

That reason's pow'rs be never lost.

My wife will be quite satisfied

That she and I a quart divide,

Each ev'ning, as we take our toast.

Should I by chance taste you elsewhere,

I should not mention it to her.

She would with indignation cry ;—

“ You have so many babes to feed !

“ You prodigal, would you in need

“ Leave them, nor cease your revelry ? ”

A miser wife oft makes her lord

Feel both ashamed and greatly bored,

And hours of much discomfort paſs.

But change we ſuch ungrateful lay :—

Good wine, you were not meant to stay,

Poured out, for ever in the glaſs !

I take, then, what they've given to me.

And don't you be ſurprized to ſee

It drained at one good pull with glee ;

I've ſung enough to earn my draught.

To your health, neighbour, be it quaffed !

Long live the throat from dryneſs free !

### XXV.

Blackſmith, as you beat, beat,

In the forge, the iron hot,

By the dint of blows and heat,

Thirst nigh chokes you, does it not ?

*Je suis ton valet, si tu veux  
Faire, apres chacun martelage,  
Que nous beuons vn coup ou deux,  
Pour nous rafreschir l'hyophage.*

*D'un pauure valet qui n'a beu  
L'enclume n'est poinct bien batue :  
A fuer ainsi prez le feu,  
De soif vne gorge est perdue.*

*Tousjours, s'il me faut trauiller,  
De fort grand matin je m'esueille,  
Et scay aussi bien a souffler  
Au charbon, comme a la bouteille.*

*Donc, de la soif me garderes,  
Et avec vous je veux bien estre.  
Ça le vin du marché beuues !  
Le breuage est bon ; a vous, maistre !*

## XXVI.

*Gentil forgeur, au visage noircy,  
Sur ce fer chauld qui alles martelant,  
Vous faut il poinct vn compagnon icy,  
Qui soufle bien, & qui est bon battant,  
Et qui seait bien boire d'autant ?*

*En nostre accord vn article mettray,  
Si vous voules qu'aucque vous ie sois :  
Chaque eschaudée ou je trauailleray  
Au gros marteau, vous me serés courtois  
Et me feres boire vne fois.*

*J'entendz que soit de quelque bon pomme,  
Et non de vin, qui couste trop d'argent,  
Et je ne suis au vin accoustumé.  
Vous me voires, m'abreuant bien souuent,  
En la forge fort diligent.*

I'm your servant, if you think  
That a cup or twain for us,  
At each hammering, to drink,  
Would refresh th' œsophagus.

He must anvil feebly beat,  
Who ne'er drinks to cool his thirst :  
Ever sweating in such heat,  
A poor throat must be accurst.

Always, when to work I go,  
With funrise begins my task ;  
And as ardently I blow  
At the fire as at the flask.

You will keep all thirst from me,  
And your favour I would win.  
Your health, Master ! We agree.  
'Tis good wine I drink it in !

## XXVI.

Honest blacksmith, swart of face,  
Forging iron all a-glow,  
Canst thou give a workman place,  
Who can deftly strike, and blow,  
And drink well of goblet's flow ?

In our contract, I insist  
One condition shall apply :  
Ev'ry time that I assit  
At the great forge, courtesey  
Shall invite me drink to try.

It must be some cider fine,  
Not wine, which entails expense,  
And I'm not inured to wine.  
See, if I'm oft sprinkled thence,  
How I'll forge with diligence.

*Si je ne boy, je ne puis trauailler ;  
 Car j'ay vn mal : la soif souuent m'assault.  
 Et c'est pitié que d'un pauure gosier  
 D'un compagnon alteré, qui a chauld,  
 Et n'a le remede qu'il fault.*

*Or, vous ferts de moy bien satisfaiet  
 Par ce moyen ; maistre, je boy a vous.  
 Voicy le vin de nostre marché fait.  
 Ce sildre est bon : mais ne soyés jaloux  
 De la maistresse ny de nous.*

*Ay je pas bien sousté pour vne fois ?  
 Il m'est entré dans la gorge vn charbon,  
 Et a l'estaindre, en beuant, je taschois.  
 Failes ainsy pour dire : Lariron !  
 Viue le gentil forgeron !*

## XXVII.

*Tous ces vers biberons ie veux desaduouer,  
 Aduortons que j'ay faitz en ma jeune allegresse,  
 Quoy que ie n'eusse lors vne humeur beuueresse :  
 Mais on faitz souuent mal, ne penseant que jouer.*

*Je crains que quelques vns ne vucillent en rser  
 Pour seruir de pretexte a leur gourmande vie.  
 Ces vers ne pecheront, mais bien l'yurongnerie :  
 Car de toute autre chose on peut bien abuser.*

*Je retracte pourtant les chansons qui feront  
 Scandale aux scrupuleux, & veux que sans les dire  
 Vn chacun les censure & bannisse de Vire,  
 Blafmant avec l'autheur ceux qui les chanteront.*

*Moy mesme j'en ay honte avec vn repentir.  
 Je voudrois que jamais elles n'eussent pris vie ;  
 Mais elles ont deia pris cours en la patrie,  
 Qui, malgré moy, les chante ; & me faut le patir.*

I can't work, if I drink not ;  
One misfortune's mine :—'tis thirst.  
If poor fellow's throat be hot,  
And with lack of drink he's curst,  
'Tis of miseries the worst.

Thus, your praise shall aye be mine ;  
Master, thus I drink to thee !  
'Tis our foreaid contract-wine,  
Cider good. Don't jealous be  
Either of thy wife, or me.

Have I not, for once, well blown ?  
In my throat a cinder stuck,  
And I drank to cool it down ;  
Do the same, and sing, for luck ;—  
“ Long be such good forging struck ! ”

## XXVII.

All these drinking-songs I would gladly disown,  
Imperfect attempts of my frolicsome youth ;  
When I wasn't addicted to drinking, in sooth,  
Yet mischief may oft, though in jesting, be done.

I fear least by some they perhaps may be used  
As covers for veiling their epicure way.  
These verses won't sin ; the debauchery may ;  
As all other things may be grossly abused.

Such songs I retract as may possibly bring  
To squeamish minds, scandal, offending the ear :  
Let all men revile them, and banish from Vire,  
And blame him who wrote them, and those who may sing.

Myself am ashamed of them ; vow I repent ;  
And wish that they never had come into life ;  
But now o'er the whole of the country they're rife,  
'Spite of me they are fung ; and I must consent.

*Je ne laisseray pas a hanter mes amis,  
Sans faire toutes fois excess sur le breuuage,  
Contre le mauuais temps leur donnant bon courage,  
Et en le souhaittant tel qu'il estoit jadis.*

*Je vay boire d'autant pour finir ces chansons,  
Lesquelles ne sont pas au gré de tout le monde ;  
Mais quel dommage en ha tout homme qui en gronde,  
Si, sans haine & sans mal, nous nous resouiffons ?*



My meetings with friends I will never give o'er,  
Though never committing excess ; in my rhymes  
Exhorting my comrades to bear evil times,  
And praying for days like the brave ones of yore.

To finish these songs, I'll now heartily quaff,  
Though not with all tastes they go pleasantly down ;  
But how do they injure the censors who frown,  
If we in pure innocence merrily laugh ?





## CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE DU MS. POLINIÈRE.

### I.

*Si souuent en nos repas,  
A la facon ancienne  
De nos peres gros & gras,  
Nous chantons, chascun la sienne,  
C'est pour chasser le soucy  
Qui nous peut donner ennuy.*

*Celuy qui n'a le cerueau  
Capable de l'armonie,  
N'est qu'vnre teste de veau  
Remply de melancolie:  
Vn homme ne chantant point,  
C'est comme vn qui n'en a point.*

*Celuy qui ayme a chanter,  
En beuant, le Vaudeuire,  
Ne s'amuse a detrabler  
De son voisin ny d'en rire ;  
Mais bien heureux & content  
S'amuse a boire d'autant.*

*Ces beaux espritz, doux chantans,  
Pendant que l'on dîne ou soupe,  
Me font souuenir des chants  
Dont l'on dit des dieux la troupe,  
Parmy leur nectar vineux,  
Se repaistre dans les cieux.*



## SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE FROM THE POLINIÈRE MS.

### I.

If we oft, with festal cheer,  
Like our burly fires of old,  
Sing each one his Vau-de-Vire,  
Such as those great heroes trolled,  
'Tis to drive dull care away,  
Lest it damp our spirits gay.

He whose brain was never bred  
To enjoy sweet harmony,  
Is no better than calf's head  
Teeming with melancholy :  
He who never sings his part,  
Has no harmony of heart.

He who takes delight to sing,  
While he drinks, the Vau-de-Vire,  
Finds no joy in flandering  
Friend or neighbour, nor in sneer ;  
But rejoices in content,  
And in jocund merriment.

Such glad souls, their carols sweet  
Chanting while we sup or dine,  
Seem with those clear notes replete  
Which, 'tis said, with nectar-wine,  
In celestial abodes,  
Feast assemblies of the gods.

*Imitons donc gayement  
Ceste musique celleste,  
Et chantons ensemblement  
Quelque Vaudeuvre honnesté.  
Sans contrefaire le fin,  
Chascun boiue a son voisin.*

## II.

*Tu sois le bien venu,  
O fidre delectable !  
Tu vaux pour estre beu.  
Vn pressourier notable  
T'a façonné. Entre tous les mestiers,  
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Vn pressourier vrayment  
Est bien plus qu'on ne pense.  
C'est comme vn president ;  
Quand le marc il agence,  
C'est le premier. Entre tous les mestiers,  
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Quand le marc est assis,  
Pressouriers vont repaistre,  
Et disner, au logis,  
A la table du maistre.  
Il faut du rost. Entre tous les mestiers,  
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Les grans fabos aux piedz,  
Le bonnet a la teste,  
Sur la may respectés,  
Ils font toucher la besté  
A vn vallet. Entre tous les mestiers,  
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

Then such Paradise-like lay  
    Let us gaily rival here,  
Singing in our choral way  
    Some good honest Vau-de-Vire.  
Our true feelings hiding not,  
    To friend's health drain we wine-pot.

## II.

O delicious cider-draught,  
    Thou shalt ever welcome be !  
Some grand cider-preffer's craft  
    Must have aptly fashioned thee  
So fit to drink. All handicrafts among,  
    May the cider-preffers flourish long !

To the cider-preffer 's lent  
    Greater fway than is supposed.  
He is like a President.  
    While he sees the marc disposed,  
He's Premier. All handicrafts among,  
    May the cider-preffers flourish long !

When the marc is left to rest,  
    Cider-preffers go to dine  
With the master, on what 's best,  
    At high-table, superfine.  
They must have roast. All handicrafts among,  
    May the cider-preffers flourish long !

Wooden sabots on their feet,  
    On their head their bonnet kept,  
Reverenced on the may-seat,  
    While they make the horse be whipt  
By servant's hand. All handicrafts among,  
    May the cider-preffers flourish long !

*A eux seuls appartient  
De tout le pressourage  
L'entier gouernement,  
Et du grand couteau large  
Tailler le marc. Entre tous les mestiers,  
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Les jumelles, la viz,  
Les cuues, le mouillage,  
Le mouton, la brebis,  
La may leur font hommage.  
Bref je vous dis : Entre tous les mestiers,  
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Dans le fildre nouveau  
Sont gens qui ont puissance  
De mellanger de l'eau  
Et nous faire nuisance.  
Disons en bien. Entre tous les mestiers,  
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Pressouriers, je promets  
Pinte de Malwoisie,  
Mais qu'au pressoir jamais  
L'eau n'entre, je vous prie.  
Je boy a vous ! Entre tous les mestiers,  
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

## III.

*Farin Du Gas, tu es vn honnesté homme :  
Par mon ferment, tu es vn bon Gallois.  
Estois tu pointé du temps que les Anglois  
A Baffelin firent si grand vergongne ?  
Ma foy, Farin, tu es vn habille homme.*

*Mais quoy ! Farin, y a t il quelque chose  
Qui semble mieux a Baffelin que vous ?  
Premierement il beuoit tous les jours,*

For all apple-management,  
 On them are the functions laid  
 Of despotic government ;  
 And with great broad-shapen blade  
 To cleave the marc. All handicrafts among,  
 May the cider-pressers flourish long !

Double boards, and spiral screw,  
 Streaming pipes, the mill, the press,  
 Table, floor, pay homage due  
 To the presser's mightinefs.  
 In short, I say :—All handicrafts among,  
 May the cider-pressers flourish long !

While as yet the cider 's new,  
 There are folks who have a charm  
 To mix water in the brew,  
 And so work us monstrous harm.  
 But bless we it. All handicrafts among  
 May the cider-pressers flourish long !

Cider-pressers, I will give  
 You a flask of Malvoisie :  
 But no water, as you live,  
 In your cider-presfs must be.  
 I drink your health ! All handicrafts among,  
 May the cider-pressers flourish long !

## III.

Farin Du Gas, thou art a goodly man :  
 Thou art, I swear, a chosen one of ten.  
 Wert thou not of that time when Englishmen  
 Did Baffelin so shamefully trepan ?  
 My troth, Farin, thou art a clever man !

But prithee, Farin, is there any thing  
 Which more than thou to Baffelin is like ?  
 First, he kept drinking, ev'ry day alike ;

*Et toy, Farin, tu ne fais autre chose :  
Ny jour ny nuit, chez toy on ne repose.*

*Onc Baffelin ne voulut de laitage,  
Et toy, Farin, le hais plus que la mort ;  
Mais pour vider centz fois le gobelot,  
Tu le ferois, & encor davantage.  
Si Farin meurt, ce seroit grand dommage.*

*Baffelin fut de fort rouge visage,  
Illuminé, comme est vn cherubin ;  
Et toy, Farin, tu as tant beu de vin,  
Que maintenant tout ce l'on te presage.  
Si Farin meurt, ce sera grand dommage.*

*Raoul Baffelin fit mettre en curatelle  
Honteusement le bonhomme Oliuier ;  
Et toy, Farin, voys tu pointé Le Soudier  
Qui, en riant, te faict mettre en tutelle ?  
Ça, dicit Farin, par ma foy, j'en appelle.*

*A Baffelin ne demeura que frire ;  
Et toy, Farin, tu es bon mesnager.  
Pour boire vn peu, ce n'est pas grand danger :  
C'est de ton creu. Encore faut il rire.  
Bois donc, Farin, & ne prens pas du pire.*

## IV.

*Je congnois vn qui faict pitit,  
Tant il se desole & lamente,  
Sechant qu'il perdra la moitié  
Du prix de son fildre a la vente.*

*Il se plaint contre tant de fleurs  
Qui nous promettent tant de pommes,  
Et luy donnent mille douleurs,  
Ceste bonne année ou nous sommes.*

And thou, Farin, too, dost no other thing :  
Nor day, nor night, to thy house rest doth bring !

Then, Baffelin did milk for drink abhor ;  
And thou, Farin, dost hate it more than death ;  
But as for draining hundred goblets,—faith,  
Thou would'st do that, and even somewhat more.  
Did Farin die, it were a pity sore !

Baffelin's visage was of rosy dye,  
Illumined, as a cherub's features shine ;  
And thou, Farin, hast drunk such floods of wine,  
That a like fate for thee men prophesy.  
It were a pity sore, did Farin die !

The good Olivier was put in ward  
By Raoul Baffelin, disgracefully.  
And so, Farin, does not Le Soudier,  
In jest, restrain thee by curator's guard ?  
Farin says :—“ I appeal from such award ! ”

To Baffelin was left no bite of food ;  
And thou, Farin, art frugal of thy stuff.  
To drink a little wine is safe enough.  
'Tis thine own growth. Be gravity eschewed.  
Drink, then, Farin ; and drink of what is good !

#### IV.

One, whom I know, makes sad outcry,  
Most pitiable moan and wail,  
Over his los, since folks will buy  
Cider for half-price at the sale.

He raves against the burst of bloom,  
Whose teeming fruit our trees will bleſs,  
But him to thouſand forrows doom,  
In this our year of plenteousneſs.

*Il vendroit son fildre aux voisins,  
(S'il n'en eust esté d'aventure)  
A six blancs le pot & rien moins,  
Et ferroit petite mesure.*

*Las ! faut il qu'il ait tant vescu,  
Et voir, malgré son avarice,  
Pippe de fildre a vn escu,  
Et qu'il faut que le sien aigriffe !*

*Voicy la faison, gosiers secs,  
Par vous tant de fois désirée.  
Ne beuez pourtant par excess,  
Si la soif n'est immoderée.*

*Je pense estre avec mes amis.  
Je bois a vous & vous fallue ;  
Ce breuage icy n'est pas mis  
Pour estre jeté dans la rue.*

*Quand vn homme est bien alteré,  
Et que le fidre le contente,  
A mon aduis il est tiré  
Des pommes de quelque bonne ente.*

## V.

*Ma commere, ma mye,  
Visitons nous souuent,  
Car beaucoup il m'ennuye  
Que mon mary ne vient.  
Si tant je le regrette,  
Ce n'est pas sans raison,  
Car je couche feullette,  
Seulette a la maison.*

*Qu'a Rouen son affaire  
Aye bientost bon succés,  
Je voudrois, ma commere,  
Qu'il n'y eust nul procès.*

He would have sold to neighbours, round,—  
(Had only the crop failed, by chance !),—  
At pence the pot, nor cheaper found,  
Which his short measure would enhance.

Why live so long, to see, with frown,  
Spite of his avarice's power,  
A pipe of cider for a crown,  
And that his own must soon grow sour ?

Ye thirsty throats, such blisfulness  
Was oft by you desired of late.  
But still, pray quaff without excess,  
If thirst be not immoderate.

To you, the friends I dwell among,  
I drink, saluting as we meet :  
Because it would be clearly wrong  
To throw this draught into the street.

When a man's thirst is well redressed,  
And cider pleases him when quaffed,  
I feel it must have been expressed  
From apples of some noble graft.

## V.

My friend, my gossip dear,  
Let us oft visits pay :  
So long the hours appear  
While my good-man 's away.  
If I his absence moan,  
'Tis not mere fantasy,  
For in the house, alone,—  
Alas ! alone I lie.

At Rouen may his cause  
Right early have good end :  
I would that by the laws  
There were no law-suits, friend !

*Si tant je le regrette,  
Ce n'est pas sans raison,  
Car je couche feullette,  
Seulette a la maison.*

*Pourueu qu'il me maintienne  
Sa foy & loyauté,  
Attendant qu'il reuienne,  
Je bois a sa santé.  
Si tant je le regrette,  
Ce n'est pas sans raison,  
Car je couche feullette,  
Seulette a la maison.*

## VI.

*Messieurs, je m'en vais boire a vous  
De ce vin qui est si tres doux  
Et sauoureux.  
Vous ferez en la manierre  
Comme je vay faire ;  
Or beuez donc, mon compere,  
Car c'est a vous.*

*J'ay beu d'autant, vous le voyez  
Voisin, c'est a vous en appres,  
Et vous haflez.  
Prenez doncques vogtre tasse  
De cuer & de grace.  
Ce vin vient de bonne place.  
Vous en boirez.*

*Boire tousiours il nous conuient,  
Et sy mangeons pareillement  
Du pain souuent.  
Et faites tousiours chere lie  
A vogtre partye :  
Beuons tous, je vous en prie,  
Chascun d'autant.*

If I his absence moan,  
 'Tis not mere fantasy,  
 For in the house, alone,—  
 Alas ! alone I lie.

If he to me maintain  
 His faith and loyalty,  
 Till he come back again,  
 I'll toast him lovingly.  
 If I his absence moan,  
 'Tis not mere fantasy,  
 For in the house, alone,—  
 Alas ! alone I lie.

## VI.

Your health, all the company round,  
 In this wine delicious and found,  
 Of flavour renowned.  
 And, just in the manner I do,  
 Do each one of you.  
 Then drink, gossip true !  
 Don't laggard be found.

I've heartily drunk, and I send  
 The wine next to you, my good friend ;  
 So prithee attend.  
 Enjoy your wine-cup with good grace,  
 Not making a face :  
 'Tis from a choice place,  
 Which you will commend.

To drink without ceasing, behoves :  
 And often to eat of our loaves  
 As appetite moves ;  
 And aye to be merry and gay  
 While chatting away :  
 Drink, each of us, pray,  
 As much as he loves.

*Quand nous ferons rassasiés  
 Des biens qui nous sont présentés,  
 Vous n'oublierez  
 A dire vne chansonnette  
 Belle & joliette,  
 Voycy ma vaisselle nette. . . .  
 Vous n'en doutez !*

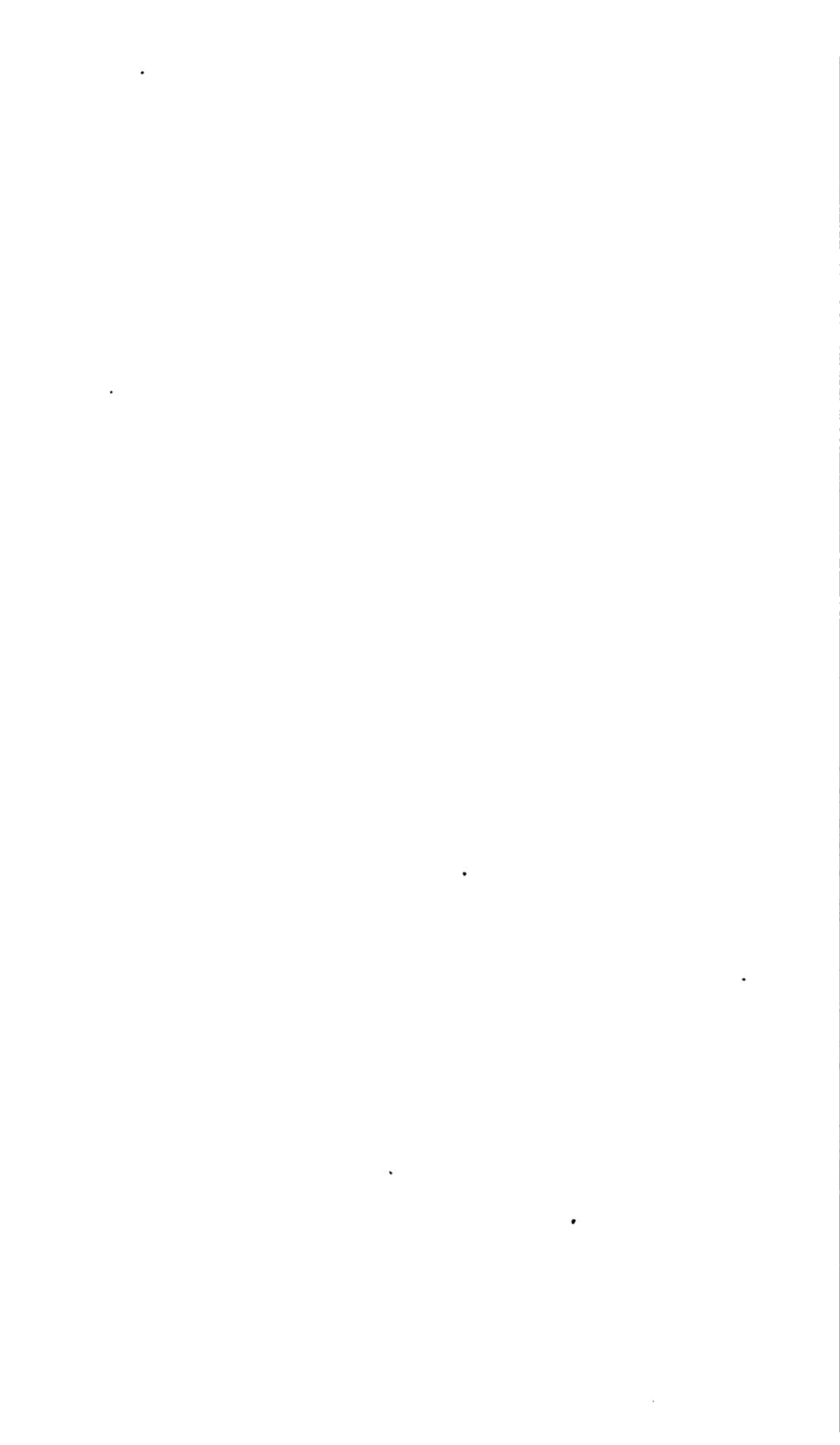
*J'ay oublié a dire vn mot :  
 Y a t il plus rien en ce pot ?  
 Regardes tost.  
 C'est de bonne Meruoisie,  
 Je vous le certiffye.  
 Chascun vide, je vous prye,  
 Son gobelot.*



When we shall be satisfied quite  
With all the good cheer of to-night,  
    Give us the delight  
Some canzonette pretty to hear,  
    That tickles the ear :  
See, my glass is clear  
    Drunk out, honour bright !

One last parting word I forgot :  
Does no wine remain in the pot ?  
    Beware it do not !  
The liquor 's right good Malvoisie,  
    As I certify.  
Drain goblets, say I,  
    Not leaving a jot !





## APPENDIX.





## APPENDIX.

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### I.

#### VAUDEVILLE.

From "Le Mot et la Chose," by M. Francisque Sarcey : Paris, 1863.

[M. Gasté, in the Appendix to his "Jean Le Houx," has given the three first stanzas of this lively and graceful composition ; adding :—"The whole piece should be read. It is impossible in a more exact or more charming manner to tell the story of the origin and the different transformations of the Vaudeville." Some of the very descriptive stanzas of M. Sarcey,—himself, we believe, a native of Normandy, and nurtured in that land of romance and song,—recall to our mind what the greatest and most popular of the modern bards of France has sung of some of the famous Vaudevillistes of former times :—

" Ces couplets comme on n'en fait plus,  
" Où Favart peignait la tendresse,  
" Où Panard froidait les abus.  
" Contre l'humeur qui nous irrite  
" Quels antidotes souverains !  
" Leurs vers badins,  
" Francs et malins,  
" Aux moins joyeux faisaient battre les mains."

Those songs,—there are no longer such !—  
Favart with his refrains of love,  
Panard with his satiric touch ;  
Against our fretting discontent  
What sovereign remedies !  
Their sportive glee,  
Adroit and free,  
Brought down applause from gravest audiences.]

*Au vieux temps où l'on aimait  
 Chanter, boire, et rire,  
 Baffelin improvisait,  
 Sans savoir écrire,  
 De bons couplets bien chantants,  
 Que l'on répétait longtemps  
 Dans le val de Vire,  
 O gué  
 Dans le val de Vire.*

*Là fut jadis le berceau  
 Du vieux Vaudevire ;  
 Il naquit au bord de l'eau,  
 C'est cruel à dire.  
 Mais il n'en chanta que mieux  
 L'amour jeune et le vin vieux,  
 Dans le val de Vire,  
 O gué  
 Dans le val de Vire.*

*C'était un enfant malin,  
 D'humeur indocile ;  
 Il voulut voir un matin  
 Paris la grand'ville ;  
 Il laissa son nom Normand  
 Pour s'appeler noblement  
 Maître Vaudeville,  
 O gué  
 Maître Vaudeville.*

*De la satire il y prit  
 Le goût et le style,  
 Et charma par son esprit  
 La cour et la ville ;  
 Il cribla de ses refrains  
 Et frondeurs et mazarins,  
 Ce bon Vaudeville,  
 O gué  
 Ce bon Vaudeville.*

Song, wine, mirth, in olden days  
Did our fathers cheer ;  
Basselin unwritten lays  
Improvised by ear ;  
Vocal stanzas, very sweet,  
Which they ever since repeat  
In the Val de Vire,  
O gay !  
In the Val de Vire.

Cradled there, of yore, in sedge,  
Was old Vaudevire ;  
Born beside the water's edge,—  
Cruel tale to hear !  
But he all the better trolled  
Love that's young, and wine that's old,  
In the Val de Vire,  
O gay !  
In the Val de Vire.

With an artful fancy born,  
Self-willed child was he ;  
He resolved to go, one morn,  
Paris town to see ;  
He left off his Norman name,  
One of noble rank to claim,  
Maitre Vaudeville,  
O gay !  
Maitre Vaudeville.

There he of satiric sport  
Caught the taste and style ;  
His fine talent town and court  
Often would beguile,  
And, with sharply-pointed wit,  
Frondeurs, Mazarins, would hit :  
That good Vaudeville,  
O gay !  
That good Vaudeville.

*En ses chansons, du grand roi  
 Il refit l'histoire ;  
 La Vallière et Villeroy,  
 L'amour et la gloire,  
 Tout le grand siècle y passa,  
 Et sa perruque y dansa  
 Sur des airs à boire,  
 O gué  
 Sur des airs à boire.*

*Au temps de la Pompadour,  
 Comme à cette école,  
 De vin, de joie, et d'amour  
 La France était folle ;  
 D'un ton un peu plus sale  
 Il se livra chez Collé  
 A la gaudriole,  
 O gué  
 A la gaudriole.*

*Mais le théâtre à Paris  
 Est la grande affaire,  
 Un matin il y fut pris  
 De belle manière ;  
 Et sans crainte des sifflets  
 Il débita ses couplets  
 Devant un parterre,  
 O gué  
 Devant un parterre.*

*Pour théâtre, il eût longtemps  
 Celui de la Foire ;  
 Pour public, de bonnes gens,  
 Riant après boire ;  
 Il chantait avec Panard  
 A la franquette et sans art,  
 En narguant la gloire,  
 O gué  
 En narguant la gloire.*

Next the great King's feats employ  
His song's plastic mould ;  
La Vallière and Villeroy,  
Love, and Fame, he told :  
All that stately age went past,  
His peruke there dancing fast  
To wine-music old,  
O gay !  
To wine-music old.

In La Pompadour's sunshine,  
Fashioned in her school,  
France, of joy, and love, and wine,  
Frantic, served the rule ;  
He, beneath the lively sway  
Of the volatile Collé,  
Played in song the fool,  
O gay !  
Played in song the fool.

But at Paris the grand thing  
Is dramatic wit :  
Going on the stage to sing,  
He made quite a hit ;  
And, not fearing his or groan,  
Stanzas in unfaltring tone  
Spouted to a pit,  
O gay !  
Spouted to a pit.

All the theatre he had,  
Was La Foire, a while ;  
All the audience, folks glad  
Just to drink and smile :  
With Panard, in frankest ways,  
He sang rustic roundelay,  
Aping no fine style,  
O gay !  
Aping no fine style.

*Quand d'un théâtre à son nom  
 Plus tard il fut maître,  
 Il conserva même ton,  
 Même façon d'être ;  
 Avec Merle et Défaugiers,  
 Et tant d'autres chansonniers,  
 Il se vit renâtre,  
 O gué  
 Il se vit renâtre.*

*Il chanta comme toujours,  
 La gloire et les belles ;  
 Les vieux vins et les amours,  
 Les amours nouvelles ;  
 Il mit Horace en flots flots ;  
 En avant les violons,  
 Et foin des cruelles,  
 O gué  
 Et foin des cruelles.*

*Mais enfin Scribe arriva,  
 Scribe, l'homme habile ;  
 De la scène il éleva  
 Le ton trop facile.  
 Veuillez tourner le feuillet,  
 Vous verrez ce qu'il a fait  
 Du vieux Vaudeville,  
 O gué  
 Du vieux Vaudeville.\**

---

\* In M. Sarcey's volume, this "Vaudeville" is followed by "Les "trois Scribe, Critique-Vaudeville en un acte, du Théâtre de Madame."

When a theatre his name  
Owned, in times of late,  
He retained his tone the same,  
And changed not his state :  
With Merle and Desaugiers,  
And a host as good as they,  
Quite regenerate,  
O gay !  
Quite regenerate.

True to early days, he trolled  
Songs of Love, and Fame :—  
Sang of wines of vintage old,  
And Love's youngest flame.  
To his deft Horatian stave  
Violins sweet music gave,  
Cruel girls to shame,  
O gay !  
Cruel girls to shame.

But at length did Scribe appear ;  
Master-mind was he  
Higher the stage-tone to rear,  
Erst too light and free.  
On the next page, you will learn  
How he gave a novel turn  
To old Vaudeville,  
O gay !  
To old Vaudeville.

## II.

## OLIVIER BASSELIN.

*Longfellow.*

[We make no apology for here introducing the characteristic and animated poem in which Mr. Longfellow has celebrated the scenery of the Vaux-de-Vire, and the songs,—and the mill,—of Olivier Basselín ; a poem which the good taste of M. Gasté has selected as one of the principal ornaments of his volume on “ Jean Le Houx.” The charm of Mr. Longfellow’s verses will be little diminished by the recent discovery as to the true authorship of most of the songs of the Vaux-de-Vire which have come down to us ; and the name of Olivier Basselín, so generously praised in the poetic strains of Jean Le Houx, still remains one “ which “ Fame will not willingly let die.”]

In the valley of the Vire  
 Still is seen an ancient mill,  
 With its gables quaint and queer,  
 And beneath the window-fill,  
 On the stone  
 These words alone :  
 “ Oliver Basselín lived here.”

Far above it, on the steep,  
 Ruined stands the old Château ;  
 Nothing but the donjon-keep  
 Left for shelter or for show.  
 Its vacant eyes  
 Stare at the skies,  
 Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,  
Looked, but ah ! it looks no more,  
From the neighbouring hill-side down  
On the rushing and the roar  
Of the stream  
Whose funny gleam  
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,  
To the water's dash and din,  
Careless, humble, and unknown,  
Sang the poet Baffelin  
Songs that fill  
That ancient mill  
With a splendour of its own.

Never feeling of unrest,  
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed ;  
Only made to be his nest,  
All the lovely valley seemed ;  
No desire  
Of soaring higher  
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine ;  
Were not songs of that high art,  
Which, as winds do in the pine,  
Find an answser in each heart ;  
But the mirth  
Of this green earth  
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,  
Opening on the narrow street,  
Came the loud convivial din,  
Singing, and applause of feet,  
The laughing lays  
That in those days  
Sang the poet Baffelin.

In the castle, cased in steel,  
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,  
Watched and waited, spur on heel ;  
But the poet sang for sport  
Songs that rang  
Another clang ;  
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in grey,  
Sat the monks in lonely cells,  
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,  
And the poet heard their bells ;  
But his rhymes  
Found other chimes,  
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,  
Gone are all the knights and squires,  
Gone the abbot stern and cold,  
And the brotherhood of friars ;  
Not a name  
Remains to fame,  
From those mouldering days of old.

But the poet's memory here  
Of the landscape makes a part ;  
Like the river, swift and clear,  
Flows his song through many a heart ;  
Haunting still  
That ancient mill,  
In the Valley of the Vire.

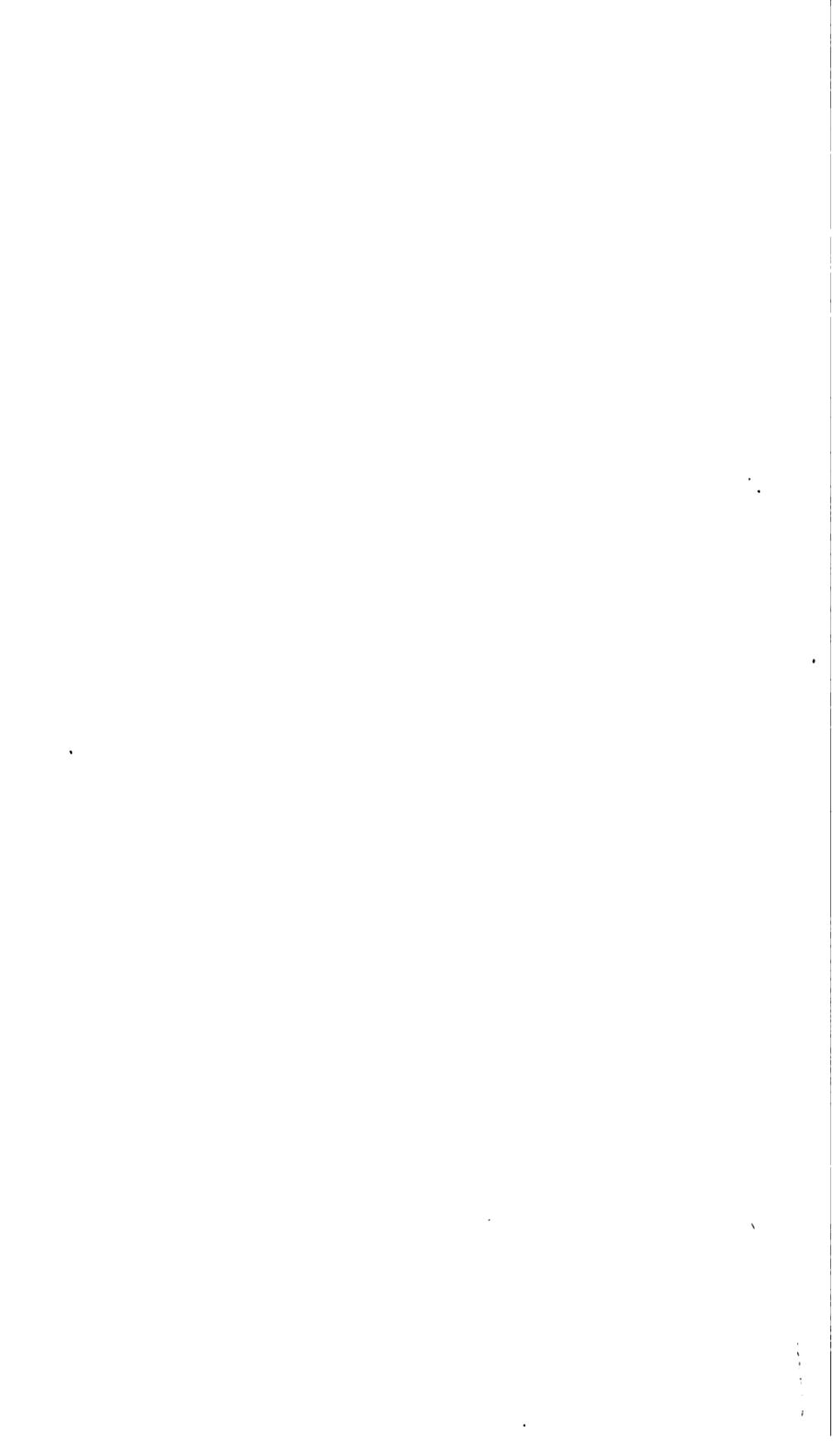
## III. ✓

[To the kindness of M. J. B. Weckerlin, the very learned Librarian of the Conservatoire de Musique at Paris, we are indebted for a transcript of the following seventeen ancient airs ; to which, Vaux-de-Vire of Jean Le Houx were sung in his own time. They are taken from a work of great interest, rarely found complete :—“ *Recueil des plus beaux airs accompagnés de Chansons à Dancer, Ballets, Chansons folatres, et Bachanales, autrement dites Vaudevire, non encore Imprimés. Auxquelles Chansons l'on a mis la musique de leur chant, afin que chacun les puisse chanter et danser le tout à une seule voix. Caen, chez Jaques Mangeant, 1615.* ” The volume consists of three parts bound in one, small duodecimo.

A somewhat similar collection had been published at Caen, also by J. Mangeant, in 1608, entitled “ *Airs nouveaux accompagnés des plus belles chansons à danser que ayent esté, par cy devant mises en lumiere, mesurées sur toutes sortes de cadences, de Branles, Voltes, Courantes, Ballets, et autres dances, et qui n'ont encor esté imprimées. Ausquelles chansons l'on a mis la Musique de leur chant, afin que chacun les puisse chanter et danser de mesure en compagnie.* ” But, from its title, that work does not appear to have contained airs of the Vaux-de-Vire.

Of all the songs of ancient France, with the arrangement of which, whether as “ *Echos du Temps Passé*,” or under other titles, M. Weckerlin’s name is honourably associated, none, perhaps, are more interesting to the musical bibliographer than these

“ Vocal stanzas, very sweet,  
“ Which they ever since repeat  
“ In the Val de Vire,  
“ O gay !  
“ In the Val de Vire.”]



24

## ANCIENT MUSIC OF THE VAU-DE-VIRE.

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### *1. Au barbier qui la barbe oſte.*



Au barbier qui la barbe oſte Qui ma barbe



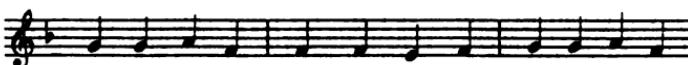
os - ta Et à la mo - de qui trot - te



Qui me la coup - pè; D'ar - gent il -



- ne m'en - - couſ - ta, Mais je luy pay -



ay cho - pi - ne, Quand il ſeut mon o - ri - gi - ne,



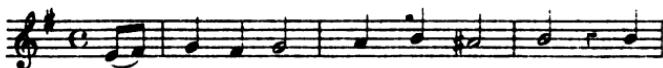
Que j'eftois Vi - rois Et compagnon ga - lois.

2. *C'est assez troupe honorable.*

C'est as . . . sez troupe ho . . . no . . . rable De ces gentis chans virois  
 Il faut se le . . . ver de table Le reste en une au . . . tre fois,  
 Car peut-estre que le maistre Qui nous assem . . . ble ce . . . ans  
 No . . . se di . . . re le marti . . . re Et mal que luy font les dents:  
 Souvent in . . . com . . . mo . . . di . . . té Provient d'a . . . voir trop chanté.

3. *Compagnon marinier.*

Com . . . pa . . . gnon ma . . . rinier Grande et pleine est  
 la mer, Le flot bat le ri . . . va . . . ge,  
 Il faut pren . . . dre ce bort Car le vent  
 est trop fort, Ne perdons point coura . . . ge.

4. *Faute d'humeur nos choux font morts.*

Fau - te d'humeur nos choux sont morts En



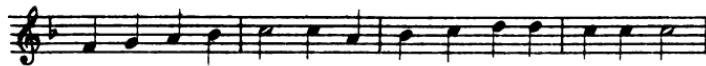
nos jardins par sé - che - res - se; Fau - te d'a - brever



bien mon corps Si j'alois mou - rir que se - roit - ce?

5. *Hé! Qu'avons nous à faire.*

Hé qu'avons-nous af - fai - re Du Turc ny du Sophy, don don? Pour



veu que j'aye à boi - re Des grandeurs je dis - fy, don don,



Trinque Seigneur, Ce vin est bon *Hoc a - cuit in - ge - nium.*

6. *J'ayme parfaictement.*

J'ay - me par - faictement Un breuvage excellent,



Car il fait resjou - ir mon gé - nereux cou - ra - ge;



Qui d'eau fait breuva - ge N'a point d'en - ten - dement.

7. *L'amour je laisseray faire.*

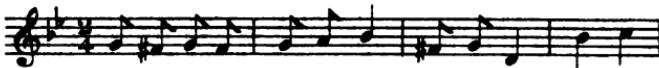
Music score for 'L'amour je laisseray faire.' in common time, treble clef. The lyrics are:

L'a - mour je les - se - ray fai - re  
 Et les dames courti - ser; Il ne me faut  
 plus qu'a boi - re. D'autant et me re - po - ser.

8. *Messieurs, voulez-vous rien mander.*

Music score for 'Messieurs, voulez-vous rien mander.' in common time, treble clef. The lyrics are:

Mes - sieurs vou - lez - vous rien man - der,  
 Mes - sieurs vou - lez - vous rien man - der?  
 Ce bateau va pas - ser la mer, Ce bateau va pas -  
 ser la mer, Char - ge de bon breu - va - ge,  
 Le ma - te - lot le puis - se bien me - ner  
 Sans pe - ril et sans nau - fra - - ge.

9. *Mon mary a. que je croy.*

Mon mary a, Que je croy Par ma foy Le go-



sier de chair sa . lé . e, Car il ne peut res.pi.ter



Ny du.rer Si sa gor . ge n'est mouil . lé . e.

10. *Monfieur de ceans.*

Monsieur de ce.ans Ces honnestes gens Ne vous pourront ru . i .



ner à chopiner, Car le sidre ne vaut plus qu'un ca . ro . lus.

11. *N'abregeons point notre vie.*

N'abregeons point nostre vi.e Par trop nous at . te . di . er,



Cent ans de me . lancholi . e Ne payeront pas un denier;



At . tendons à rechi.ner que nous soy.ons ma . la . des



Qu'on viendra nous ordonner Des breuva . ges si fa . des.

12. *Ne t'approche, avare chiche.*

Ne t'ap - proche a - va - re chi - che  
 De ma table au - cu - ne - ment, Tu fis  
 mou - rir pau - vre - ment Mon voi - sin quoqu'  
 il fut ri - che: Riche a - va - re est  
 peu de cas, Non je ne le se - ray pas.

13. *Nous sommes armés comme il faut.*

Nous sommes ar - més comme il faut: Alarme! à l'as - saut,  
 à l'as - saut! Nous sommes ar - més comme il faut,  
 Chacun monstre ce qu'il scait fai - re: Alarme! à l'as - saut,  
 à l'as - saut! Cha - cun monstre ce qu'il scait fai - re.

14. *O tintamarre plaisant.*

O tin-ta-mar - re plaisant      Et dou - ce - ment  
 re - son - nant      Des tonneaux que l'on re - lie  
 Si - gne qu'on boi - ra d'autant;      Ce - la me fait  
 res - jou - ir      O belle har - mo - ni - e  
 Sans toy je m'al - lois mou - rir      De me - lan - cho - li - e.

15. *Que Noë fut un patriarche digne.*

Que No - é fut un pa - triar - che di - gne,  
 Car ce fut luy qui nous planta la vi - gne, Et  
 beut pre - mier le jus de son raisin      O le bon vin! Et  
 beut pre - mier le jus de son raisin      O le bon vin!

16. *Qui est celuy qui est gisant.*

Qui est ce - luy qui est gi - sant  
 Sous cet - te froi - de se - pul - tu - re?  
 Un riche a - va - re qui vi - vant Ne bu -  
 voit que l'eau tou - te pu - re.

17. *Sur la mer je ne veux mie.*

Sur la mer je ne veux mi - e  
 En hasard mettre ma vi - e Pour augmenter mes moy - ens,  
 Pour - ven qu'à mon gré je boi - ve  
 Et que mon peu je con - - ser - ve  
 Cy bas je ne veux plus ri - en.



## TABLE DES CHANSONS.

### A

		Recueil	Vau-de-Vire	Page
Adam, c'est chose tres notoire	.	I.	3	6
A l'amour ne suis addonné	.	I.	1	2
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Au barbier qui la barbe ofte	.	I.	5	8
Au voisin, de siebure mourant	.	I.	4	6
AYant le dos au feu & le ventre a la table	.	I.	2	4

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Bacchica bella mihi nunc funt bellanda bibendo	.	.	.	lxx
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Beuuons a la santé du Roy	.	II.	5	170
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Bon boire, on ne peut te louer dignement	.	II.	23	206
Bon vieil drolle Anacreon	.	I.	8	12
Bon vin, say moy raison d'une soif violente	.	I.	9	14
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Cæsar, des vaincus ennemis	.	II.	11	184
Celuy qui, pour chanter le los	.	II.	4	168
Certes <i>hoc vinum est bonus!</i>	.	I.	14	22
Ces gens la me font rire	.	I.	10	16
C'est asse, troupe honorable	.	I.	17	28
C'est en table, ou jamais ailleurs	.	.	.	lxxii
C'est icy que je veux chercher	.	I.	13	22
Ce vin vaut bien le chariage	.	I.	11	18
Chantre de table et beueur	.	I.	12	20
Chefnes, qui portoient le glan	.	II.	17	194
Compaignon marinier	.	I.	16	26
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### D

De ce Virois conferuons la mæmoire	.	I.	20	34
De nous se rid le Francois	.	I.	18	32

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Dire tousiours une chanfon . . . .		I.	21	36
Difons a Dieu aux gentilz Vau de Vire . . . .		I.	19	34
Douces chanfons, a tort on vous blaſonne . . . .		II.	21	204
<b>E</b>				
En vn jardin d'ombrages tout couvert . . . .		I.	22	38
Est ce pas commettre vn grand vice . . . .		I.	23	42
<b>F</b>				
Farin Du Gas, tu es vn honneste homme . . . .		III.	3	222
Faulte d'humeur noz chous font mors . . . .		I.	24	42
<b>G</b>				
Gentil forgeur, au visage noircy . . . .		II.	26	212
Grand soulas m'est d'ouir aux tables . . . .		I.	25	44
<b>H</b>				
Hardy comme vn Cesar, je suis en ceste guerre . . . .	I.	26	46	
Hé! qu'auons nous affaire . . . .	I.	27	48	
<b>I:</b>				
Il faut boire, comme on dict, qui fa mere ne tette . . . .	I.	30	52	
<b>J</b>				
Jadis Agamemnon . . . .	I.	31	54	
J'auois chargé mon nauire . . . .	I.	32	56	
J'ay encor a cheminer . . . .	I.	36	64	
J'ay grand peur d'vne maladie . . . .	I.	29	50	
J'ayme la compaignie . . . .	I.	35	62	
J'ayme parfaictement . . . .	I.	33	58	
Je congnois vn qui faict pitié . . . .	III.	4	224	
J'entre librement la ou ie scay qu'on boit . . . .	II.	10	182	
Je ne me puis desgouster . . . .	I.	38	68	
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Je ne voy si volontiers . . . .	II.	20	202	
Je suis beaucoup irrité . . . .	I.	28	5 <sup>m</sup>	
Je suis né Bas-Normand, mais ma bouche auinée . . . .	I.	37	66	
Je vay boire aux gentilz pommiers . . . .	II.	19	200	
<b>L</b>				
La bouteille c'eft ma cuirace . . . .	I.	41	74	
Laiffons viure malheureufes . . . .	I.	42	76	
L'amour ie laifferay faire . . . .	I.	39	72	
Las! cher amy, je croy bien que la mort . . . .	II.	6	172	
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Louons l'Eternel	.	.	I.	45	82
<b>M</b>					
Ma commere, ma mye	.	.	III.	5	226
Ma femme se dict mal pourueue	.	.	I.	51	94
Mareschal, qui le rouge fer	.	.	II.	25	210
Medecin de ma tristessee	.	.	I.	46	84
Mes bons feigneurs, ie pense, a mon aduis	.	.	I.	52	96
Messieurs, je m'en vais boire a vous	.	.	III.	6	228
Messieurs, maintenant delaissiez	.	.	I.	54	98
Messieurs, voulez vous rien mander?	.	.	I.	47	86
Me voulez vous garir de la berlue?	.	.	I.	48	88
Mon cher soucy, o boutelle m'amie	.	.	I.	53	96
Mon mary ha, que ie croy	.	.	I.	49	90
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<b>N</b>					
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Nous sommes armés comme il fault	.	.	I.	61	114
Nous sommes trois bons drolles	.	.	II.	16	194
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<b>O</b>					
O gentil ioly mois de may	.	.	I.	67	124
O gentil joly vin clairet	.	.	II.	24	208
On a verlé cecy, pour estre beau	.	.	II.	13	188
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On va disant que j'ay faict vne amic	.	.	I.	63	118
Or fus, beuouons! Que nous fert de plorer?	.	.	I.	66	122
Ostes moy ce medecin	.	.	I.	62	116
O tintamare plaisirant	.	.	I.	64	120
O vray et naturel François	.	.	II.	1	162
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		Q	Recueil	Vau-de-Vire	Page
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Que l'on fasse cet' eau feruir	.	.	I.	72	132
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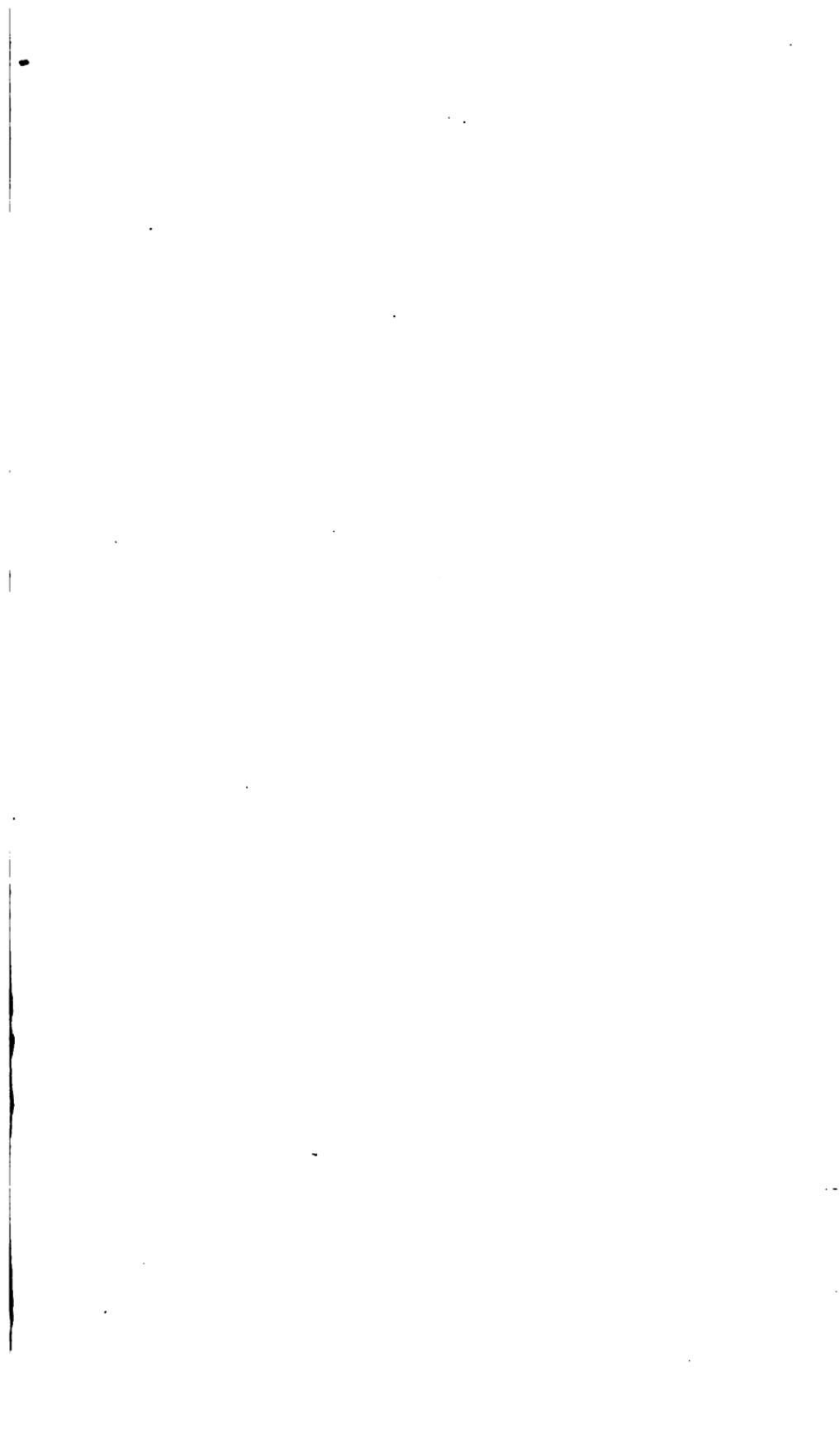


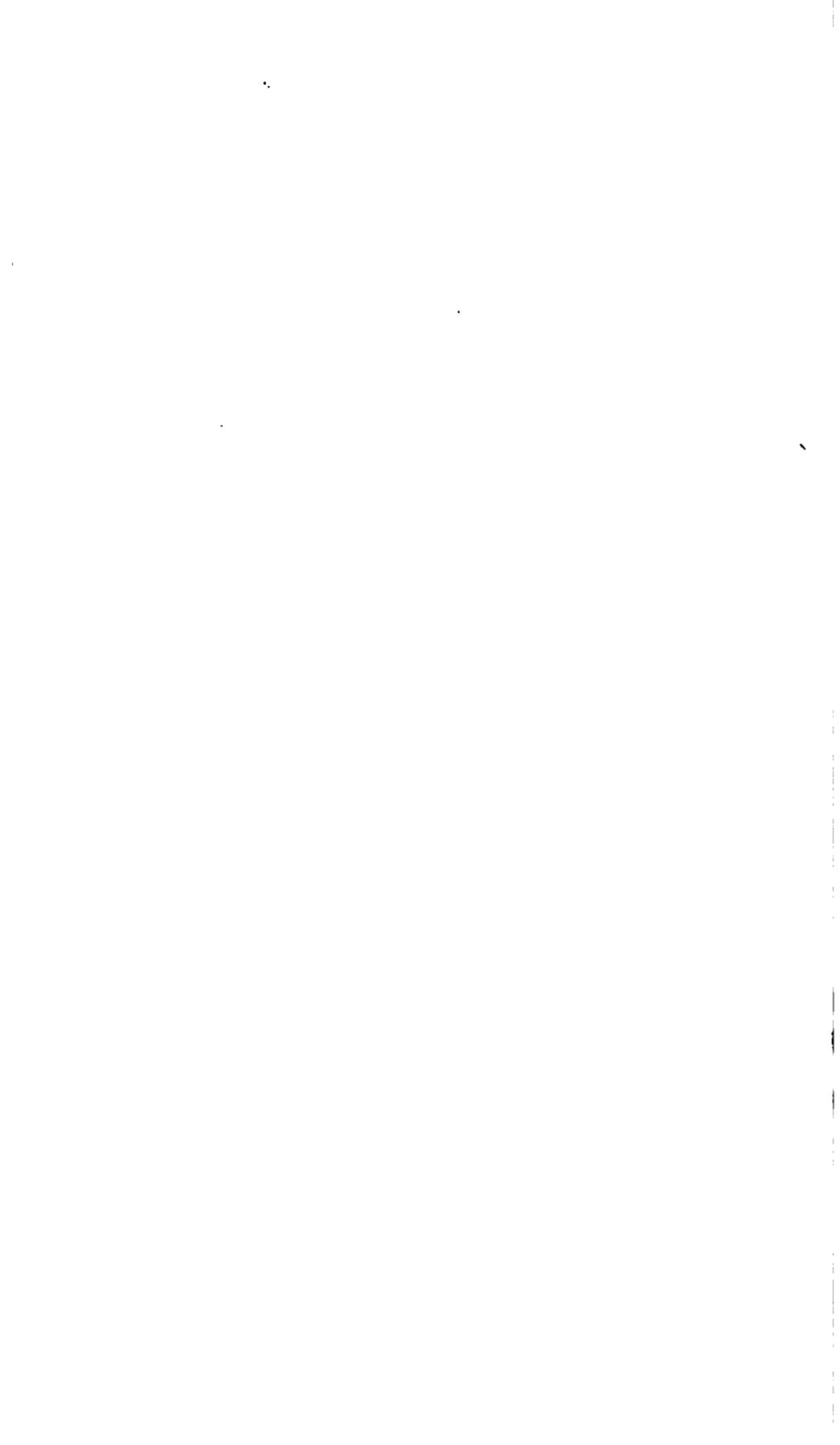
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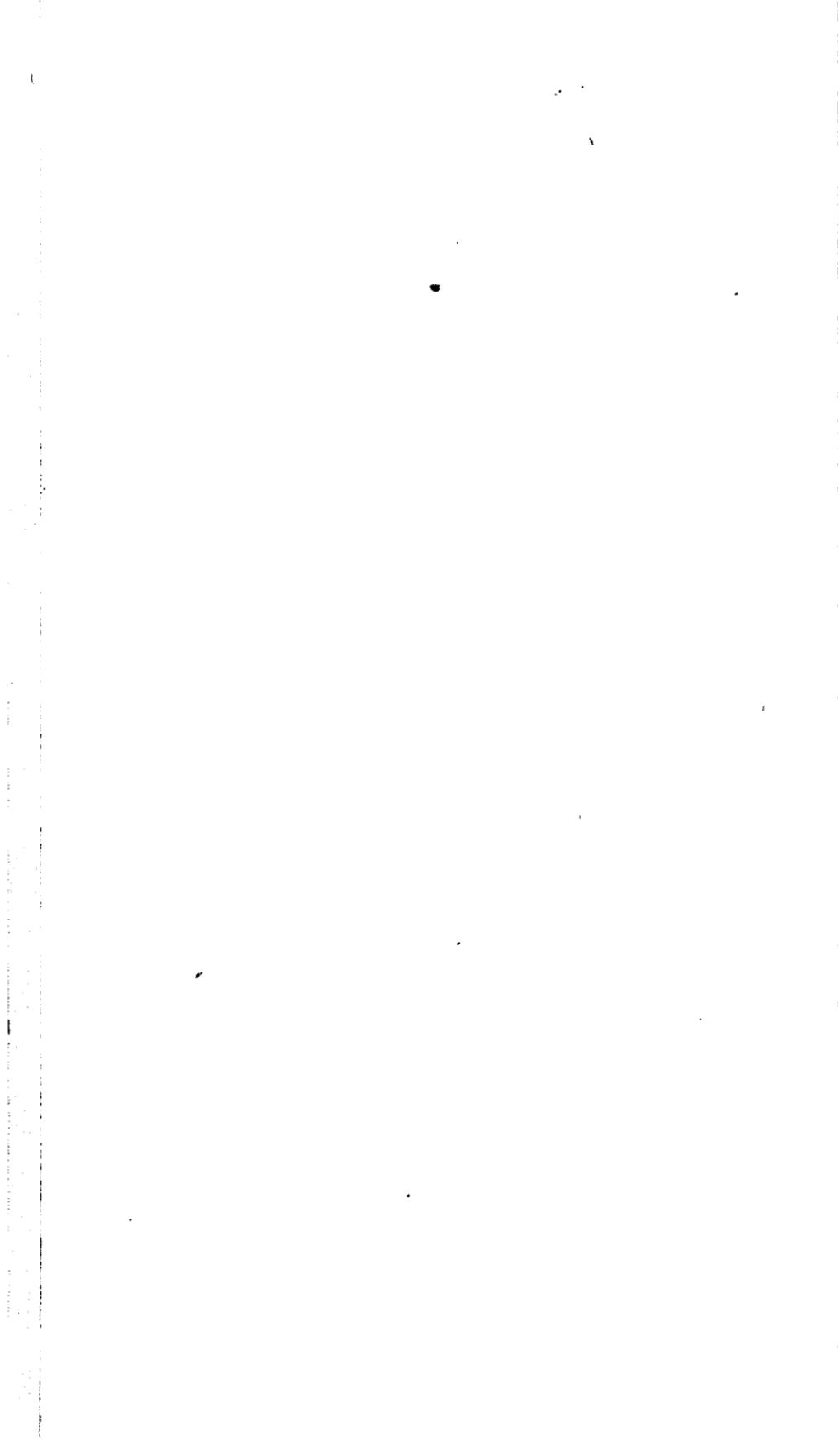


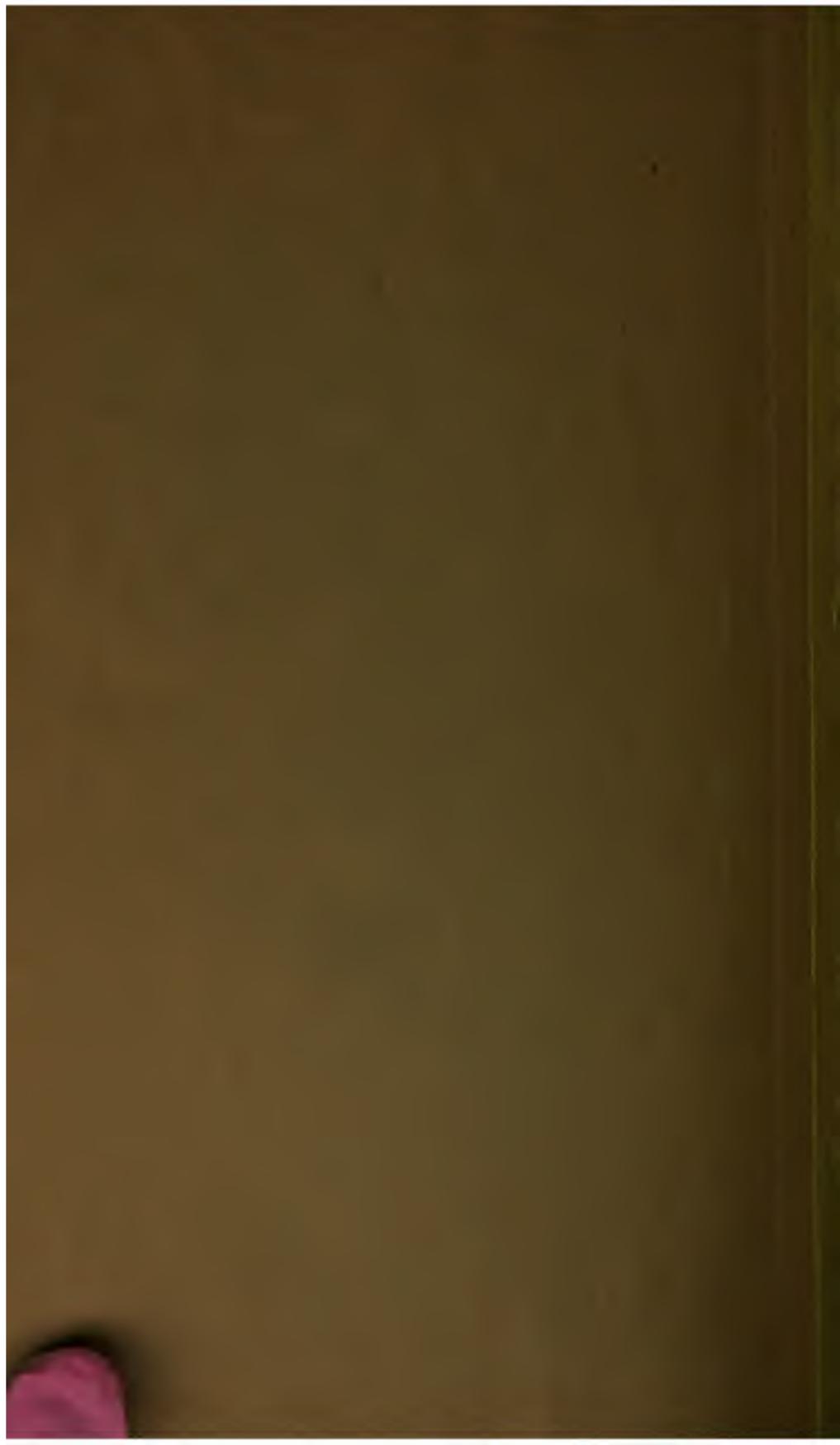
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